

# Heather Alexander, Wanderlust

My time is up and the ship bell chimes  
So raise the cup and think betimes  
Of this poor sailor 'pon the sea  
Whose passing is but memory

'Tis not that I would have you think  
Of this but as a friendly drink  
For with my heart I loved you truly  
Though I'm forced to treat you cruelly

For the fever's upon me  
And the Captain is calling  
I cannot stay with thee  
My destiny's calling  
I'll never be free, but I do what I must  
A captive of my wanderlust

The tide is turned and so we sail  
This brief sojourn has now grown stale  
The wanderlust has me, indeed  
I care not where my travels lead

The captain asks if I'm a-feared  
A smile tangled in his beard  
His laughter tells me he must know  
The pain that I now undergo

For the fever's upon me  
And the Captain is calling  
I cannot stay with thee  
My destiny's calling  
I'll never be free, but I do what I must  
A captive of my wanderlust

I cast my fate into the wind  
I have no mate, nor kith, nor kin  
For I must go where I am sent  
A victim of self-banishment

Orion has become my guide  
And Venus is my willing bride  
With wanderlust my fuel and feed  
I roam the world as 'tis decreed

For the fever's upon me  
And the Captain is calling  
I cannot stay with thee  
My destiny's calling  
I'll never be free, but I do what I must  
A captive of my wanderlust

For the fever's upon me  
And the Captain is calling  
I cannot stay with thee  
My destiny's calling  
I'll never be free, but I do what I must  
A captive of my wanderlust