I Envy the Wind

Lucinda Williams

I envy the wind that whispers in your ear
That howls through the winter, that freezes your fingers
That moves through your hair and cracks your lips
And chills you to the bone, I envy the windI envy the rain that falls on your face
That wets your eyelashes and dampens your skin
And touches your tongue and soaks through your shirt
And drips down your back, I envy the rainI envy the sun that brightens your summer
That warms your body and holds you in her heat
And makes your days longer and makes you hot
And makes you sweat, I envy the sunI envy the wind
I envy the rain
I envy the sun
I envy the wind

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