

# Weathervane

[Shannon McNally](#)

Well the tree lie down beneath you  
The grasses bow & sway  
The sands rise to meet you  
The ocean it makes way And you move through your directions  
And i turn my face away  
The grasses rise to meet you  
The ocean it makes way Well i too can more the prairies  
I too can move the sea  
I'm gonna take that motion  
Take it right inside me I'm gonna rattle at your windows  
Rattle at your doors  
Rattle at your shutters  
Show you what they're for No more weathervane, i'm gonna be the wind.  
No more spin around, spin around, spin around but always face away  
No more weathervane.  
I'm gonna be the wind.

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