

Bear McCreary - This Wandering Day

tom:

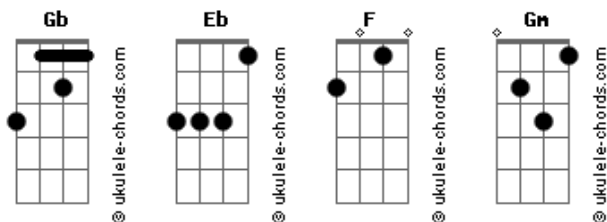
Gb

The sun is fast fallin' beneath trees of stone
 The light in the tower, no longer my home
 Past eyes of pale fire, black sand for my bed
 I trade all I've known for the unknown ahead

Call to me, call to me lands far away
 For I must now wander this wandering day
 Away I must wander this wandering day

Of drink I have little, and food I have less

Acordes



My strength tells me, "No", but the path demands, "Yes"
 My legs are so short and the way is so long
 I've no rest nor comfort, no comfort but song

Sing to me, sing to me lands far away
 Oh, rise up and guide me this wandering day
 Please, promise to find me this wandering day

At last comes their answer through cold and through frost
 That not all who wonder or wander are lost
 No matter the sorrow, no matter the cost
 That not all who wonder or wander are lost