

Whichever Way The Wind Blows

Bob Mould

Jackrabbit done run cross that road
Goin' to motel in the sky
That rabbit done, story been told
Why that jackrabbit done go die?

Old turtle go next cross that road
He crawlin' as low as he can
That turtle done talk to that toad
Turtle don't cross here again

And everybody goes whichever way the wind blows

Young chicken done cross near that road
He listen to traffic go by
That chicken done, story been told
To get to the other side

I warn ya, don't go near that road
I know that road, it's a bitch
I walk right next to that road
All hanging out in the ditch

If ever you travel that road
You better keep over your side
And keepin' your hands on the wheel
That road be a long road to ride