

# The Wanderer

Leif Garrett

Oh well, I'm the type of guy  
Who will never settle down  
Where pretty girls are  
Well, you know that I'm around

I kiss em and I love em  
Cause to me they're all the same  
I hug em and I squeeze em  
They don't even know my name

They call me the wanderer  
Yeah, the wanderer  
I roam, around, around  
Around, around

Oh well, there's Flo on my left  
And there's Mary on my right  
And Janie is the girl  
Well, that I'll be with tonight

And when she asks me  
Which one I love the best  
I tear open my shirt  
I got Rosie on my chest

Cause I'm the wanderer  
Yeah, the wanderer  
I roam, around, around  
Around, around

Oh well, I roam from town to town  
I go through life without a care  
And I'm happy as a clown  
With my two fists of iron  
But I'm going nowhere

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy  
That likes to roam around  
I'm never in one place  
I roam from town to town

And when I find myself  
A-falling for some girl, yeah  
I hop right into that car of mine  
I drive around the world

Yeah, I'm the wanderer  
Yeah, the wanderer  
I roam, around, around  
Around, around

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy  
That likes to roam around  
I'm never in one place  
I roam from town to town

And when I find myself

A-falling for some girl  
I hop right into that car of mine  
Drive around the world

Cause I'm a wanderer  
Yeah, the wanderer  
I roam around, around, around  
Around, around, around

Cause I'm a wanderer  
Yeah, the wanderer  
I roam around, around, around  
Around, around, around