

Sit Down Young Stranger

Gordon Lightfoot

[G] [G]

I'm [G]standin' at the doorway, my [C]head down in my [G]hands
 Not [C]knowin' where to [G]sit, not knowin' where I [D]stand
 My [G]father looms above me, for [C]him there is no [G]rest
 My [C]mother's arms en-[G]-fold me and hold me to her [D]breast
 "They [G]say you've been out wanderin', they [C]say you've traveled [G]far
 Sit [C]down, young [G]stranger and tell us who you [D]are"
 The [G]room has all gone misty, my [C]thoughts are all in [G]spin
 "Sit [C]down, young [G]stranger and [D]tell us where you [G]been"

"Well, I've [G]been up to the mountain,

I've [C]walked down by the [G]sea

I [C]never questioned [G]no one and no one questioned [D]me
 My [G]love was given freely and [C]oft-times was re-[G]-turned
 I [C]never came to [G]borrow, I only came to [D]learn
 Some-[G]-times it did get lonely, but it [C]taught me how to [G]cry
 And [C]laughter came too [G]easy for life to pass me [D]by
 I [G]never had a dollar that I [C]didn't earn with [G]pride
 'Cause I [C]had a million [G]daydreams to keep me [D]satisfied"

[G] [G] [C] [G] [C] [G] [D] [G]

"And [A]will you gather daydreams, or [D]will you gather w[A]ealth?
 How [D]can you find your [A]fortune

when you cannot find your-[E]-self?"

My [A]mother's eyes grow misty, there's a [D]tremblin' in her [A]hand
 "Sit [D]down, young [A]stranger, I do not under-[E]-stand
 And [A]will you try and tell us that you've [D]been too long at [A]school?
 That [D]knowledge is not [A]needed, that power does not [E]rule?
 That [A]war is not the answer, that [D]young men should not [A]die?
 Sit [D]down young [A]stranger, I wait for your re-[E]-ply"

"The [A]answer is not easy for [D]souls are not re-[A]-born
 To [D]wear the crown of [A]peace, you must wear the Crown of [E]Thorns
 If [A]Jesus had a reason, I'm [D]sure he would not [A]tell
 They t[D]reated him so [A]badly, how could he wish them [E]well?"

The [A]parlor now is empty, there's [D]nothin' left to [A]say
 My [D]father has de[A]--parted, my mother's gone to [E]pray
 There's [A]rockets in the meadows and [D]ships out on the [A]sea
 The [D]answer's in the [A]forest, carved upon a [E]tree:
 "[D]John loves [A]Mary," ...does [E]anyone love [A]me?"