

## Ballad of The Drifter

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2007

I've been through Redwood forests, and crossed the Central Plains  
Some might call me a tourist, but this is not my name  
I'm a gone and lonesome drifter, bound- by my fate  
To go town to town, city to city, state to state

I flagged a ride out of Boston, in a truck full of codfish fillets  
The wipers dragged cross' the windshield, as a storm rolled in off the bay  
I asked "Driver, why do you help me?" and he said: "I share your fate"  
To go town to town, city to city, state to state

At a diner next to the highway, I was lucky to eat from a plate  
The fare was nothing real special, just some old, leftover cake  
Then they made me wash a few dishes, and I headed on my way  
To go town to town, city to city, state to state

Walking along the railroad, of the Southern Santa Fe  
Under the stars of the desert, gazing out into space  
I can hear a horn in the distance... guess I'd better, hop that train  
To another town, another city, the next state

Then I met a worn out Indian, fishing into a lake  
Forced to learn survival, from the time he reached age eight  
We smoked a bit of some reefer, and for a moment, felt no pain  
About moving towns, moving cities, changing states

And I wandered into a preacher, who claimed to know the way  
But he pointed to Salvation, and said that "he alone could save"  
But he told me he'd tell Saint Peter, to greet me, at the gates  
Of a golden town, a golden city, a higher place

Asleep on a beach in Sandusky, where breakers hold back the waves  
To the Laurel Mountain Caverns, to the depths of the Yose-mite Caves  
I've never known it any other way, than to live from day to day  
And go town to town, city to city, state to state

Then one day I finally stopped driftin', and onto the ground I laid  
Did what that preacher had told me, I stared at the sky and I prayed  
A voice said "From the dust you were put here, and in the end-  
your dust blows away..."