

Frank Black "Where The Wind Is Going"

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I don't have time for your tears
It's kinda hard to explain
I got a bird in my brain
I got a dog in my ear
I could be gone for a year

Where the wind is going
Indiana or Spain
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

I hear the whistling outside
I think you think it's a witch
She'll be scratching my itch
She'll be blushing my hide
I feel I've taken a ride

Where the wind is going
If I'm broke or I'm rich
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

Through the barleycorn
Through the rows of places I was born
Into Babel's maze
In that dark design
Where the neon red of exit signs
Leads my simple gaze

Where the wind is going
Where the wind is going
I cannot get in that line
Get to my suffering on time

Through the barleycorn
Through the rows of places I was born
Into Babel's maze
In that dark design
Where the neon red of exit signs
Leads my simple gaze

Down that river side
Where from loneliness I often died
And so many times I will be raised

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