

Traveler from a distant land
You've crossed miles of burning sand
Do you think of going back
Would you even find the track

Of where you've gone or where you've been
Have you lived a life of sin
Traveler, many things you've seen
Does it fill your head with dreams

You bear a mark upon your arm
And say it is your good luck charm
A picture of a lovely face
A woman full of love and grace

Is she someone you used to know
That you left so long ago
Traveler many things you've seen
But does she fill your head with dreams

Will your journey reach an end
Or will you just be gone again
When your life has passed you by
And you look death straight in the eye

And he says "Old man where have you been
Have you lived a life of sin"
Traveler, many things you've seen
Does it fill your head with dreams