Wind on the Hill – A A Milne

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.  
  
It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.  
  
But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.  
  
And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.  
  
So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes…  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows