

# Walking Man

James Taylor

Moving in silent desperation  
Keeping an eye on the Holy Land  
A hypothetical destination  
Say, who is this walking man?

Well, the leaves have come to turning  
And the goose has gone to fly  
And bridges are for burning  
So don't you let that yearning  
Pass you by  
Walking man, walking man walks  
Well, any other man stops and talks  
But the walking man walks

Well the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the hay is in the barn  
An Pappy's come to rambling on  
Stumbling around drunk  
Down on the farm

And the walking man walks  
Doesn't know nothing at all  
Any other man stops and talks  
But the walking man walks on by  
Walk on by

Most everybody's got seed to sow  
It ain't always easy for a weed to grow, oh no  
So he don't hoe the row for no one  
Oh for sure he's always missing  
And something is never quite right  
Ah, but who would want to listen to you  
Kissing his existence good night

Walking man walk on by my door  
Well, any other man stops and talks  
But not the walking man  
He's the walking man  
Born to walk  
Walk on walking man  
Well now, would he have wings to fly  
Would he be free  
Golden wings against the sky  
Walking man, walk on by  
So long, walking man, so long