

Neil Young, 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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