

# Chant Of The Wanderer

## Nickel Creek

Take a look at the skies where the whippoorwill trills  
And the mountain so high where the cataract spills  
Take a look at the falls and the rippling rills  
Hear the wanderlust calls of the whispering hills  
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills  
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills  
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills  
Let me live on the range where the tumbleweeds grow  
Let the silver sands change where the prairie winds blow  
Let the wanderers sing where the wanderers go  
Let the melody ring, for it's happy I know  
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow  
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow  
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow  
Let me follow the trail where the buffalo roam  
Let a silver cloud sail where the setting sun shone  
Let the local wolf wail in a broken heart tone  
Let it storm, let it gale, still the prairie's my home  
The broken heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam  
The broken heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam  
The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills  
The wanderers go, the prairie winds blow, the tumbleweeds grow  
The broken heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam  
The prairie's my home

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