

The Pilgrim, Chapter 33

Kris Kristofferson

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 goin outa style  
And he keeps right on a changin for the better or the worse  
Searchin for a shrine he s never found  
Never knowin if believin is a blessin or a curse  
Or if the goin up was worth the comin 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 walkin contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction  
Takin ev ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home

( A4 )

He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars  
And he s traded in tomorrow for today  
Runnin from his devils, Lord, and reachin for the stars  
And losin all he s 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 rockin of the cradle to the rollin of the hearse  
The goin up was worth the comin down

D                  D  
He s a poet, he s a picker  
          A                  A  
He s a prophet, he s a pusher  
          E                  E                  E                  A  
He s a pilgrim and a preacher, and a problem when he s stoned  
          D                  D                  A                  A  
He s a walkin contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction  
          E                  E                  E                  A                  A G# F#  
Takin ev ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home  
E                                  E                                  E  
      There s a lotta wrong directions on that lonely way back home