

# The Wayward Wind

The Waterboys

In a lonesome shack by the railroad track  
I spent my younger days  
And I guess the sound of the outward bound  
Made me a slave  
To my wandering queen

And the wayward wind  
is a restless wind  
A restless wind  
that yearns to wander  
And I was born  
next of kin  
The next of kin  
to the wayward wind

I met her down in a border town  
we swore we'd never part  
Though I tried my best to settle down  
now she's all alone  
With a broken heart

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The next of kin  
to the wayward, wayward wind