

A traveling salesman, the road was his life as he  
Carved a path through all the struggle and the strife  
of this

Great big nation falling to it's knees  
Oh Lord please give us the strength  
The World Book was his trade but paint was his tool  
A Chrysler his engine but the Good Book his fuel  
Concrete his canvas, his message was simple  
And at the start of every day he would pray:  
Lord, I'm only just one man  
Lord, I've only got two hands  
Lord, I'll do the best I can  
San Diego to Boston and all points between  
From Brownsville, Texas up to Canada in the spring  
From the Great Smoky Mountains to the Bitterroot Range  
It's all the same  
Some'd say he's a messenger and some would say a sage

Some would say a vandal but I guess it's hard to gauge  
Travel any highway in this land and you can probably  
catch his track  
But you won't ever catch him in the act  
Lord, I'm only just one man  
Lord, I've only got two hands  
Lord, I'll do the best I can  
Now one day this world is gonna curl up and burst  
It's gonna choke on it's own tongue and die of it's own  
thirst  
Until that day comes our roads will always be long  
But he's left signposts to guide us along  
On overpass columns from Mexico to Maine  
The color may vary but the message doesn't change  
He knows he's not judged by his works, he does it just  
the same  
And at the start of every day he would pray:  
Lord, I'm only just one man  
Lord, I've only got two hands  
Lord, I'll do the best I can  
Lord, help me help them to understand