



Listen to the Wind

The wind it whistles 'round' and 'round',
Lifting rubbish from the ground
Tormented souls forever free:
From out the wind they call to me.
Listen to it shriek and blow;
It howls for us to come, not go.
Inviting is the sound it sings:
Come! Let's go. I'll give you wings.
We'll fly into the summer sun,
Much faster than you'll ever run.
We'll soar above the clouds you know;
Where e'er you wish is where we'll go.

Yet if I listen to the wind,
Will it always stay my friend?
Or will it leave me out to die,
Never knowing where or why?

The wind it whistles 'round and 'round,
Lifting rubbish from the ground.
Its lonely voice is calling me;
Come, let's go; I'll set you free!

Randy W. Drummond