

Dean Martin, The Wind, The Wind

The wind, the wind, the whistling wind
A cowboy never rides alone
When the trail seems long there's the friendly song
The song of the wind, the whistling wind
Where the wagon trains used to cross the plains
There's always the wind, the whistling wind
Whistling of the day of a long ago
Of the buffalo and the Navajo
Oh men like Daniel Boone and the settler too
And the West that grew it's in the wind
All in the wind, the whistling wind
The whistling wind
When shadows pale along the trail
A cowboy never rides alone
'cause he rides again with the mighty men who ride in the wind
The whistling wind
When the shadows pale
On the long, long trail
There's always the wind, the whistling wind
(The wind, the wind, the whistling wind)
The wind, the wind, the whistling wind