

## *Wandering*

I've sailed the seven seas, a long time ago,  
And slept under the Southern Cross many times  
I've gone into dark jungles and over high sierras  
Walked by raging rivers and along dusty trails.  
There's always another place that I haven't seen  
And when I'm tired of where I am, I'll move on along,  
Seeking, searching, I do not know for what or even why.  
Someday, perhaps I'll grow tired of traveling on;  
Someday, perhaps I'll find a place that I like  
Enough to want to stay at and put down my roots  
But until I do, I'll keep traveling on, looking for  
Another place that I haven't yet been.

- *Wandering*, © Leonard Yarbrough, 1997