

Which Way The Wind Blows

[Anthony Phillips](#)

Look, see how the world goes round,
Look, see how the day goes on,
You, it won't stop to help you
Me, it won't stop to help me.
All the time a wind is blowing
Where it's blowing next we don't know...

Look, some spend their days in slumber,
Look, someone is weary toiling,
Home, be my guest and come back home.
Come, you'll be better off at home.
All the time someone is dying,
Where he's dying next we don't know...

I sit in the sunset
Watching God's evening,
Receding so gently now
Into the Westlands.
I think I'm at peace now
But of nothing am I certain
Only which way will the wind blow next time?

You, you might never have been saved
Ah, well you might not have been so brave,
Time would have shown the parting waves
And you slipping under Autumn's gaze
And now I know that nothing is what it ever seems.

I sit in the sunset
Watching God's evening,
Receding so gently now
Into the Westlands.
I think I'm at peace now
But of nothing am I certain
Only which way will the wind blow next time?

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