

I Am a Wanderer

[Joan Baez](#)

I am a wanderer, feet on the ground
Heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds
I own the star above some distant shore
Wandering ever more I am a refugee torn from my land
Cast off to travel this world to its end
Never to see my proud mountains again
But I still remember them I am a laborer, sign round my neck
Will work for dignity, trust and respect
Stand on this corner so you don't forget
I haven't had mine yet I am a prisoner pacing my cell
Three steps and back, my corner of hell
Lock me away and you swallow the key
But some day I shall be free

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