

Hank Snow "Wandering On"

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On an ocean of dreams, I have wandered it seems
Just wandering, wandering on
Since I found the note, sweetheart, that you wrote just
saying
That you had already gone

Will the pretty bird sing?
Will the roses in the Spring
Still blossom when they find that you have gone?
Will the old pals be true or will they all leave me too?
Just wandering, wandering on

Will the little brook play as it winds along its way?
Will the stars keep on shining though you've gone?
Will they find their way to you?
Will they tell you that I'm blue
Or will they too leave me wandering on?

Though you've left me and gone
I'll keep wandering on, wandering down life's way
And beneath the lovely blue, I may wander back to you
And my dreams will all come true someday

Will the pretty bird sing?
Will the roses in the Spring
Still blossom when they find that you have gone?
Will the old pals be true or will they all leave me too?
Just wandering, wandering on

Will the little brook play as it winds along its way?
Will the stars keep on shining though you've gone?
Will they find their way to you?
Will they tell you that I'm blue
Or will they too leave me wandering on?

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