

Sailor

Molly Hatchet

Met an old man on the street,
A dirty hat laying at his feet,
I looked and saw adventure in his eyes,
Singing them songs from yesterday,
From over the hills and far away,
Lord that old man hypnotized. I went on in to my nine-to-five,
Hoping I could stay alive,
I knew that something in my life was wrong,
All night long I could not sleep,
The trouble here was buried deep,
I couldn't help but hear the old man's song. I'm rolling down the highway,
I fly the friendly skies,
I'm just a hobo,
I'm on the railroad tracks tonight,
I'm dancing through the desert,
I see the city nights,
I'm just a sailor on the sea of life. The feeling swept right over me,
I left my home and my security,
I finally found a place where I belong,
Back out here on the road again,
Going back where I have never been,
Now I'm finally free to sing my song.

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