

The Road

John Krumm

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The road is call-ing as leaves are fall-ing, it's back to home, my tra-vels are now done. I'll

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sit by the fire and drink a toast to all of you, Fare - well, I must be gone. The gone.

The road is calling as leaves are falling
It's back to home, my travels are now done,
I'll sit by the fire and drink a toast to all of you,
Farewell, I must be gone.