

Nickel Creek, Chant Of The Wanderer

Take a look at the skies where the whippoorwill trills
And the mountain so high where the cataract spills
Take a look at the falls and the rippling rills
Hear the wanderlust calls of the whispering hills
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills

The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills

Let me live on the range where the tumbleweeds grow
Let the silver sands change where the prairie winds blow
Let the wanderers sing where the wanderers go
Let the melody ring for it's happy I know
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow

The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow

Let me follow the trail where the buffalo roam
Let a silver cloud sail where the setting sun shone
Let the local wolf wail in a broken-heart tone
Let it storm, let it gale, still the prairie's my home
The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam

The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow
The broken-heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam

The prairie's my home!