

When I first went to Canada  
Viet Nam was lost in flames  
Dick Nixon sounded too bizarre  
With his paranoiac games  
And Woodstock seemed a simple place  
Just a promise to be kept  
While Armstrong called from outer space  
Where he took his giant step  
I asked myself which one is worse  
As I trampled through the snow--  
To do my time at Leavenworth  
Or in north Ontario?

I crossed the West Virginia line  
Going back to Beale and Main  
My Harpoon and my twelve-string  
And my adolescent pain  
I knew it all at twenty-one  
I was wiser than a stone  
What evil things great men have done  
Who never will atone  
The rain soaked through my surplus coat  
I could hardly move my feet  
Just waking long enough to know  
I was living on the street

When I first reached satori  
Every thought of mine was gone  
And there was nothing in me  
For the light to shine upon  
Because there was no shadow  
There could be no night or day  
I thought I heard my echo  
But the sound got in the way  
I looked out of my empty room  
Through a dirty window pane  
At gardens where the apple blooms  
Were gone to seed again