

Pilgrim (Chapter 33) by Kris Kristofferson (1970)

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 goin' outa style--
And he keeps right on a'changin' for the better or the worse,
Searchin' for a shrine he's never found--
Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse,
Or if the goin' up was worth the comin' 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 walkin' contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction,
Takin' ev'ry 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 his devils, Lord, and reachin' for the stars,
And losin' all he's loved along the way--
But if this world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse,
And all he ever gets is older and around--
From the rockin' of the cradle to the rollin' of the hearse,
The goin' up was worth the comin' down--