One Wind Blows

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Wouldn't know any more than home
And couldn't see much further
And light won't help
A wound untended grows
And never heals
Standing face to east
Waiting for an answer

But the only sound is desert wind And when the wind was cold Bundled up and packed away we shiver still Finding more than one wind blows

I couldn't sleep
Something kept me still and wide awake
And gnawing at my breast
Something I don't know
I couldn't shake it
Laying face to wall
Plaster tells me nothing

But I sense a movement somewhere else And 'though it's far away Bundled up in safety here I shiver still Finding more than one wind blows

He walked alone
Facing wind and snow
Moving slowly
He staggers, moves again
Somehow stronger now
The wind won't touch him

But the only sound is desert wind And when the wind was cold Bundled up and packed away we shiver still Finding more than one wind blows