

Walk Into The Morning
by Ralph McTell

No money in my pocket but a cigarette in my mouth
No fixed destination cept some vague direction south
Bedroll on my shoulder a guitar for company
Some Woody Guthrie songs and the road in front of me

Didnt need to hear a freight train to know Sonny Terrys harp
Was an aching cry for freedom whistling in my dark
A simple leap of faith that reason cant erode
Grabbed my coat and my guitar and headed for the road

At night my coat a pillow, I lay memorising stars
Like some deserted lover my arm round my guitar
Promises get broken, reason searches rhyme,
Conscience held to ransom, hostage to the road and time

Below the lies of heaven a frightened world must spin
Discerning between things youre taught with what you learned within
The evening sky is fading to the colour of my jeans
I am writing with my finger in the dust that falls from dreams

Beyond the endless night I glimpsed infinity
I shivered at the joke till rain soaked into me
And woke me at the roadside just as the day was dawning
Grabbed my guitar and my coat and walked into the morning.