

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 as 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
that i would really rather be
i don't like no picked fences
close'n in on me
you can't put boundary lines
and you can't regulate the wind

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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