

# Michael Franti And Spearhead, Wayfarin' Stranger

I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger  
travelin through this world of woe  
ther's no sickness toll nor sorrow  
in that bright world to which I go  
I'm going there to see my father  
I'm goin' there no more to roam  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a goin' over home

Ya see I'm a concrete buffalo soldier  
I gotta chip it's like boulder in my shoulder  
look in my eyes and you can see a red marble  
like Nostradamus I'm the promise of tomorrow  
traveling the city with my mexican cargo  
cotton mouth - I take a dry swallow  
to the nearest corner watering hole  
the bartender with the deed for my soul  
satisfaction no I can't get no  
lotsa bad habits that I need to control  
recite the salms but no emancipation  
church for food and liquor stores for salvation  
some day I'll make  
it home to see my father  
he saw the man who shot the coal mine's daughter  
and if I had a dime for every gamble I risked  
I could buy a diamond for the woman I miss ya see

I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger  
ya check with me ya checking in with the danger  
I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger  
roaming the streets seeking Jesus in a manger

I'm goin' there to see my Mother  
she said she'll meet me when I come  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan I'm just a goin' over home  
Jordan river roll river Jordan roll River Jordan roll on

Gee ain't it funny - how time slips away I wanna  
rewind the tape to see my life replay  
I soak up the sun - just as a reminder  
that I was born a sick side winder  
call me a vagrant, no machine to read your fax  
I'll never pledge allegiance to your blood sweat and taxes  
don't ever mistake me being docile for contentment  
don't ever mistake my anger for resentment

it's just the calm before the storm that's why I'm quite  
ya always mistaking an upraising for a race riot  
you can take my life - but there's no escape  
'cause you can't shoot yer way through the pearly gates  
so swing low sweet cadillac  
coming for to carry me home  
swing low pink cadillac  
stepping over Jordan I roam

Ya see  
I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger  
ya check with me ya checking in with danger  
I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger  
roaming the streets seeking Jesus in a manger

I'm goin' there to see my father  
I'm goin' there no more to roam  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan

I'm just a goin' over home

When the road is callin' yonder  
when the road is callin' yonder  
When the road is callin'  
when the road is callin' yonder  
I'll be there

I'm goin' there to see my father  
I'm goin' there no more to roam  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a goin' over home