

# Bad News Is All The Wind Can Carry

Richard Thompson

This house is dark and shuttered  
Luck has gone out the door  
No daytime will shine  
In this empty room no more  
Bad news is all the wind can carry

I heard a sound one morning  
I bowed my head to weep  
I heard a man dig my love's grave  
The hole was dark, the hole was deep  
Bad news is all the wind can carry

Some people say she wandered  
And that she had a price, likewise  
I'll cut their tongues and hang 'em high  
They'll rot away with all their lies  
Bad news is all the wind can carry

I'll steal a boat and rig her  
On course I'll tie the wheel  
I'll lay down to the stars  
Until the bottom meets the keel  
Bad news is all the wind can carry