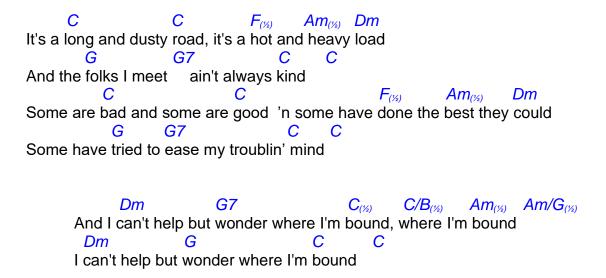
Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

by Tom Paxton (1964)



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