

Bethania Maria

"Vagabond"

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I know of a man who lives on the other side
On the other side of this mountain
They say he's calling the weary home

I've been told of a man who lives on the other side
On the other side of this mountain
With a heart full of stories of hope

So run like a vagabond, carry the flame
Run for the children and run for the slaves
Hold it up high with a message of faith
Don't ever stop moving on
Just run like a vagabond

His book is a gun that he reads for the people
The words that he speaks have been colored illegal
But the law that he's under is bigger than paper and
gowns

He stayed in the streets where the beggars are broken
He's risking is life, a bullseye in the open
But he won't stop to rest until he's reached every town

So run like a vagabond, carry the flame
Run for the children and run for the slaves
Hold it up high with a message of faith
Don't ever stop moving on
Just run like a vagabond

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