

Traveler from a distant land  
You've crossed miles of burning sand  
Do you think of going back  
Would you even find the track

Of where you've gone or where you've been  
Have you lived a life of sin  
Traveler, many things you've seen  
Does it fill your head with dreams

You bear a mark upon your arm  
And say it is your good luck charm  
A picture of a lovely face  
A woman full of love and grace

Is she someone you used to know  
That you left so long ago  
Traveler many things you've seen  
But does she fill your head with dreams

Will your journey reach an end  
Or will you just be gone again  
When your life has passed you by  
And you look death straight in the eye

And he says "Old man where have you been  
Have you lived a life of sin"  
Traveler, many things you've seen  
Does it fill your head with dreams