

# I Am A Wanderer

Joan Baez

I am a wanderer, feet on the ground  
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds  
I own the star above some distant shore  
Wandering ever more

I am a refugee torn from my land  
Cast off to travel this world to its end  
Never to see my proud mountains again  
But I still remember them

I am a laborer, sign round my neck  
Will work for dignity, trust and respect  
Stand on this corner so you don't forget  
I haven't had mine yet

I am a prisoner pacing my cell  
Three steps and back, my corner of hell  
Lock me away and you swallow the key  
But some day I shall be free

And I'll be a wanderer, feet on the ground  
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds  
I own the star above some distant shore  
Wandering ever more