

Rich Wayfaring Stranger

i lay rest'n my crazy tangled mind
even for the somersault'n
clown i'm take'n time
stretch'n my back across the country
watch'n the spring time turn'n green

i'm as ragged as a rusty shackle lock
worn out like a posthole digger
broke form break'n rock
but inside i'm Shakespeare off hitchhike'n
a ragamuffin hero of the road

in the mirror of the sky reflects a vagabond
who's not look'n for a password to tomorrow

dressed in flannel denim and tennis shoes
look'n like some black red roses
on the grass of blue
reciting sparrows lonesome sonnets
take'n in every word they say

and there is no where i would really rather be
i don't won't no picket fences
close'n in on me
you can't put boundary lines on freedom
and you can't regulate the wind

in the mirror of the sky reflects a vagabond
who's not look'n for a password to tomorrow

yes i'm the stranger everybody knows about
dance'n like the cold creek water
with a rainbow trout
a first class yarn and story teller
who's not forgot he was a child

me and Jesus sit'n underneath a tree
happy as the goodwill boxes
filled on Christmas eve
they don't make thieves to steal my fortune
my riches reach beyond that point

in the mirror of the sky reflects a vagabond
who's not look'n for a password to password to tomorrow

by Keith Sykes © 1969