

Travelling around from place to place of sights to see and do,
The things we want to take to heart, we have to move to improve;
For there's beauty in the sights around of buildings architecture,
Or mountains and streams of scenic views, that has God as a perfecter.

I come from here and go there to see what I can see,
From the desert to the ocean trying to find a nice place to be;
My secret is the place you seek and where I'm going from here,
As home sweet home is calling me, to go to somewhere else that's dear.

For heaven holds unsearchable treasures of place I have not seen,
And those sweet hearts were calling me to come and impart;
As I love the idea of meeting people in places I'm yet to see,
This weary land is calling me to come to them and be.

The tourist is a lucky man, who has time to travel and visit and see,
Place untold from at home and around the world and over the sea;
And god is kind to those who venture and dare to share a little time,
With people and places and all the good things God wants us to be.

So I love the rugged mountains and all the rivers that run along and bye.
To towns of fellowship and friendly and invite you in to let you try;
Looking for kindness in the hearts and beauty in the eyes of people,
Who live in deserts and seashores and quaint little villages, high above the Earth.

The tourist travels lightly learning all he really has at home wherever,
To look for ideas of scenery and the glorious treasures of the weather;
No matter what the weather the tourist manages out of a suitcase,
And love is left to find another place to see one day finally be.

Signed,

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