

Anthony Phillips, Which Way The Wind Blows

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The Geese And The Ghost

Which Way The Wind Blows

Look, see how the world goes round,

Look, see how the day goes on,

You, it won't stop to help you

Me, it won't stop to help me.

All the time a wind is blowing

Where it's blowing next we don't know...

Look, some spend their days in slumber,

Look, someone is weary toiling,

Home, be my guest and come back home.

Come, you'll be better off at home.

All the time someone is dying,

Where he's dying next we don't know...

I sit in the sunset

Watching God's evening,

Receding so gently now

Into the Westlands.

I think I'm at peace now

But of nothing am I certain

Only which way will the wind blow next time?

You, you might never have been saved

Ah, well you might not have been so brave,

Time would have shown the parting waves

And you slipping under Autumn's gaze

And now I know that nothing is what it ever seems.

I sit in the sunset

Watching God's evening,

Receding so gently now

Into the Westlands.

I think I'm at peace now

But of nothing am I certain

Only which way will the wind blow next time?