

## **A Salty Dog "Pilgrims Progress"**

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I sat me down to write a simple story  
which maybe in the end became a song  
In trying to find the words which might begin it  
I found these were the thoughts I brought along

At first I took my weight to be an anchor  
and gathered up my fears to guide me round  
but then I clearly saw my own delusion  
and found my struggles further bogged me down

In starting out I thought to go exploring  
and set my foot upon the nearest road  
In vain I looked to find the promised turning

but only saw how far I was from home

In searching I forsook the paths of learning  
and sought instead to find some pirate's gold  
In fighting I did hurt those dearest to me  
and still no hidden truths could I unfold

I sat me down to write a simple story  
which maybe in the end became a song  
The words have all been writ by one before me  
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on  
Oh, we're taking turns in trying to pass them on

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