

Morgan Wallen, Wonderin' Bout The Wind

I don't know where the hell it comes from
Got no idea where it goes when it leaves
When it's here, it's here
When it's gone, it's gone
Kinda like them smoky mountain, fall time trees

I guess I'll leave it to something bigger to figure it all out
But I sure could use a little breeze right now

Yeah, if anybody out there somewhere
Got a secret they want to share
On why it does to her what it does to dust
Really just ain't fair
Why it always takes her with it
And only brings her back now and then
I guess I've always been
Wonderin' 'bout the wind

She sits there like a feather just waitin' on a gale
By the time I pushed off, she already caught sail
I'm always waiting to put my anchor down
But I sure could use a little breeze right now

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Hey, I can taste the rain, I can see the sun
And that makes sense to me
But this feels like one that I can't outrun
Guess I'm runnin' just to see

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Got a secret they want to share
On why it does to her what it does to dust
Really just ain't fair
Why it always takes her with it
And only brings her back now and then
I guess I've always been
Wonderin' 'bout the wind

And why it always takes her with it
And leaves me hangin' on a limb
Just wonderin' 'bout the wind
Aw wonderin' 'bout the wind