

Spearhead

"Wayfaring Stranger"

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

Ya see I'm a concrete buffalo soldier
I gotta chip it's like boulder in 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 salms 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 mine'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 the 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 a 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

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