

Roman Rhodes and the Born Again Pagans

"Wandering Air"

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She's like the river that runs so deep
Mournful in mornings and cries in her sleep.
I've tried to pull us up both on dry ground,
but her sorrow's a swift current that drags us both
down.

I'm first to admit all of my own mistakes;
I love far too easy, my heart tears and breaks--
a fair voice, a fair face, a fair mind within,
and I'm carried away on a soft blowing wind.

I've tried to heal her with my deepest true love,
with visions of beauty below and above;
I've shown her the spark of life lies deep inside,
but she never could trust me since the one day I lied.

Still you can't blame me for this heavy heart of hers.
No weight have I carried so much on this earth.
I've given my best years to lift her with care,
but she just can't forgive my wanderin' air.

I once was a strong man, they all used to say,
so full of life, so giving, so willing to play,
now I'm a bitter man and borne to despair
for having both a true love and a wandering air.

(Repeat first verse)

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