

Willie Nelson, The Pilgrim, Chapter 33

See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans
Wearin' yesterday's misfortunes like a smile
Once he had a future full of money love and dreams
Which he spent like they was going out of style
And he keeps right on a changin' for the better or the worse
And searchin' for a shrine he's never found
Never knowing if believin' is a blessin' or a curse
Or if the going up is worth to coming down
He's a poet he's a picker he's a prophet he's a pusher
He's a pilgrim and a preacher and a problem when he's stoned
He's a walking contradiction partly truth and partly fiction
Taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home

He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars
And he's traded in tomorrow for today
Runnin' from the devils Lord and reachin' for the stars
And losin' all he loved along the way
But if this world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse
And all he ever gets is older and around
From the rocking of the cradle to the rolling of the hearse
The going up was worth the coming down
He's a poet he's a picker...
(guitar)