

The Front Bottoms

"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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