

Call of the Wild

Frankie Laine

My mother was gypsy, my father a wayfarin' man
My home was the river, the mountains and warm desert sand
The roar of a train, or a mad raging sea is
The call of the wild and it's callin' to me
My restless heart keeps repeatin' I have to be free
There's memories to haunt me and torture my wild savage
soul
The heat in my veins like the beating of drums makes me
roar
You want me to stay but I know I must roam
For the call of the wild keeps a-callin' me on
Your kisses are sweet but I know that I have to be free
No woman can tame me or chain me or tie me for life
There's oft times a sweetheart but never, oh never a wife
Born to be happy but born to be free
I never look back for I know it must be
It's the call of the wild and I know that it's callin' to
me
There are strange foreign lands that keep callin', yes
callin' to me
To the wide open spaces I know that I'm destined to be
A slave to a voice much stronger than a hand
That can bring out the beast deep in my kind of man
It's the call of the wild and I'll have to obey, to obey
To obey it's command.