Any Old Wind That Blows Johnny Cash

Lord she s restless, like cotton candy clouds that sail the day, slow and free And she possesses a mind that can t resign to stay, for long with me Though I ve tried and tried to keep her tied And satisfied until she really needs me, yes I do But when that certain look comes on her face I can t replace it and she leaves me CHORUS: She s a butterfly in mid July who just can t wait to try her brand new wings, on brand new things And she needs no rhyme or reason when she goes Her mind is on what lies beyond that wall Α And blue horizon I suppose and heaven knows She ll go sailin off on any old wind that blows D Yes she will, yes she will She ll go sailin off on any old wind that blows

I know she needs me, about as much as I need someone else, which I don t
And if need be, I swear someday I ll up and leave myself, which I won t
Even if she loved another man I d understand it more than I do
Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm

Data I leave the surface that the same that the same first leave to the surface that the same tha

But I know the only reason that she ever has for leavin is she wants to

She s a butterfly in mid July who just can t wait to try her brand new wings, on brand new things
And she needs no rhyme or reason when she goes
Her mind is on what lies beyond that wall
And blue horizon I suppose and heaven knows

She ll go sailin off on any old wind that blows

Yes she will, yes she will

She ll go sailin $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left$