

## Wind Don't Have To Hurry

John Hiatt

Now the wind don't have to hurry  
Blowing 'cross my bones  
Rollin' up the pastures  
Smoothin' out the stones  
There's fire on the mountain  
Dark angels in the trees  
The wind don't have to hurry  
They're taking what they please

Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the thought police are coming  
Right up to your door  
They say you have no liberty  
If you're who they're looking for  
No writ of habeas corpus  
No platform of dissent  
Now the wind don't have to hurry  
Only the wind knows where you went

Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the wind don't have to hurry  
Blowing through my soul  
I stole for gold and diamonds  
And buried in this hole  
They brought my love a pistol  
They put it to her head  
Now the wind don't have to hurry  
She was already dead

Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na