

Traveling Song

Kathy Mar

This is my traveling song
The end of this journey is almost in sight
An island-of-exile coffeehouse is my weary stop tonight
My friends are dying or getting married
It's hard to tell which one is which
And I'll be back home in my own sweet country soon
If I don't drive into a ditch

This is my travelling song
The border guards ask for my produce to take
I tell them I've nothing to declare and my foot lifts off the brake
My heart is crying "Too long you've tarried"
It's hard to slow down for the curve
And I'll be back home etc.
If I don't forget how to swerve

I can know in my heart it's a sad cliché
As the wanderlust calls me far away
And I love the good old USA
But it is not my home
To my aching heart a mem'ry reaches
Of her golden hills and endless beaches
And the lesson that it softly teaches
"California is your home.
You've had time enough to roam,
And it's time to come back home."

This is my traveling song
I open the door and I call that I'm back
And I ask someone just what day this is for I find that I've lost track
My family's flying in hugs I'm buried
It's hard to tell which way to turn
And I'll stay right here in my own sweet country now
'Cause at last I've started to learn

I can know in my heart it's a sad cliché
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To my aching heart a mem'ry reaches
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And the lesson that it softly teaches
"California is your home.
You've had time enough to roam,
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This is my travelling song
But it's time to go back home
This is my travelling song
I've had time enough to roam
This is my travelling song
California is my home (x3)