

Frank Black, Where The Wind Is Going

I don't have time for your tears
It's kinda hard to explain
I got a bird in my brain
I got a dog in my ear
I could be gone for a year

Where the wind is going
Indiana or Spain
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

I hear the whistling outside
I think you think its a witch
She'll be scratching my itch
She'll be brushing my hide
I feel like takin' a ride

Where the wind is going
If I'm broke then I'll bitch
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

Through the barleycorn
Through the rows of places I was born
Into Babel's maze

In that dark design
Where the neon red of exit signs
Leads my simple gaze, yeah

Where the wind is going
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

Through the barleycorn
Through the rows of places I was born
Into Babel's maze

In that dark design
Where the neon red of exit signs
Leads my simple gaze, yeah

Down that river side
Where from loneliness I often died
And so many times I will be raised