

# Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

by Tom Paxton (1964)

*C* *C* *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*  
It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and heavy load  
*G* *G7* *C* *C*  
And the folks I meet ain't always kind  
*C* *C* *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*  
Some are bad and some are good 'n some have done the best they could  
*G* *G7* *C* *C*  
Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind

*Dm* *G7* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *C/B*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am/G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound  
*Dm* *G* *C* *C*  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I've been wandering through this land  
Just doin' the best I can  
Trying to find what I was meant to do  
And the people that I see  
Look as worried as can be  
And it looks like they are wand'rin' too

But I had me a buddy back home  
And he started off to roam  
Now he's out, gone to Frisco Bay  
And sometimes when I've had a few  
His old voice comes ringin' through  
And yes I'm goin' out to see him some old day

If you see me passin' by  
And you sit and you wonder why  
And you wish that you were a rambler, too  
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor  
Lace'em up and bar the door  
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you