

Tom Paxton**"I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound"**

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"It's a long and a dusty road, it's a hot and a heavy
load,
And the folks I meet ain't always kind.
Some are bad, some are good, some have done the
best they could,
Some have tried to ease my troubled mind.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm
bound,
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

Well, I've been around this land, just a-doin' the best I
can,
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do,
And the faces that I see look as worried as can be,
And it looks like they are a-wonderin' too.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm
bound,
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

Well, I had a little girl one time, she had lips like sherry
wine
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane.
But I was too blind to see she was drifting away from
me,
And my good gal went off on a morning train.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm
bound,
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

I had a buddy way back home, but he started out to
roam,
And I hear he's out by Frisco bay.
And sometimes when I've had a few, his old voice
comes singin' through,
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm
bound,

I can't help but wonder where I'm bound..

If you see me passin' by and you sit and wonder why,
And you wish that you were a rambler too,
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and
bar the door,
And thank the stars for the roof that's over you.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm
bound,
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound."

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