

Southwind

John Denver

The wheels go down
I'm back in town
Three months full of summer
And nothing to do
It's been a strain at the reins
But the picture remains
Southwind's blowin' my love to you
Southwind's blowin' my love

For sixty-one days
I got caught in the maze
Twenty thousand watching
The songs go by
The lights go down
In an east Texas town
Southwind's blowin' my love to you
Southwind's blowin' my love

I couldn't wait until
Till I got back home to you
Oh to get my fill
Of those California summer nights

It's good to be home
My how the children have grown
Screen door's barking out
That old familiar tune
Games at the park
But honey wait until dark
Southwind's blowin' my love to you
Southwind's blowin' my love

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Till I got back home to you
Oh to get my fill
Of those California summer nights

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And nothing to do
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But the picture remains
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