

Terry Dexter "Strayed Away"

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Ears will hear them sing
Names gracefully ring
Far places, the overthrown traces
And stray away

Further on we go
More beggars with bowls
Small vessels to hold the whole world
Of the strayed away

Letters of home from here
Tell fortune and cheer
How can they believe it
From someone who strays away?

Strangers by the door
Camp-tired and sore
Come counting on kindness
For those who have strayed away

Every mile you roam
Ten thousand from home
And long reasons for grieving
Believing you've strayed away

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