

Sam Roberts, The Pilgrim

I'm a pilgrim like you
I was only passing through
You'll never know my name
You'll never walk in my shoes
I've been no use to my friends
I've been no use to myself
Now I'm looking for proof that I ain't someone else

I was too afraid to read the newspaper
Working in the basement of a skyscraper
That's why I roll and you'll never know my name
Oh no

I'm not here to feel the bones of some forgotten saint
I know who I am, and I know who you ain't
Spent fifteen days in solitary confinement
Digging a hole in the wall
There's no escape, they said you need realignment
Now you're praying for help but they don't hear you call

I was too afraid to read the newspaper
Working in the basement of a skyscraper
That's why I roll and you'll never know my name
Oh no
Destination, I don't care
I know I'll get there when I'm there
There's only one thing on my mind
I've got more troubles than a diamond's got shine

My shoes have kicked up dust from here to somewhere else
Is this wanderlust
Or running from myself?
My neck was in the noose, but now I've been cut loose
And put out to graze in delicate pastures
Now I'm waiting for someone to put me to use

I hope it's clear as crystal
That the man with the pistol
Is calling all the shots these days
Now I'll be on my way, oh
The self-fulfilling prophets
They been lining their pockets
And telling me that it's alright
But I just don't buy it
Oh no

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