

The Folkmen

"Never Did No Wanderin'"

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My mama was the cold North wind,
My daddy was the son, of a railroad man from west of
hell,
Where the trains don't even run...

Never heard the whistle of a southbound freight,
Or the singing of it's driving wheel,
No I, never did not wanderin'
Never did not wanderin'
Never did not wanderin' after all.

They say the highways' just one big road,
And it goes from here to there,
And they say you carry a heavy load,
When you're rolling down the line somewhere...

Never seen the dance of the telephone poles,
As they go whizzin' by,
No I, never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin' after all.

Never did no wanderin'... high!
Never did no wanderin'... low!

Now a sailor's life is a life for him,
But it never was for me,
And I never soared where the hawk may soar,
Or see what the hawk might see,

Never hiked to heaven on a mountain trail,
Never rode on a river's rage...
No I, never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin' after all.

Never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin'
Never did no wanderin' after all.

Never did no wanderin' ...afterall.

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