

## Sammy Walker "Catcher In The Rye"

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I'm gonna to catch me a ride  
On the subway car,  
That's heading for the Old North Star.  
And leave my troubles  
Stranded on the mainland.

I'm gonna crown the god of night  
With light,  
And pull myself clean outta sight.  
And turn the phony world  
I live to sand.

I would gladly sail away and  
Never mind a word you say.  
They're just the figments  
Of your imagination.

Cast your riddles at my head  
About the way I must be fed  
Upon your rules  
And schools of institutions.

Why Lord why  
Were the mountains built so high?  
And the shores of the Sea  
Sometimes get lonely?

Why Lord why  
Must I learn to testify?  
When all I want to be  
Is just a catcher in the rye?

It's hard to dream  
Within a scheme  
That says your soul can't be redeemed  
And Silent Night is heard  
Outside my window.

Days are long  
And ways are short  
And night to left  
With no resort except to

Listen to the lonesome wind blow.

Why Lord why  
Were the mountains built so high?  
And the shores of the Sea  
Sometimes get lonely?

Why Lord why  
Must I learn to testify  
When all I want to be  
Is just a catcher in the rye?

If you can't sing the fine ink  
Of the rules set for the game.  
They'll throw you in a school of restitution.  
They'll look you in the eye  
And grin and say

I'd like to be a friend  
And wear a sign that  
Long live execution.

Why Lord why  
Were the mountains built so high?  
And the shores of the Sea  
Sometimes get lonely?

Why Lord why  
Must I learn to testify  
When all I want to be  
Is just a catcher in the rye?

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