

I Am a Wanderer

Steve Earle

I am a wanderer, feet on the ground,
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds.
I own the star above some distant shore,
Wandering ever more.

I am a refugee torn from my land,
Cast off to travel this world to its end.
Never to see my proud mountains again
But I still remember them.

I am a labourer, sign round my neck:
"Will work for dignity, trust and respect".
Stand on this corner so you don't forget
I haven't had mine yet.

I am a prisoner pacing my cell,
Three steps and back, my corner of hell.
Lock me away and you swallow the key,
But some day I shall be free.

And I'll be a wanderer, feet on the ground,
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds.
I own the star above some distant shore,
Wandering ever more.