

Samurai  
(Crosby)

spirit son of a samurai, tilting at windmills  
a misfit in this century  
he was looking for a living to be proud of  
he was driven before a dozen winds at once  
like a salmon jumping upstream  
without the fishes sense  
not to wonder, wonder, wonder  
well he was carrying his baggage  
chained to his feet, his weapon held across his eyes  
he was looking for the light  
he was looking for the light  
well he was the only one i met  
on the road last night