

## Wanderin' Kind

The Turtles

I am the wanderin' kind  
Never know where I'll be bound  
I am the wanderin' kind  
Always travelin' around  
My feet start hurting  
If I just sit in one place  
'Cause sitting's a disgrace  
And stand in such a way  
So I move along with this  
'Cause I'm tired of all the faces that I've seen  
I've got to move to greener lands  
Where I can breathe the air  
So I can settle there  
Till the wind weeps through my hair  
The whispering mister orders trying to catch me  
I am the wanderin' kind  
Never know where I'll be bound  
I am the wanderin' kind  
Always travelin' around