

Watchtower

"Song Of The Open Road"

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(Walt Whitman, 1852)

Allons! The road is before us
it is safe, I have tried it
My own feet have tried it well
be not detained

Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten
and the book on the shelf unopened
Let the tools remain in the workshop
let the money remain unearned
Let the school stand
mind not the cry of the teacher

Let the preacher preach in his pulpit
let the lawyer plead in his court
And let the judge expound the law...

...Let them!

Comerado! I give you my hand
I give you my love more precious than money
I give you myself before preaching and law

Will you give me yourself?
Will you come travel with me?
Will you give me yourself? Hey!
Will you come travel with me?

Will we stick be each other?
as long as we live?
As long as we LIVE?

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