

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