

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Born To Be A Trav

(Fearing/White)

I was born to be a traveler, I must have landed on my head
I used to dream that I was flying, I was falling out of bed
Then the family started moving, but some got left behind
And we learned to send postcards, like letters from the frontline
Out of sight but never out of mind
I was born to be a traveler
To roll and ride

My Mother she told me how to get out of the country
Wrap the teacups up in comics and you can read them later
Learn to tie a knot but you must always have a blade
And cuts are just a consequence of the choices that you made
She showed me when to leave and my Father taught me why
I was born to be a traveler
To roll and ride

I'm running for love
For love and for money
I run when I'm stung
When I stumble and fall
I fall into the future
Not a break in my stride
I was born to be a traveler
To roll and ride

Early in the evening, I take my stuff out of the car
Someone asks me, maybe they could look at my guitar
And I open up the case, a little worn, a little frayed
A little weary of creating all the miles I have made
A gallery of faces, where the memories collide
I was born to be traveler
To roll and ride