

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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