

Wandering Man

Fairport Convention

See how a wandering man crosses the open plain
Sure foot, inclusive he divines, you know it's not in vain
That he travels
Footprints left in the earth, show how far he's come
A long way from a baby he was born, into this great unknown
That he travels

Deep down in the diamond mines, he could fall and cut his skin
Fooled by a trick of the light, the way that he came in
There's a land beneath the moon, after his damp and cold
A place where everything's been said, but nothing has been told
Back the shadows

He could lift his head and turn to the sun
To bury that borderline
Freedom is only as good as you feel
So grasp and hold this moment in time

Lives on an ancient ground for his company
Casting out the shadows of doubt, wherever he may be
Soldier of the peaceful way, fighting from dusk 'til dawn
Everything's been ripped apart, but nothing has been torn
Except the shadows

He could lift his head and turn to the sun
To bury that borderline
Freedom is only as good as you feel
So grasp and hold this moment in time

Could I be a wandering man, making my way to you
You're on my mind all of the time, in everything I do
All great ventures ever made, needed a place to start
So every step I'm planning today, might take me to your heart
That it travels

So I lift my head and turn to the sun
And bury that borderline
Freedom is only as good as you feel
So grasp and hold this moment in time
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