Crossroads

Gordon Lightfoot

When first, I did appear upon this native soil All up and down this country at labor I did toil I slumbered in the moonlight and I rose with the sun I rambled through the canyons where the cold rivers run

When first, I did come down where the land meets the sea The people said Who are you and what would your name be I said I have no home and I am no man's son 'Twas inland I was born and from inland that I come

In the good land, I was young and I was strong No one dared to call me son Happy just to see my day's work done See my day's work done

So, I swung an axe as a timberjack and I worked the Quebec mine s And on the golden prairie I rode the big combines I sailed the maritime waters of many a seaport town Built the highways and the byways to the western salmon grounds

I've gazed upon the good times I've seen the bad times too Felt many a cold and bitter wind and many a mornin' dew I've watched the country growin' like a fair and mighty thing And on the still of a summer night I've heard the mountains rin g

In the good land, I was young and I was strong No one dared to call me son Happy just to see my day's work done See my day's work done

But now, the seeds are planted and the gates are open wide The old ways are forgotten there's no place left to hide And the legacy I'm leavin' you is not very hard to find You'll see it all around you at this crossroads of time In the sweet soil it's a growin' at the crossroads of time