

Rue Royale

"Ment To Roam"

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I was a little boy, I was a little child
I did not dress my own, you covered me in white
Before you sent me out told me where not to go
You'd pack my lunch and say God bless you on the
road

When I was on my own, I wandered far from home
There were the wildest beasts, they'd strip you to the
bone
But they did not want me, I smelled too much of home
So then I moved along, I guess I'm meant to roam

I took around the bend and came across a town
The people made of stone, the only folks around
I couldn't understand why such a lovely world
Could tolerate a crowd that didn't love their own

So many years have passed from stepping on the road
Still haven't got a clue of what is food or foe
If you could find the time, come catch me up in June
Then we could journey on, I love to be with you

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