

Wind

Here again I find my friend the wind
a' tell'n me
of the days that's passed him by
and places he has seen
of the time when he felt wild
and joined hurricane
all because he drank too much
when he went out to sea
he recalls the independent
moments all his own
but says his fondest memories
are of friends and lovers he has known

“if you're weary or your lonesome
from a tiring day
I've come to get your troubles
and carry them away
anything that i can do
i'll do to see you smile
i'll even bring the souther warmth
to comfort you in style
i am the wind so won't you let me
be your page today
may i take message to the one
your miss'n down the way”

thanks again i call to to him
as i see him wave
it's been real and now i feel
i'm not not life's long way
yes i'll be sure to see the man
who runs the factory
maybe soon i can repay the kindness
you have shown to me

maybe soon i can repay the kindness