

Vagabond

Beirut

Left a bag of bones,
A trail of stones,
For to find my way home.
Now, as the air grows cold,
The trees unfold,
I was lost, and now found And who knows, know, know, who knows (X2) (Left a bag of bones,
A trail of stones,
For to find my way home.
Now, as the air grows cold,
The trees unfold,
I was lost, and now found) X2

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