

He told me a story about a long long way to go  
It was an endless conversation when all I said was hello  
But all through the night he spoke to me expounding his philosophy  
He said the only truth is in a travelling song  
One for the road to tap your foot along

He said we have a long long way to go and it's good,  
Feels so good  
When you sing, sing a song  
Cause traveling along just a-  
singing a song is a mighty fine way to go  
A mighty fine way to get you to the next town  
Travelling along just a-  
singing a song is a mighty fine way to go

And when the tale was over and I knew him like a friend  
I asked him if he had the time  
I'd like to hear it all over again  
But he turned away and without a word  
Started walking down the road  
Laughing, singing, talking to himself, and when I looked again  
He was already gone

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