

(Written by Glen Campbell)
(from the album 'Wichita Lineman')

Chorus:

Pity a man for he don't know
The trouble he'll pass going down life's road

When a man is one and twenty, he thinks he knows it all
He can't see down the road of life where he'll ever fall
But fall he will as he travels through life
With all its pitfalls troubles and strife

Now at fifty, he's going real strong
He has him a family and a nice little home
But old age is creeping up his spine
And the day is coming when the sun won't shine

Now at sixty, he won't have to guess
He's already missed the boat that leads to success
But he's done his best and he can't see why
The fame of life just passed him by

Now at seventy, he can see the light
And he knows he's never been very bright
But he's done his best as he's travelled by
And now all he can do is just sit and sigh

Repeat chorus...

Now at eighty, he's ready for the wreath
He's wore out his hair and two sets of teeth
He has rheumatism in his hands and feet
And nothing seems good to eat

So you can pity him as he goes up the line
As he wobbles on the spindle and he's almost blind
And you can tell by the way that he travels alone
That it won't be long before he's going home

But if he's kept the commandments as he's travelled through life
He'll have a home in heaven where there'll be no strife
He's worked all his life to get things the way he wants them
He comes here against his will and he goes away disappointed