

# Windfall

## Son Volt

Now and then it keeps you running  
It never seems to die  
The trial's spent with fear  
Not enough living on the outside Never seem to get far enough  
Staying in between the lines  
Hold on what you can  
Waiting for the end not knowing when May the wind take your troubles away  
May the wind take your troubles away  
Both feet on the floor, two hands on the wheel  
May the wind take your troubles away Trying to make it far enough  
To the next time zone  
Few and far between past the midnight hour  
Never feel alone, you're really not alone Switching it over to A.M.  
Searching for a truer sound  
Can't recall the call letters  
Steel guitar and settle down Catching an all night station  
Somewhere in Louisiana  
It sounds like 1963  
But for now it sounds like heaven May the wind take your troubles away  
May the wind take your troubles away  
Both feet on the floor, two hands on the wheel  
May the wind take your troubles away  
May the wind take your troubles away  
May the wind take your troubles away

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