

# Where I'm Bound      1 Capo C

C C7 F Am Dm G7 G7 C

It's a long and a dusty road. It's a hard and a heavy load  
and the folks we meet ain't always kind

Some are bad and some are good

Some have done the best they could

Some have tried to ease our troubling mind

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound  
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I have traveled across this land just a-doing the best I can

Tryin' to find what I was meant to do

And the faces that I see are as worried as can be

Looks like they've been wonderin', too

(Chrous)

I had a buddy, way back home, but he started out to roam  
and I hear that he's out by Monterey

And sometimes, when I've had a few

his voice comes singin' through

and I'm goin' out to see him some old day

(Chrous)

C C7 F Am Dm G7 G7 C

If you see us passin' 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, bar the door

and thank the stars for the roof that's over you

(Chrous=twice)