

I Can't Help but Wonder Tom Paxton

C F Am Dm

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

G7 C

And the folks I meet ain't always kind. Some are bad and some are good,

F Am Dm G7

C

Some have done the best they could, Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind.

Dm C G7 C Em Am

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

Dm C G7 C

Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I have wandered through this land, Just a doin' the best I can,

Trying to find what I was meant to do. And the people that I see,

Look as worried as can be, And it look like they are wonderin' too.

I had a little girl one time, She had lips like sherry wine,

And she loved me 'til 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 the morning train.

I had a buddy back home, But he started out to roam,

And I hear he's out in Frisco bay, and sometimes when I've had a few,

His old voice comes driftin' through, And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

If you see me passing by, And you sit and you wonder why,

And you wish that you were a rambler too, Nail you shoes to the kitchen floor,

Lace them up and bar the door, Thank your stars for that roof that's over you.

