

Man of the Road

I have traveled over one-thousand miles
from highway cornfields to the subway turnstiles
life ain't easy for a travelin' man
you wear your heart on your sleeve
and put your head in your hands

I play my songs for people in bar rooms downtown
you've probably seen me 'cause I'm always around
I have a message but it's not very clear
I'm just a man of the road and I don't have to be here

What would the people say now?
What would they what would they what would they what would they
what would the people say now-
if I was gone

All the stories I tell you've heard them before
I go from town to town and then I come back with more
though they're all similar-the characters change
I'm not a poet or a prophet, I'm not here to explain

I don't have to be clear
I don't have to be here
I don't have to be real
It just has to make you feel - somethin'