

Call of the Road

Doc Watson

When I was a boy, I had to know, what I would find just over the hill
And while still a lad, I had to go, and so you see I'm rambling still

life's golden cup, for me was filled, with happiness, and measures untold,
but I left the one, who cared for me, a treasure's worth, so much more than gold.

young men that roam, take heed today, the call of the road, can be so unkind,
it will lead you on, like a fickle kiss, and a wasted life, is all you'll ever find.