

# Joe Walsh, Midnight Visitor

We were visited last evening

By a servant of the day

He had travelled miles on horseback

To scout his master's way

And he only had a moment

To warm his frozen hands

And though he needed food and rest

He told us of his land

And all too soon

He had to leave

Else sleep might block his way

And so he thanked us both, and saddled up

And softly rode away

And I thought I caught a glimpse of sun in his eye

And wheatfield in his smile

And I couldn't help but a-thinking

They would follow in a while