

# Peter Frampton, Which Way The Wind Blows

## Which Way The Wind Blows

Something roaming around my head  
But I don't know who I'm gonna write to  
You know I looked inside my book of dreams  
But I don't know which one I'm gonna sleep to yet  
Oh no I don't know which one I'm gonna sleep to

Found me, you loved me, then you turned me on  
But I don't know why, maybe you do  
You know I love my house and yet I cannot stay  
Because I can't see which way the wind blows  
'Cause I can't see which way the wind blows

Do what you want, cause the summer is here  
Do what you want, think I'm making that clear?  
Do what you want, don't have a care, I think that's fair  
Ooh ooh...

Ah, ah, ah

Words don't come so easy now  
'Cause there's a hole where my heart used to be  
Now she's gone, I have got to choose  
But I don't know now, what's the use?  
And I don't know now, what's the use?  
'Cause I can't see which way the wind blows.