



MARK PEARSON
MUSIC

A Rambler's Soul

Looks like summer's overhauled
By geese that ride the winds of fall
Search for weather for their clothes
Try to ease a rambler's soul

Felt a change they heard the call
Now they fly for their survival
Don't begrudge them as they go
They were born with a rambler's soul

They must spread their wings and fly
Like dreams across the winter's sky
For them it comes to do or die
It's a rambler's way to say goodbye.

I just might stop and rest a while
Find a job and a friendly smile
So forget the rambler's pain
Until it's back on the road again

While you might not understand
I know a lot of people can
Whose lives are constant episodes
Of being born with a rambler's soul

They must spread their wings and fly
Like dreams across the winter's sky
For them it feels like do or die
It's a rambler's way to say goodbye

I might be back this way in spring
Depends on what the winter brings
Nothing's sure this much I know
I was born with a rambler's soul

Nothing's sure this much I know
When you're born with a rambler's soul

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Let love go forward from this time and place...