

# Hitchhiker

John Denver

If you're riding down the road and you come across an old man  
holding out his thumb in the wind.  
Clothes are old and dirty, that doesn't matter, it's his eyes t  
hat tell you where he's been.  
If you're not afraid to take your chances on a stranger, he mig  
ht have some company to lend.  
Pull off to the side, let the old man have a ride. He'll tell y  
ou all the crazy things he's seen.

I'm an old hitchhiker, highway is the only home I know.  
Where you headed, I don't mind. I ain't been there in some time  
,  
but it's just exactly where I wanna go.

I can tell you how I started in the circus as a barker calling  
people in from far and wide.  
They never did regret the dollar that it cost them, we always l  
eft 'em feeling good inside.  
We were headed for Montana when we hired us a dancer, her beaut  
y it was more than I can say.  
Then one summer night she set my soul on fire, Lord, I wish tha  
t she was here with me today.

I'm an old hitchhiker, wonder what's awaiting round the bend.  
I don't know what I might see, I don't need no guarantee,  
just a ride from here to there and back again.

I was only seventeen when I took the open highway, took it for  
my teacher and a friend.  
I've been thirty years of thumbing, some might call it bumming,  
it's better than just crying in the wind.  
If you're driving down the road and you come across an old man,  
holding out his thumb in the rain.  
You can pull off to the side, let the poor boy have a ride,  
he can tell you all the crazy things he's seen.

I'm an old hitchhiker, looking to the far side of the hill.  
Some people say I'll settle down, build a home in some small to  
wn.  
But in my heart I know I never will, I'm an old hitchhiker.