

My Traveling Star

James Taylor

Watch my back and light my way
My traveling star, my traveling star
Watch over all of those born St. Christopher's Day
Old road dog, young runaway
They hunger for home, but they cannot stay
They wait by the door
They stand and they stare
They're already out of there
They're already out of there

My daddy used to ride the rails
So they say, so they say
Soft as smoke and as tough as nails
Boxcar Jones, old walking man
Coming back home was like going to jail
The sheets and the blankets and babies and all
No, he never did come back home

Never that I recall

Nevermind the wind
Nevermind the rain
Nevermind the road
leading home again
Never asking why
Never knowing when
Every now and then
There he goes again

She had a cat and a dog named Blue
My traveling star, my traveling star
atd...
A big old stove and a fireplace, too
Old road dog, young runaway
She told me she loved me like it was true
I knew I should stay
I knew I would go
Run run run away
Run run run away, boy

Run before the wind
Run before the rain
Over yonder hill
Just around the bend
Never knowing why
Never knowing when
Every now and then
There you go again

Tie me up and hold me down
Oh, my traveling star
Bury my feet down in the ground
Oh, old road dog
Claim my name from the lost and found
And let me believe this is where I belong
Shame on me for sure

For one more highway song

My traveling star

My traveling star