

The wind is like a little elf that dances on my lawn.  
It whips and whirls and flips and twirls, then spritely it is gone.  
The wind is like a playful hand that messes up my hair.  
It brushes past oh so fast, that I never see it there.

Wind, wind, weaving through the trees.  
Wind, wind, come let us shoot the breeze.  
Wind, wind, wonderful and free,  
Willful and whimsical, but never ever seen!

The wind it likes to dance a jig, the leaves they have such fun.  
They swoon and swirl like playful girls all in the autumn sun.  
But when the wind moves on its way, it breaks their leavely hearts.  
They all lie down on the ground and let their lives depart.

Wind, wind, weaving through the trees.  
Wind, wind, come let us shoot the breeze.  
Wind, wind, wonderful and free,  
Willful and whimsical, but never ever seen!