Steve Earle, The Seeker

I was eight years old when my granddaddy died
He that showed me the signs I still miss him sometimes
Been a long time ago but his words still ring true
Whatever you do be a seeker

All these years I have wandered and wherever I roamed
I was never alone or forsaken I know
Somewhere way out yonder I know I will find
That a bright beacon shines for a seeker

You can't always believe your eyes
It's your heart that sees through all the lies
And the first answer follows the first question asked
The mystery unmasked by the seeker

In a world full of sorrow, hunger and pain
It's so hard to explain why I'm still travelin'
But there's a new day tomorrow and maybe I'll hold
Something brighter than gold to a seeker