

I Know Where I'm Going

Harry Belafonte

I know where I'm going, and I know who's going with me
I know why love , and I know who I will marry
I need no robes of silk, nor shoes of fine green leather
As long as she is with me, when we stroll across the
heather

Feather beds are soft and painted rooms are bonny
But I know she cleave them all, for her loving Winsom
Johnny
All her wit and grace, like a starry cluster shine
Giving light and beauty to this simple soul of mine

I know where I'm going, and I know who's going with me
And I know why love and the Dear knows who I'll marry