

The Wayfarer

Bruce Springsteen

Same sad story, love and glory goin' 'round and 'round
Same old cliché, a wanderer on his way, slippin' from town to town

Some find peace here on the sweet streets, the sweet streets of home

Where kindness falls and your heart calls for a permanent place of your own

I'm a wayfarer, baby, I drift from town to town

When everyone's asleep and the midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissin' up the highway, spinning 'round and 'round

You start out slow in a sweet little bungalow, something two can call home

Then rain comes fallin', the blues come calling, and you're left with a heart of stone

Some folks are inspired sitting by the fire, slippers tucked under the bed

But when I go to sleep I can't count sheep for the white lines in my head

I'm a wayfarer, baby, I roam from town to town
When everyone's asleep and the midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissin' up the highway, spinning 'round and 'round

Where are you now, where are you now
Where are you now...

I'm a wayfarer, baby, I roam from town to town
When everyone's asleep and the midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissin' up the highway, spinning 'round and 'round

I'm a wayfarer, baby, I'm a wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby, I'm a wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby, I'm a wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby, I'm a wayfarer, baby