

O.A.R. "Windy City Man"

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Have you ever heard the story of the Windy City Man?
Well, he's a product of the house of cards that fell from
an iron hand.

Picture him cool strolling, on a mission to the East.
He listened to the howling winds. They called him. They
called him.

Like just a few before him he found his piece of mind,
Trapped between what could have been and who he's
soon to find.

There's a calling, a calling coming down the empty
road.

There must be calmer days for the Windy City Man.

He moved like rolling foothills tap dancing spurs cut
through the dirt.

Stepped across the old state line, one closer to the
show.

In the distance the brass is skipping across the waters
of the world.

It's easy to put down the past when the future's paved
with gold.

This is the Windy City Man.

Gone are the days of the iron hand.

Grounded, on fire, protect the noise.

That's the Windy City Man.

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