Whichever Way The Wind Blows

Bob Mould

Jackrabbit done run cross that road Goin' to motel in the sky That rabbit done, story been told Why that jackrabbit done go die?

Old turtle go next cross that road He crawlin' as low as he can That turtle done talk to that toad Turtle don't cross here again

And everybody goes whichever way the wind blows

Young chicken done cross near that road He listen to traffic go by That chicken done, story been told To get to the other side

I warn ya, don't go near that road I know that road, it's a bitch I walk right next to that road All hanging out in the ditch

If ever you travel that road You better keep over your side And keepin' your hands on the wheel That road be a long road to ride