

Leif Garrett "The Wanderer"

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Oh well, I'm the type of guy
Who will never settle down
Where pretty girls are
Well, you know that I'm around

I kiss em and I love em
Cause to me they're all the same
I hug em and I squeeze em
They don't even know my name

They call me the wanderer
Yeah, the wanderer
I roam, around, around
Around, around

Oh well, there's Flo on my left
And there's Mary on my right
And Janie is the girl
Well, that I'll be with tonight

And when she asks me
Which one I love the best
I tear open my shirt
I got Rosie on my chest

Cause I'm the wanderer
Yeah, the wanderer
I roam, around, around
Around, around

Oh well, I roam from town to town
I go through life without a care
And I'm happy as a clown
With my two fists of iron
But I'm going nowhere

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy
That likes to roam around
I'm never in one place
I roam from town to town

And when I find myself

A-falling for some girl, yeah
I hop right into that car of mine
I drive around the world

Yeah, I'm the wanderer
Yeah, the wanderer
I roam, around, around
Around, around

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy
That likes to roam around
I'm never in one place
I roam from town to town

And when I find myself
A-falling for some girl
I hop right into that car of mine
Drive around the world

Cause I'm a wanderer
Yeah, the wanderer
I roam around, around, around
Around, around, around

Cause I'm a wanderer
Yeah, the wanderer
I roam around, around, around
Around, around, around

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