

## **Brian Kennedy**

### **"The wandering kind"**

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I thought I'd found it in a lovers  
Touch at the end of a perfect day  
But holding hands and drifting sands  
Weren't enough to make me stay  
I thought I saw it in anothers eyes  
But how can I explain  
I saw the sky reflected there  
And I was gone again  
I'm trying to find a way to tell you how it feels,  
The only time that I feel fine is when the world  
Turns under my wheels.

I hope you don't mind but I think that it's time  
Gotta leave you behind home's so hard to find  
When you're the wandering kind

I built a house on top of a hill  
You could see for miles around.  
My heart was on the horizon,  
My feet on solid ground.  
So I had to leave this place to look for  
Somewhere new, when you're the  
Wandering kind it's all that you can do  
I'm trying to find a way to tell you how it feels.

I hope you don't mind but I think that it's time  
Gotta leave you behind home's so hard to find  
Gonna follow the signs, will tomorrow be  
Mine, when you're travelling light you  
Don't know what you'll find,  
When you're the wandering kind.

I might be on this road forever caught  
Between the now or never know  
I hope you don't mind but I think that it's time  
Gotta leave you behind home's so hard to find  
Gonna follow the signs, will tomorrow be  
Mine, when you're travelling light you don't  
Now what you'll find, when you're the  
Wandering kind, the wandering kind...

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