

The Lonely Man

Sheb Wooley

Who knows what sorrows abide In the heart of a strange lonely man

He was born with an urge to roam And he never had a home of his own
He was slender and tall the strange man they call The Drifter

He must drift evermore on the range For that old wanderlust in his veins
Makes him strangely akin to the strong restless wind That blows

On cold and lonely nights after his campfire dies He dreams of someone dear
and a home of his own But when the new day dawns all of his dreams are gone
For the lonely trail is all he's ever known

As he rides neath the sun day by day And he's searching to find the way
Over hot burnin' sand that tortures a lonely man

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