Pilgrims Progress

Greenslade

I sat me down to write a simple story
Which maybe in the end became a song
In trying to find the words which might begin it
I found these were the thoughts I brought alongAt first I took my weight to be an anchor
I gathered up my fears to guide me 'round
But then I clearly saw my own delusion
And found my struggles further bogged me downIn starting out I thought to go exploring
And set my foot upon the nearest road
In vain I looked to find the promised turning
But only saw how far I was from homeReff: In searching I forsook the paths of learning
And sought instead to find some pirate's gold
In fighting I did hurt those dearest to me
And still no hidden truths could I unfoldI sat me down to write a simple story
Which maybe in the end became a song
The words have all been read by one before me
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on
Oh, we're taking turns in trying to pass them on

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