

It came in the mail yesterday  
It was addressed to me  
And there inside the package  
Was a Johnny Cash CD  
I didn't read the titles  
I just put it in the tray  
When I pushed the button  
A song began to play

And there in my own living room  
I heard him sing my song  
It's a moment I'll be remembering  
My whole life long  
It sounded like he wrote it  
So powerful and sweet  
I'd known that it was finished  
But now it felt complete

I remember when I wrote it  
So many years ago  
I thought it was worth singing  
But you never really know  
I remember putting down my pen  
And calling it a day  
I never could imagine  
How my song would find its way

There are no guarantees, my friend  
No matter how you try  
You do the work, you give them wings  
And hope that they might fly

So tomorrow I'll sit down again  
Do what I have done  
I'll put my pen to paper  
And I'll let it have its fun  
I'm grateful to the Man in Black  
As thankful as can be  
He took my song into his heart  
And he gave it back to me

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound  
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound