

Jean Shepard, Song Of The Wind

I see the shadows as they come to welcome the night
Treading the time when I know I must turn out the light
Here in the darkness I lie down to hurt once again
From loving a mem'ry who's heart sings a song of the wind
So much like a child yet so very much of a man
He was a drifter and I wasn't part of his plan
He needed me when I met him so I took him in
Not knowing someday he'd follow the song of the wind
The wind sings the moving song of things that we always dream
And the man who has heard its call can't leave a thing unseen
If I should see him and he needs the warmth of a friend
I'll try to help him for the short time he has spent
I won't be surprised when I wake and he's gone once again
For he is a dreamer who follows the songs of the wind
Yes he is a dreamer who follows the songs of the wind