

Badfinger, Kind Of The Load

He's the king of the road
The old man, the child
The joker runnin' wild, makin' it funny
He's of no fixed abode
When he carries the load
He'll do anything he can to make it funny

But he'll never say die
If he's livin' a lie
Pick up his hat and go
If there's reason to cry
He'll just make it a sigh
And wander on down the road

He's a natural friend
With the money to lend
Or whatever it takes to turn you on, too
He's the father, the son
He don't owe anyone
All his debts are all paid
With his confection

Then he'll wander away
With no time in his way
Pick up his hat and go
He'll never say die
If he's livin' a lie
Just wander on down the road
Wander on down the road

[guitar solo (Pete Ham)]

And he'll wander away
With no time in his way
Pick up his hat and go
He never said die
He was livin' a lie
Just wandered on down the road
Wandered on down the road
Wandered on down the road

Ahhhhh
Mmmmmmmmm
Ahhhhh.