

Wandering On

Hank Snow

On an ocean of dreams I have wandered it seems
Just wandering wandering on,
Since I found the note sweetheart that you wrote just saying
That you had already gone.

Will the pretty bird sing,
Will the roses in the Spring
Still blossom when they find that you have gone,
Will the old pals be true
Or will they all leave me too
Just wandering wandering on
Will the little brook play
As it winds along its way
Will the stars keep on shining tho' you've gone
Will they find their way to you
Will they tell you that I'm blue
Or will they too leave me wandering on?

Tho' you've left me and gone I'll keep wandering on
Wandering down life's way
And beneath the lovely blue I may wander back to you
And my dreams will all come true someday.