

# Chant Of The Wanderer

Nickel Creek

Take a look at the skies where the whippoorwill trills

Take a look at the falls and the rippling rills  
And the mountain so high where the cataract spills

Hear the wanderlust calls of the whispering hills  
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trill  
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Let me live on the range where the tumbleweeds grow

Let the silver sands change where the prairie winds blow

Let the wanderers sing where the wanderers go

Let the melody ring for it's happy I know

The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow

The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow  
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow

Let me follow the trail where the buffalo roam  
Let a silver cloud sail where the setting sun shone

Let the local wolf wail in a broken-heart tone  
Let it storm, let it gale, still the prairie's my home

The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam

The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam

The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trill  
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The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow

The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam

The prairie's my home!