

The Wayward Wind

Sam Cooke

O, the wayward wind is a restless wind
Is a restless wind that yearns to wander
On the eye was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind

And a lovely shack by a railroad track
I spent my younger days
and I guess the sound of the outward bound
made me a slave to my wandering days
and the wayward wind

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I met her there in a border town
We vowed we'd never part
though I tried my best to settle down
now she's alone with the broken heart

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