

James Taylor, My Traveling Star

Watch my back and light my way (my traveling star, my traveling star).
Watch over all of those born St. Christopher's Day (old road dog, young runaway).
They hunger for home but they cannot stay,
they wait by the door, they stand and they stare.
They're already out of there, they're already out of there.

My daddy used to ride the rails (so they say, so they say).
Soft as smoke and as tough as nails (Boxcar Jones, old walking man).
Coming back home was like going to jail.
The sheets and the blankets and babies and all,
no, he never did come back home, never that I recall.

Never mind the wind, never mind the rain, never mind the road leading home again.
Never asking why, never knowing when, every now and then, there he goes again.

She had a cat and a dog named Blue (my traveling star, my traveling star).
A big old stove and a fireplace, too (old road dog, young runaway).
She told me loved me like it was true.
I knew I should stay, I knew I would go.
Run, run, run away. Run, run, run away, boy.

Run before the wind, run before the rain, over yonder hill, just around the bend.
Never knowing why, never knowing when, every now and then, there you go again.

Tie me up and hold me down (oh, my traveling star).
Bury my feet down in the ground (oh, old road dog).
Claim my name from the lost and found and let me believe this is where I belong.
Shame on me for sure for one more highway song.
My traveling star, my traveling star...