

# The Wind

Franco Ambrosetti

Whichever way that the wind blows  
That's where I'll go  
I can't think 'bout tomorrow  
On down the road to the unknown  
I will follow  
No more time left to borrow  
The voice inside is calling me again  
It told me to rest my head  
The work is long the worries strong  
As far as I can see there is no end  
We toil through the dead of winter  
The darkness lingers  
Waiting for a tired sun to shine  
You say you can predict the weather  
It'll all get better  
Soon enough it will be our turn to thrive  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
That's where I'll go  
I can't think 'bout tomorrow  
On down the road to the unknown  
I will follow  
No more time left to borrow  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
My hands are cold, a chill is in the air  
It's getting so hard to bear  
The seasons change but I can't wait  
Nobody ever said that life was fair  
Floating down a raging river  
I start to shiver  
I know I'm close to where the water falls  
My only choice is to surrender  
To a new adventure  
Leave it up to chance to make the call  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
That's where I'll go  
I can't think 'bout tomorrow  
On down the road to the unknown  
I will follow

No more time left to borrow  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
You're listening to new  
Take me, I'm ready, I'm willing  
Take me, I'm ready, I'm willing  
Take me, I'm ready, I'm ready  
Take me, take me  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
Whichever way that the wind blows  
That's where I'll go  
I can't think 'bout tomorrow  
On down the road to the unknown  
I will follow  
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