The Wayward wind

Herb Newman and Stan Lebowsky

Oh the way-ward wind is a rest-less wind a rest-less wind that yearns to wan-der and he was born the next of kin to the way-ward wind

In a lonely shack by a rail-road track he spent his young-er met hime there in a bor-der town he vowed we'd nev-er

days and I guess the sound of the out-ward bound part tho he tried his best to set-tle down

made him a slave to his wand-ring ways oh the way-ward

I'm now a-lone with a bro-ken heart.