

Wind Don't Have To Hurry

[John Hiatt](#)

Now the wind dont have to hurry
Blowing cross my bones
Rolling out the pastures
Smoothin' and out the stones
Theres fire on the mountain
Dark angels in the trees
The wind dont have to hurry they're taking what they please
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the fraud police are coming
Right out to your door
They say you have no liberty if you're who there looking for
No writ of habeas corpus
No platform of the sands
The wind don't have to hurry only the wind knows where you went
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the wind dont have to hurry
Blowing to my soul, I stole for gold and diamonds
And buried in this hole
They brought my love a pistol
They put it to her head
Now the wind don't have to hurry
She was already dead
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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