

# Wanderer Wandering

## Slow Club

Midnight  
When you get there  
Just hold her to your chest  
Then walk you to the beach  
To watch the birds fall from their nest I'll ask where you're going  
And what you're doing  
You have no answer  
Cause you're a wanderer wondering  
You're a wanderer wandering  
You're a wanderer  
Wandering And every second is a pounding drum  
You're leaning over me to put another record on  
And every other guess is just cold hard luck  
Now the life is kid creole and the coconuts  
Midnight when you get there  
Just hold her to your chest  
And tell her loves the best  
For her  
For you  
For me Does the world make you crazy  
It made me crazy too  
But I'm all out of hunger  
Because I'm a wanderer wondering  
I'm a wanderer wondering  
I'm a wanderer  
Wandering When I whisper you can have me walking on it  
I feel my heart go boom-boom for the first time in years  
Now it's all making sense and I don't feel so mad  
And all that it's left to do is sing it all loud  
And we'll still be singing there all the way home  
Cause you will always hear the thunder  
When you're a wanderer, wandering  
You're a wanderer, wandering  
You're a wanderer  
Wandering

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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