

# The Wayward Wind

Connie Francis

And I guess the sound of the outward bound  
Made me a slave to my wandering ways

And the wayward wind is a restless wind  
A restless wind that yearns to wander  
And I was born the next of kin  
The next of kin to the wayward wind

Oh I met a girl in a border town  
I vowed we'd never part  
Tho' I tried my best to settle down  
She's now alone with a broken heart

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