

'The Wandering Man' by *Serina-Marie Došen*

When he was a young boy

He lived in a home

Didn't know of his family

He was one on his own

And now he's an old man

Who just alone on a bench

He's been searching for something

But he ain't found it yet

Well he knew of his country

He remembers in school

By the flag he stood proudly

But he was seen as a fool

To the others he was different

He was only a name

A voice never heard

He couldn't join in their games

He's not crying for money

He's not crying for food

Not crying for me and

Sure not crying for you

Just crying for loving that he never knew

When he dreams at night

He can see all the land

Visions of magic

And the wandering man

When he awakes he knows

That his heart is lying

The pictures so clear now

It has come in his dying

He looks into the mirror

At a face creased and worn

It is that of a child

Whose life has been torn

And wonders if his feelings

Of hate are so wrong

For the white man who said

He would never belong

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He's not crying for money

He's not crying for food

Not crying for me and

Sure not crying for you

Just crying for loving that he never knew

A man once so lost

Can always be found

And his dreaming live on forever

His spirit all around

In the trees and the sea

The earth and the sand

His people they call him

The wandering man.