

# The Wayward Wind

James Galway, Sylvia, The Nashville String Machine

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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The wayward wind, the wayward wind, the wayward wind

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