Mike Mcclure "Traveler"

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I'm a traveler on your highway Lord, I'm weary, right down to the bone I won't give up, if you won't forsake me Not till you make me one of your own

Chorus:

Fill my cup Lord with your wisdom Fill my spirit up with your grace I long to kneel before you And touch your garment And see your face

I'm a hobo on your railway And I will rattle down life's lonesome tracks I will rattle my wheels for glory And there will not be no turning back, so

Repeat Chorus

I'm a drifter out on your ocean You are the wind that drives my battered sails You have bought me up on Calvary You paid the price for me When they drove the nails

Repeat Chorus

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