

Wayward

Vashti Bunyan

Didn't want to be the one
The one who's left behind
While the other one goes out to life
And comes back home to find Me, sitting pretty happily
Surrounded by a house
With cups in all their saucers
And not a bit of dust Days going by in clouds
Of flour and white washing
Life getting lost in a world
Without end I wanted to be the one
With road dust on my boots
And a single silver earring
And a suitcase full of notes And a band of wayward children
With their fathers left behind
All in their castles in their air
And houses in their land Lives getting lost in mending gaps
In their fencing
All I ever wanted was a road
Without end

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