

Wandering

Tim O'Brien

My pathway leads into the west
They say it never really ends
These legs of mine weren't made to rest
I let them take me where they send me wandering

As long as I remember I've been wandering
January to December I go wandering

No one asks the wind to blow
No one tells a bird to fly
No one tells me when to go
I don't need a reason why, I'm just wandering

As long as I remember I've been wandering
January to December I go wandering

A hundred fifty years ago
The famine pushed us off the land
Now we live beside the road
You'll see us in our caravans

As long as I remember I've been wandering
January to December I go wandering

This life I lead is in my blood
It's not for me to understand
There isn't much I want to own
Take what I will and where I can, I'm wandering

As long as I remember I've been wandering
January to December just wandering
I don't care where I go, just wandering
You want to know where I've been
I've been wandering