

# Heron Song

**Ralph McTell**

And once I walked a million miles  
All the way to Yugoslavia  
And I carried you all of the way  
For where I was then there you are As the sun rose o'er the curb stones  
By the road where I'd been sleeping  
Them night-long trucks, as they roared by  
They could not drown my weeping And it was me and I alone  
Who looked toward the far horizon  
And I saw King Heron on his dead tree throne  
And I knew not which to keep my mind on Now I cannot speak for everyone  
For they got their reasons, all on this road  
But, Heron, would that I had your wings  
For then I'd know where I would go  
For then I'd know where I would go

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