

# The Pilgrim: Chapter 33

## The Highwaymen

(Kris Kristofferson) See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans  
Wearin' yesterday's misfortunes like a smile  
Once he had a future full of money love and dreams  
Which he spent like they was going out of style. And he keeps right on a changin' for the better or the worse  
And searchin' for a shrine he's never found  
Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse  
Or if the going up is worth to coming down.  
He's a poet, he's a picker, he's a prophet, he's a pusher  
He's a pilgrim and a preacher and a problem when he's stoned  
He's a walking contradiction partly truth and partly fiction  
Taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home. He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and  
your bars  
And he's traded in tomorrow for today  
Runnin' from the devils Lord and reachin' for the stars  
And losin' all he loved along the way. But if this world keeps right on turning for the better or the worse  
All he ever gets is older and around  
From the rocking of the cradle to the rolling of the hearse  
The going up was worth the coming down.  
He's a poet, he's a picker, he's a prophet, he's a pusher  
He's a pilgrim and a preacher and a problem when he's stoned  
He's a walking contradiction partly truth and partly fiction  
Taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home. There's lotta wrong directions on that lonely way  
back home...

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