

CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER (WHERE I'M BOUND) (TOM PAXTON, 1964)

(Capo 2nd fret)

G C Am
It's a long and dusty road. It's a hot and heavy load

D C G
And the folks I meet ain't always kind

(G)
Some are bad and some are good

C Am
Some have done the best they could

D C G (Bass walk-up to C)
Some have tried to ease my trouble in mind

Chorus:

C D G Em
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound

C D G
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I've been wandering through this land, just doing the best I can
Trying to find what I was meant to do
And the people that I see, look as worried as can be
And it looks like they are wandering too

Now I had a little girl one time, she had lips like sherry wine,
And she loved me 'til my head went plumb insane,
But I was too blind to see, she was drifting away from me,
And my good gal went off on a morning train.

And I had a buddy back home but he started off to roam
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay
And sometimes when I've had a few, his old voice comes a- ringing through
And I'm going out to see him some old day

If you see me passing by, and you sit and you wonder why
And you wish that you were a rambler, too
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

(Re-Formatted 8/31/2023)