

# Wandering On

Hank Snow

On an ocean of dreams I have wandered it seems  
Just wandering wandering on,  
Since I found the note sweetheart that you wrote just saying  
That you had already gone.

Will the pretty bird sing,  
Will the roses in the Spring  
Still blossom when they find that you have gone,  
Will the old pals be true  
Or will they all leave me too  
Just wandering wandering on  
Will the little brook play  
As it winds along its way  
Will the stars keep on shining tho' you've gone  
Will they find their way to you  
Will they tell you that I'm blue  
Or will they too leave me wandering on?

Tho' you've left me and gone I'll keep wandering on  
Wandering down life's way  
And beneath the lovely blue I may wander back to you  
And my dreams will all come true someday.