

The Pilgrim Ch. 33

Jerry Lee Lewis

See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans
Wearin' yesterday's misfortunes like a smile
Once he had a future full of money, love and dreams
Which he spent like they was goin' out of style

And he keeps right on a-changin' for the better or the worse
Searchin' for a shrine he's never found
Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse
Or if the goin' up was worth the comin' down

He's a poet, oh, he's a picker, he's a prophet, he's a pusher
He's a pilgrim and a preacher, and a problem when he's stoned
He's a walkin' contradiction, partly truth, partly fiction
Takin' ev'ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home

Well, he has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars
Has traded in tomorrow for today
Runnin' from his devils, Lord and reachin' for the stars
And losin' all he's loved along the way

But if this world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse
And all he ever gets is older and around
From the rockin' of the cradle to the rollin' of the hearse
The goin' up was worth the comin' down

He's a poet, he's a picker, he's a prophet, he's a liar
He's a pilgrim and a preacher, and a problem when he's stoned
He's a walkin' contradiction, partly truth, partly fiction
Takin' ev'ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home
There's a lot of wrong directions on your lonesome way back home

From the rockin' of the cradle to the rollin' of the hearse
The goin' up was worth the comin' down