

# Frank Ifield, The Wayward Wind

The wayward wind is a restless wind  
A restless wind that yearns to wander  
And he was born the next of kin  
The next of kin to the wayward wind

In a lonely shack by a railroad track  
He spent his younger days  
And I guess the sound of the outward-bound  
Made him a slave to his wand'rin ways

And the wayward wind is a restless wind  
A restless wind that yearns to wander  
And he was born the next of kin  
The next of kin to the wayward wind

Oh I met him there in a border town  
He vowed we'd never part  
Though he tried his best to settle down  
I'm now alone with a broken heart

And the wayward wind is a restless wind  
A restless wind that yearns to wander  
And he was born the next of kin  
The next of kin to the wayward wind

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