

## The Pilgrim: Chapter 33

### Street Dogs

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 goin' outa style

And he keeps right on a'changin' for the better or the worse  
Searchin' for a shrine he's never found  
Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse  
Or if the goin' up was worth the comin' 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 walkin' contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction  
Takin' 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 his devils, lord, and reachin' for the stars  
And losin' all he's loved along the way

But if this world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse  
And all he ever gets is older and around  
From the rockin' of the cradle to the rollin' of the hearse  
The goin' up was worth the comin' down