

As I walk these narrow streets where a million passin' feet are before me
With my guitar in my hand suddenly I realize nobody knows me
Well yesterday the motor toots screamed and cried my name out for a song
Now the streets are empty and the crowds they go on home
With the rain on my face there's no place where I belong
And my whole life consists of a story of poem at a song
Now the truths I've tried to tell you are as distant as the moon
More than hundred years too late two hundred years too soon
I'm a child of the sage Lord's been in the pages of a book
But when I'm dust and clay where other people stop and to look
And will they marvel and miracles and perform into the high size to the spider
Oh will they take the pages of the book to light of fire
With the rain on my face there's no place where I belong