

The Wayward Wind

[Sam Cooke](#)

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 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.

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.

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