

Now and then it keeps you running  
It never seems to die  
The trail's spent with fear  
Not enough living on the outside  
Never seem to get far enough  
Staying in between the lines  
Hold on to what you can  
Waiting for the end  
Not knowing when

May the wind take your troubles away  
May the wind take your troubles away  
Both feet on the floor, two hands on the wheel,  
May the wind take your troubles away  
Trying to make it far enough, to the next time zone  
Few and far between past the midnight hour  
Never feel alone, you're really not alone

Switching it over to AM  
Searching for a truer sound  
Can't recall the call letters  
Steel guitar and settle down

Catching an all-night station somewhere in Louisiana  
It sounds like 1963, but for now it sounds like heaven  
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May the wind take your troubles away.