

## Lightfoot Gordon "Don Quixote"

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Through the woodland, through the valley  
Comes a horseman wild and free  
Tilting at the windmills passing  
Who can the brave young horseman be  
He is wild but he is mellow  
He is strong but he is weak  
He is cruel but he is gentle  
He is wise but he is meek  
Reaching for his saddlebag  
He takes a battered book into his hand  
Standing like a prophet bold  
He shouts across the ocean to the shore  
'Til he can shout no more

I have come o'er moor and mountain  
Like the hawk upon the wing  
I was once a shining knight  
Who was the guardian of a king  
I have searched the whole world over  
Looking for a place to sleep  
I have seen the strong survive  
And I have seen the lean grown weak

See the children of the earth  
Who wake to find the table bare  
See the gentry in the country  
Riding off to take the air

Reaching for his saddlebag  
He takes a rusty sword into his hand  
Then striking up a knightly pose  
He shouts across the ocean to the shore  
'Til he can shout no more

See the jailor with his key  
Who locks away all trace of sin  
See the judge upon the bench  
Who tries the case as best he can  
See the wise and wicked ones  
Who feed upon life's sacred fire  
See the soldier with his gun  
Who must be dead to be admired

See the man who tips the needle  
See the man who buys and sells  
See the man who puts the collar  
On the ones who dare not tell  
See the drunkard in the tavern  
Stemming gold to make ends meet  
See the youth in ghetto black  
Condemned to life upon the street

Reaching for his saddlebag  
He takes a tarnished cross into his hand  
Then standing like a preacher now  
He shouts across the ocean to the shore  
Then in a blaze of tangled hooves  
He gallops off across the dusty plain  
In vain to search again  
Where no one will hear

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