

Nomad By Fate

Chuck Ragan

We come and go to let it bleed.
Burning midnight oil and candles at both ends to see.
All I've known is nothing's free and nothing's easy
when you're sowing busted hearts on sleeves.

Oh I gave my hands to take you home
but I had no home to give you.

I can't say where I'm from.
I've been moving since my mama gave me to a Texas sun.
Some may say I'm a nomad by fate,
tempered from the road right after being forged in flames.

Oh I gave my hand to take you home
but I had no home to give you.

Do I take more than I give?
It's all I've known but I don't want to roam
from you for long, before I find you gone.

Oh I have my hand to take you home
but I had no home to give you.
I'm coming home before you're gone.
I'm coming home before I'm lost.