

# Vagabond

Bethany Dillon

I know of a man who lives on the other side  
On the other side of this mountain  
They say he's calling the weary home

I've been told of a man who lives on the other side  
On the other side of this mountain  
With a heart full of stories of hope

So run like a vagabond, carry the flame  
Run for the children and run for the slaves  
Hold it up high with a message of faith  
Don't ever stop moving on  
Just run like a vagabond

His book is a gun that he reads for the people  
The words that he speaks have been colored illegal  
But the law that he's under is bigger than paper and gowns

He stayed in the streets where the beggars are broken  
He's risking is life, a bullseye in the open  
But he won't stop to rest until he's reached every town

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