

PILGRIM

(Keith Abler)

Sun comes a rising
Over dew glistened ground
I'm strolling about in an open field
Sleeping flowers open
Sweet smell to my mind
A lonesome sparrow turns to the open sky

Some turn to chopping wood
Some search the open book
Some make their stomach fat
Some steal from those that can't
Some learn the evil mind
Some dance from five till nine
Some search beyond the stars
Some drive the fancy cars

A lark appears singing
A tune that I know
We're two wandering minstrels
With a common song
We break into harmonies
The trees bend with applause
A rainbow starts singing halleluiah

Some watch their kids grow up
Some prefer 7-up
Some are blinded by the sun
It casts its shadow on everyone
Some live the Golden Rule
Yet some don't even care to choose