

Wayward Wind

Frank Ifield

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 rail
road track
He spent his younger days
And I guess the sound of the outward-bound
Made him a slave to his wand'rin ways And 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 Oh I met him there in a bor
der town
He vowed we'd never part
Though he tried his best to settle down
I'm now alone with a broken heart And the wayward wind is a res
tless wind
A restless wind that yearns to wander
And he was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind The next of kin to the wayw
ard wind