

I've traveled over mountains and prairies	A D
Wherever I did roam	A E
I never met a man who could look me in the eye	A D
And say, Son this here's my home	A E A

I'm gonna wait around the track till the evening train gets back
And takes me to the gardens that I know so well
When you hear that whistle high you know that she won't pass you by
She's coming round the bend, boys, ring the bell

We're a traveling people, born to ramble
God knows where it is we've been
Tomorrow takes good care of its own true self
It's all those yesterdays that'll never come around again

The highways of this country are all well lighted
You never could get lost along the way
The only thing that gives you any trouble in your mind
Is where the hell you're at when you're okay

Seven yellow buses in a long gray line
Moving on up around the bend
I hope that when I get to be a gray-bearded man
I can do the things I used to once again

The title refers to my home state of New Jersey, although the song clearly longs, like Joni Mitchell, to "get back to the garden" of innocence as well. For a long time I saw this as my signature song, and it remains anchoring for me. Buck Owen fans may recognize that the chorus adapts an image from his song "Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms."