

Spragga Benz

"Blue Wind"

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[Ilsa]

Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so sad.
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the open books on the grass . . .

Spring and summer . . .

Sure, when it's autumn,
Wind always wants to
Creep up and haunt you -
Whistling, it's got you.
With it's heartache, and it's sorrow
Winter wind sings and it cries . . .

Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so pained.
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the sudden drift of the rain . . .
Spring and summer . . .

Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so lost.
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay.
Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so lost.
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay.
Through the wandering clouds of the dust.

Spring and summer . . .

