

Richard Thompson

"Bad News Is All The Wind Can Carry"

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This house is dark and shuttered
Luck has gone out the door
No daytime will shine
In this empty room no more
Bad news is all the wind can carry

I heard a sound one morning
I bowed my head to weep
I heard a man dig my love's grave
The hole was dark, the hole was deep
Bad news is all the wind can carry

Some people say she wandered
And that she had a price, likewise
I'll cut their tongues and hang 'em high
They'll rot away with all their lies
Bad news is all the wind can carry

I'll steal a boat and rig her
On course I'll tie the wheel
I'll lay down to the stars
Until the bottom meets the keel
Bad news is all the wind can carry

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