Samurai

Crosby & Nash

Spirit son of a samurai tilting at windmills
A misfit in this century
He was looking for a living to be proud of
Well, he was driven before a dozen winds at once
Like a salmon jumping upstream
Without the fishes sense
Not to wonder, wonder, wonder
Well, he was carrying his baggage
Chained to his feet his weapon held across his eyes
He was looking for the light
He was looking for the light
Well, he was the only one I met
On the road last night

Songwriters
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