

'10 Jan. and Summer '72 ✓

The Wind is Swingin' through the Streets

The Wind is swingin' through the streets

I just like through the hills

Whirlpools in the gutters when it rains

Birds are hoppin' on the wires

and on the window sills

Singin' songs they taught the Indians

In My Room the Flora is abundant

On the streets the Fauna does a waltz

I like to help things change

But My mind is so deranged

I can't quite figure out who is at fault

Standin' on the rooftops bathing
in the warm sunlight

streaming in despite the things
I just can't help but feelin' now've done.

on the roof