

# Tom Paxton, I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm

&quot;It's a long and a dusty road, it's a hot and a heavy load,  
And the folks I meet ain't always kind.  
Some are bad, some are good, some have done the best they could,  
Some have tried to ease my troubled mind.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

Well, I've been around this land, just a-doin' the best I can,  
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do,  
And the faces that I see look as worried as can be,  
And it looks like they are a-wonderin' too.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

Well, I had a little girl one time, she had lips like sherry wine  
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane.  
But I was too blind to see she was drifting away from me,  
And my good gal went off on a morning train.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

I had a buddy way back home, but he started out to roam,  
And I hear he's out by Frisco bay.  
And sometimes when I've had a few, his old voice comes singin' through,  
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound..

If you see me passin' by and you sit and 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,  
And thank the stars for the roof that's over you.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.&quot;