

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, The Wayward Wind

In the lonely shack by the railroad track  
I spent my younger days  
And I guess the sound of the outward bound  
Made me a slave to my wanderin' ways.

And the wayward wind is a restless wind  
A restless wind that yearns to wander  
And I was born the next of kin  
The next of kin to the wayward wind.

Oh, I met him down in the border town  
He vowed we'd never part  
Though he tried his best to settle down  
Now I'm all alone with a broken heart.

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