

Wandering Boy

Rodney Crowell

Come in from the cold you must be cold
Thread bare against a freezing wind is a short time gettin' old
Come and sit down tell me where you've been
Rest your soul beside the fire till it's time to go again

Take me back
One more time
Where the railroad tracks
Meet the kudzu vine
Wandering boy

The blood that's flowing through you flows through me
When I look in any mirror it's your face that I see
And you're my only brother I'm your twin
And you've come home to rest awhile and shed your dying skin

Ease your mind
Have no fear
When it comes your time
I'll be here
Wandering boy

We're two Houston kids
Sailin' mason jar lids
With our pop bottles hid
By the bayou bend
In the wild East End
Welcome back again
Wandering boy

I used to cast my judgements like a net
All those California gay boys deserved just what they get
Little did I know there would come a day
When my words would come back screaming like a debt I have to pay

Lean on me
I'll be strong
We're almost free
It won't be long
Wandering boy