

Where the Wind Don't Whine

Richard Thompson

Get in the car she said and drive me into next week
I should have turned her down, blame my curious streak
I never dreamt that we'd be driving into trouble
Until we hit a rock that bent my nose double

I'd say we both were on run, run, run
She looked too fresh for twenty-one, one, one
She slipped her little hand in mine, mine, mine
Said I'll take you where the wind don't whine, whine
I'll take you where the wind don't whine

Ah the wheels were moaning, we were heading ninety-five
The rain was beating down, my engine was alive
The roads were empty as the day turned into night
With every street lamp her face shone white

I asked her name and she just smiled, smiled, smiled
We must have clocked a thousand miles, miles, miles
She said we'll be there in a while, while, while
I'll take you where the wind don't whine, whine
I'll take you where the wind don't whine

I was feeling weary when the car died on me
I pulled her over and the strength just drained from me
The price of running's getting dearer and dearer
And nothing ever seems to get nearer and nearer

I suppose I didn't make the grade, grade, grade
When I looked around she'd slipped away, 'way, 'way
Out in the night you'll see her shine, shine, shine
Waiting where the wind don't whine, whine
Waiting where the wind don't whine, whine
Waiting where the wind don't whine