

James Taylor, Walking Man

Moving in silent desperation, keeping an eye on the Holy Land.
A hypothetical destination, say, who is this walking man?

Well, the leaves have come to turning and the goose has gone to fly,
And bridges are for burning, so don't you let that yearning pass you by.
Walking man, walking man walks.
Any other man stops and talks but the walking man walks.

Well the frost is on the pumpkin and the hay is in the barn.
Pappy's come to rambling on, stumbling around drunk down on the farm.

And the walking man walks. Doesn't know nothing at all.
Any other man stops and talks but the walking man walks on by, walk on by.

Most everybody's got seed to sow. It ain't always easy for a weed to grow, oh no.
So he don't hoe the row for no one, for sure he's always missing,
and something ain't never quite right.
Ah, but who would want to listen to you kissing his existence good night?

Walking man walk. Walk on by my door. Well, any other man stops and talks
but not the walking man. He's the walking man, born to walk, walk on walking man.
Well now, would he have wings to fly? Would he be free?
Golden wings against the sky, walking man, walk on by.
So long, walking man.