

# Lucinda Williams, I Envy The Wind

I envy the wind  
That whispers in your ear  
That howls through the winter  
That freezes your fingers  
That moves through your hair  
And cracks your lips  
And chills you to the bone  
I envy the wind

I envy the rain  
That falls on your face  
That wets your eyelashes  
And dampens your skin  
And touches your tongue  
And soaks through your shirt  
And drips down your back  
I envy the rain

I envy the sun  
That brightens your summer  
That warms your body  
And holds you in her heat  
And makes your days longer  
And makes you hot  
And makes you sweat

I envy the sun  
I envy the wind,  
I envy the rain,  
I envy the sun,  
I envy the wind