

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, The Wayward Wind

In the lonely shack by the railroad track
I spent my younger days
And I guess the sound of the outward bound
Made me a slave to my wanderin' ways.

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

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

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