

# Wandering Man

## Fairport Convention

See how a wandering man crosses the open plain  
Sure foot, inclusive he divines, you know it's not in vain  
That he travels  
Footprints left in the earth, show how far he's come  
A long way from a baby he was born, into this great unknown  
That he travels

Deep down in the diamond mines, he could fall and cut his skin  
Fooled by a trick of the light, the way that he came in  
There's a land beneath the moon, after his damp and cold  
A place where everything's been said, but nothing has been told  
Back the shadows

He could lift his head and turn to the sun  
To bury that borderline  
Freedom is only as good as you feel  
So grasp and hold this moment in time

Lives on an ancient ground for his company  
Casting out the shadows of doubt, wherever he may be  
Soldier of the peaceful way, fighting from dusk 'til dawn  
Everything's been ripped apart, but nothing has been torn  
Except the shadows

He could lift his head and turn to the sun  
To bury that borderline  
Freedom is only as good as you feel  
So grasp and hold this moment in time

Could I be a wandering man, making my way to you  
You're on my mind all of the time, in everything I do  
All great ventures ever made, needed a place to start  
So every step I'm planning today, might take me to your heart  
That it travels

So I lift my head and turn to the sun  
And bury that borderline  
Freedom is only as good as you feel  
So grasp and hold this moment in time  
Freedom is only as good as you feel  
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