

# Vagabond

## Beirut

Left the vagabonds,  
A trail of stones,  
Forward to find my way home.  
Now, as the air grows cold,  
The trees unfold,  
And I'm lost and not found And who knows (X3) Left the vagabonds,  
A trail of stones,  
Forward to find my way home.  
Now, as the air grows cold,  
The trees unfold,  
And I'm lost and not found

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