

# Glen Campbell, Folk Singer

As I walk these narrow streets where a million passin' feet are before me  
With my guitar in my hand suddenly I realize nobody knows me  
Well yesterday the motor toots screamed and cried my name out for a song  
Now the streets are empty and the crowds they go on home  
With the rain on my face there's no place where I belong  
And my whole life consists of a story of poem at a song  
Now the truths I've tried to tell you are as distant as the moon  
More than hundred years too late two hundred years too soon  
I'm a child of the sage Lord's been in the pages of a book  
But when I'm dust and clay where other people stop and to look  
And will they marvel and miracles and perform into the high size to the spider  
Oh will they take the pages of the book to light of fire  
With the rain on my face there's no place where I belong