

Warren Zevon, Ourselves To Know

(Warren Zevon)

We left Constantinople in a thousand ninety-nine
To restore the one True Cross was in this heart of mine
To bring it to Jerusalem and then sail home to Rhodes
We took that holy ride ourselves to know
We took that holy ride ourselves to know

Everyone got famous, everyone got rich
Everyone went off the rails and ended in the ditch
But we had to take that long, hard road to see where it would go
We took that holy ride ourselves to know
We took that holy ride ourselves to know

Now if you make a pilgrimage I hope you find your grail
Be loyal to the ones you leave with even if you fail
Be chivalrous to strangers you meet along the road
As you take that holy ride yourselves to know
You take that holy ride yourselves to know