

# Tim O'Brien, Wandering

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