

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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And I was born
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The next of kin
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The next of kin
to the wayward, wayward wind