

Hank Snow, 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
Oh 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 I'm now alone with a broken heart
Oh the wayward wind...
The wayward wind the wayward wind the wayward wind