## The Pilgrim, Chapter 33

## Kris Kristofferson

See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans Wearin' yesterday's misfortunes like a smile
Once he had a future full of money love and dreams
Which he spent like they was going out of style

And he keeps right on a changin' for the better or the worse And searchin' for a shrine he's never found

Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse

Or if the going up is worth to coming down

He's a poet he's a picker he's a prophet he's a pusher He's a pilgrim and a preacher and a problem when he's stoned He's a walking contradiction partly truth and partly fiction Taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home

He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars And he's traded in tomorrow for today Runnin' from the devils Lord and reachin' for the stars And losin' all he loved along the way

But if this world keeps right on turning for the better or the worse

All he ever gets is older and around From the rocking of the cradle to the rolling of the hearse The going up was worth the coming down

He's a poet he's a picker...
There's lotta wrong directions on that lonely way back home