

Call of the Open Road

Good-bye, my love, I cannot stay.
The open road is calling today.
There are many places I must be
And many places I have to see.
Do not weep for me, my love,
You knew I was meant to rove,
A traveling man is all I am;
I've all I need, a stick and my tam,
Come along, if you will, I cannot stay
The weather is fair; we'll go far today.
The urge to go is strong, very strong.
I can stay no longer; I must move along.
Goodbye, my love, for I cannot stay.
The open road has called me away.

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