

Eddy Arnold, Wayward Wind

Oh the wayward wind is a restless wind
A restless wind that yearns to wonder
And I was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind

In a lonely shack by a railroad track
I spent my younger days
And I guess the sound of the outward bound
Made me a slave to my wandering ways

And the wayward wind...

Oh I met a girl in a border town
I vowed we'd never part
Though I tried my best to settle down
She's now alone with a broken heart

And the wayward wind...
The next of kin to the wayward wind