

The Little White Road

Donovan

Oh the little white road climbs over the hill
My feet they must follow, they cannot be still
Must follow and follow though far it may roam
Oh little white road, will you never come home?

Oh the hills they are patient and steadfast and wise
They look o'er the valleys and up to the skies
But the little white road scrambles up them and over
Oh little white road, you are ever the rover.

I fain would go with you right down to the sea
Where a ship with white sails would be waiting for me
Go sailing and sailing to strange lands afar
Where deserts and forests and lost cities are.

But when I grew weary of my gypsying ways
I'd sail home again for to end all my days
In the little grey cottage, beside the grey hill
But you, little road, would be wandering still.