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