

# Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

By Tom Paxton

C F Am Dm

It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and a heavy load

G7 C

And the folks I see ain't always kind

Some are bad and some are good

F Am Dm

Some have done the best they could

G7 C

And some have tried to ease my troubled mind

Chorus

Dm G7

And I can't help but wonder

D Em Am

where I'm bound, where I'm bound

Dm G7 C

Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I have been around this land, just doing the best I can

Tryin' to find what I was meant to do

And the faces that I see are as worried as can be

And it looks like they are a wondering too

I had a little girl one time, she had lips like cherry wine  
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane  
But I was too blind to see, she was drifting away from me  
And my good gal went off on a morning train

Well I had a buddy back home, and he started out to roam  
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay  
And some time when I've had a few, his old voice comes a ringing through  
And I'm going out there to see him some old day/

So if you see me a passing by, and you sit and you wonder why  
And if you should wish that you were a rambler too  
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door  
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.