

## The Little White Road

Donovan

Oh the little white road climbs over the hill  
My feet they must follow, they cannot be still  
Must follow and follow though far it may roam  
Oh little white road, will you never come home?

Oh the hills they are patient and steadfast and wise  
They look o'er the valleys and up to the skies  
But the little white road scrambles up them and over  
Oh little white road, you are ever the rover.

I fain would go with you right down to the sea  
Where a ship with white sails would be waiting for me  
Go sailing and sailing to strange lands afar  
Where deserts and forests and lost cities are.

But when I grew weary of my gypsying ways  
I'd sail home again for to end all my days  
In the little grey cottage, beside the grey hill  
But you, little road, would be wandering still.