

Joan Osborne

"Wayfarin' Stranger"

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Written by Michael Franti & Joan Osborne

I'm just a poor Wayfarin' Stranger
travelin' through this world of woe
there's no sickness toil nor sorrow
in that bright world to which I go
I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm just a going' over Jordan I'm just a going' over
home

ya see I'm a concrete buffalo soldier
I gotta chip it's like boulder on my shoulder
look in my eyes and you can see a red marble
like Nostradamus I'm the promise of tomorrow
traveling the city with my mexican cargo
cotton mouth - I take a dry swallow
to the nearest corner watering hole
the bartender with the deed for my soul
satisfaction no I can't get no
lotsa bad habits that I need to control
recite the Psalms but no emancipation
church for food and liquor stores for salvation
some day I'll make
it home to see my father
he saw the man who shot the coal miner's daughter
and if I had a dime for every gamble I risked
I could buy a diamond for the woman I miss ya see

I'm just a poor Wayfarin' stranger
ya check with me ya checking in with danger
I'm just a poor Wayfarin' stranger
roaming the streets seeking Jesus in a manger

I'm goin' there to see my Mother
she said she'll meet me when I come
I'm just a goin' over Jordan I'm just goin' over home
Jordan river roll river Jordan roll River Jordan roll on

Gee ain't it funny - how time slips away I wanna rewind
the tape to see

my life replay
I soak up the sun - just as a reminder
that I was born a sick side winder
call me a vagrant, no machine to read your fax
I'll never pledge allegiance to your blood sweat and
taxes
don't ever mistake me being docile for contentment
don't my anger for resentment

it's just the calm before the storm that's why I'm quiet
ya always mistaking an uprising for a race riot
you can take my life life - but there's no escape
'cause you can't shoot yer way through the pearly
gates
so swing low sweet cadillac
coming for to carry me home
swing low pink cadillac
stepping over Jordan I roam

I'm just a poor Wayfarin' stranger
ya check with me ya checking in with danger
I'm just a poor Wayfarin' stranger
roaming the streets seeking Jesus in a manger

(chorus)
When the road is callin' yonder, when the road is callin'
yonder
When the road is callin', when the road is callin' yonder
I'll be there

(chorus)

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