

The Wayward Wind

Connie Smith

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

In a lonely shack by a railroad track
He spent his younger days
And I guess the sound of the outward bound
Made him a slave to his wanderin' ways

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Oh, I met him there in a border town
He vowed we'd never part
Tho' he tried his best to settle down
Now I'm alone with a broken heart

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