

R.E.M., Wendell Gee

That's when Wendell Gee takes a tug
Upon the string that held the line of trees
Behind the house he lived in
He was reared to give respect
But somewhere down the line he chose
To whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows, with me

He had a dream one night
That the tree had lost its middle
So he built a trunk of chicken wire
To try to hold it up
But the wire, the wire turned to lizard skin
And when he climbed inside
There wasn't even time to say
Goodbye to Wendell Gee
So whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows, with me

If the wind were colors
And if the air could speak
Then whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows