

## I Am a Wanderer

Steve Earle

I am a wanderer, feet on the ground,  
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds.  
I own the star above some distant shore,  
Wandering ever more.

I am a refugee torn from my land,  
Cast off to travel this world to its end.  
Never to see my proud mountains again  
But I still remember them.

I am a labourer, sign round my neck:  
"Will work for dignity, trust and respect".  
Stand on this corner so you don't forget  
I haven't had mine yet.

I am a prisoner pacing my cell,  
Three steps and back, my corner of hell.  
Lock me away and you swallow the key,  
But some day I shall be free.

And I'll be a wanderer, feet on the ground,  
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds.  
I own the star above some distant shore,  
Wandering ever more.