

Wanderlust

Heather Alexander

My time is up and the ship bell chimes
So raise the cup and think betimes
Of this poor sailor 'pon the sea
Whose passing is but memory

'Tis not that I would have you think
Of this but as a friendly drink
For with my heart I loved you truly
Though I'm forced to treat you cruelly

For the fever's upon me
And the Captain is calling
I cannot stay with thee
My destiny's calling
I'll never be free, but I do what I must
A captive of my wanderlust

The tide is turned and so we sail
This brief sojourn has now grown stale
The wanderlust has me, indeed
I care not where my travels lead

The captain asks if I'm a-feared
A smile tangled in his beard
His laughter tells me he must know
The pain that I now undergo

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I cast my fate into the wind
I have no mate, nor kith, nor kin
For I must go where I am sent
A victim of self-banishment

Orion has become my guide
And Venus is my willing bride
With wanderlust my fuel and feed
I roam the world as 'tis decreed

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