

## My Wandering Boy

By:Unknown

Music by Rev. Robert Lowry

Where is my wand'ring boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he's bummin' a ride.  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head-end of an overland train;  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see;  
He's pulled for a vag; his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the Judge, you see.  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows; to the lock-up he goes;  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, oh Judge," he said.  
Says the Judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain-gang off he's led  
To hammer the rocks some more.  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes;  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wand'ring boy tonight;  
Let him play the old game if he will;  
A worker, a bum, he'll never go right  
As long as he's a wage slave still.  
Oh, where is your boy tonight?  
His money is out of sight;  
Wherever he blows, up against it he goes;  
Twenty-three for your boy tonight.