

Jake Jeanson

"Traveler"

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Traveler, what kind of profession is that anyway?
Traveler, I always thought you'd come back my way.
You've seen some lions and tigers, but hey, I know
none of that.
You've seen some pretty people, but hey, I've only seen
you.

'Cuz our, our story, is unwritten cuz you hopped on that
train,
And I, I'm sorry, but I guess I'll have to tell you one day,
what I think, what I think

That I'm addicted to the way that you're movin',
the way the wind just blows the hair by your ear.
That I'm enchanted by the way that you're lookin',
and how I wish that I could be there.
How I wish, we could be. Something
How I wish, we could be. Something
How I wish, we could be. We could be.

Traveler, your passions are the rudder of your sails.
Traveler, you search but don't see whats behind the
veil.
You've seen some passionate things, and hell, I wish
that I could.
You've seen some pretty places, faces, but hey, I've
only seen you.

Traveler, the wind may blow you just a to and fro.
Traveler, its up to you to, where to go.

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