

Folk Singer

Glen Campbell

As I walk these narrow streets
Where a million passin' feet are before me
With my guitar in my hand
Suddenly I realize nobody knows me

Well, yesterday the motor toots screamed
And cried my name out for a song
Now the streets are empty
And the crowds they go on home

With the rain on my face
There's no place where I belong
And my whole life consists of a story
Of poem at a song

Now the truths I've tried to tell you
Are as distant as the moon
More than hundred years too late
Two hundred years too soon

I'm a child of the sage
Lord's been in the pages of a book
But when I'm dust and clay
Where other people stop and to look

And will they marvel and miracles
And perform into the high size to the spider
Oh, will they take the pages of the book to light of fire?

With the rain on my face
There's no place where I belong