

Harry Belafonte

"Windin Road"

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Lyrics:

Windin, windin roads a windin
Home is getting far away
Will I see my love come springtime
Or when I am old and gray

Long ago I took to wandering
Had to see beyond the hill
I left my sweetheart there a waiting
Wonder if shes waiting still

Oh I met a gal in Kansas city
Painted face and flaming hair
She took my love and stole my money
Broke my heart and left me there

Well I trailed her clear up to Wyoming
And one fine day in early spring
I rode up so soft and easy
Shot and killed that pretty thing

Now Im living in the shadows
Starting up at every sound
Cause haunted men have rocky pillows
And bed down on the cold, cold ground

Now my mothers prayers cant save me
And my young dreams wont come true
So set the shroud its all to even
Cause dying is all Ive left to do

Oh its windin, windin roads a windin
Home is getting far away
Will I see my love come Springtime
Or when I am old and grey

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