

# Richard Thompson, 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