

## Which Way The Wind Blows

Anthony Phillips

Look, see how the world goes round,  
Look, see how the day goes on,  
You, it won't stop to help you  
Me, it won't stop to help me.  
All the time a wind is blowing  
Where it's blowing next we don't know...

Look, some spend their days in slumber,  
Look, someone is weary toiling,  
Home, be my guest and come back home.  
Come, you'll be better off at home.  
All the time someone is dying,  
Where he's dying next we don't know...

I sit in the sunset  
Watching God's evening,  
Receding so gently now  
Into the Westlands.  
I think I'm at peace now  
But of nothing am I certain  
Only which way will the wind blow next time?

You, you might never have been saved  
Ah, well you might not have been so brave,  
Time would have shown the parting waves  
And you slipping under Autumn's gaze  
And now I know that nothing is what it ever seems.

I sit in the sunset  
Watching God's evening,  
Receding so gently now  
Into the Westlands.  
I think I'm at peace now  
But of nothing am I certain  
Only which way will the wind blow next time?