

Phil Joel**"When The Wild Winds Blow"**

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Look at this man, what didn't he have,
What led him down this treacherous path.
Watching his life slip through his hands,
Once in a while he understands.

That's when the wild winds blow,
That's when the pain won't go.
Lost in a crowded room
Where no one seems to care.
And when the night steals sleep,
There is a longing deep within the heart a cry,
Will someone still be there.

Do I see you, could I see me
Holding on to just a memory.
There was a home and a family
Now that it's gone what is to be.

That's when the wild winds blow,
That's when the pain won't go.
Lost in a crowded room
Where no one seems to care.
And when the night steals sleep,
There is a longing deep within the heart a cry,
Will someone still be there.

This poor man cried unto the Lord,
This poor man cried and he was heard.
Do I see you, do you see me
In the face of this man, or just too blind to see.

That's when the wild winds blow,
That's when the pain won't go.
Lost in a crowded room
Where no one seems to care.
And will the night bring sleep,
There is a longing deep within the heart a cry,
And someone will be there.

