

Bobby Bare, When the Wind Blows in Chicago

Well here I am in Chicago all alone near the place where we met
I walk through the rain the wind whispers your name oh why won't they let me forget
Cause when the wind blows I get lonely and one day for sure you left behind
But the wind always blows in Chicago so I'm lonely most all of the time
Folks looks so happy on State Street they don't know that our love's not the same
There's a crowd all around but I don't hear a sound
Just the wind when it whispers your name
And when the wind blows I get lonely and one day for sure you left behind
But the wind always blows in Chicago so I'm lonely most all of the time
Yes I'm lonely most all of the time