

Ralph McTell, Heron Song

And once I walked a million miles
All the way to Yugoslavia
And I carried you all of the way
For where I was then there you are.

As the sun rose o'er the curb stones
By the road where I'd been sleeping
Them night-long trucks, as they roared by
They could not drown my weeping.

And it was me, and I alone
Who looked toward the far horizon
And I saw King Heron
On his dead tree throne
And I knew not which to keep my mind on.

Now I cannot speak for everyone
For they got their reasons
All on this road
But, Heron, would that I had your wings
For then I'd know where I would go
For then I'd know where I would go.