

## 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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