

# My Traveling Star

James Taylor

Watch my back and light my way  
My traveling star, my traveling star  
Watch over all of those born st. christopher's day  
Old road dog, young runaway  
They hunger for home but they cannot stay  
They wait by the door  
They stand and they stare  
They're already out of there  
They're already out of thereMy daddy used to ride the rails  
So they say, so they say  
Soft as smoke and as tough as nails  
Boxcar jones, old walking man  
Coming back home was like going to jail  
The sheets and the blankets and babies and all  
No he never did come back home  
Never that I recallNevermind the wind  
Nevermind the rain  
Nevermind the road leading home again  
Never asking why  
Never knowing when  
Every now and then  
There he goes againShe had a cat and a dog named blue  
My traveling star, my traveling star  
A big old stove and a fireplace, too  
Old road dog, young runaway  
She told me loved me like it was true  
I knew I should stay  
I knew I would go  
Run run run away  
Run run run away, boyRun before the wind  
Run before the rain  
Over yonder hill  
Just around the bend  
Never knowing why  
Never knowing when  
Every now and then  
There you go againTie me up and hold me down  
Oh, my traveling star  
Bury my feet down in the ground

Oh, old road dog  
Claim my name from the lost and found  
And let me believe this is where I belong  
Shame on me for sure  
For one more highway songMy traveling star  
My traveling star

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