

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