I walk down through the Bellevue side of town

Past the old ol folks home

Down the ridge now im underneath the bridge

Face to face with the man all alone

Grizzled and gray he just appeared that day

Don’t know where he came from

Just a sleeping bag and whatever he could drag to this new place he called home

Bridge: What did he leave there? Somethings are better as a memory

Scott says hey! It’s a beautiful day

Cant you feel the sun burning down

Scott says hey is it raining your way

I cant keep my mind from the storm

The roar of 95 from underneath the hwy

Shaking him to sleep every night

Id walk the dog again and I always saw him

Just so thankful to be alive

Id bring him some food bc it made me feel good and in the northside, that’s how we roll

But why am I so shy around this raggedy old guy who can see straight through my soul

Bridge:What did he see there? Bet he felt sorry for me

chorus

One dawn I found him gone reckon it was time to roam

No idea where he went all he left was a tent and took all the freedom he could hold

I asked all around but he never was found no one ever saw him again

Barely a trace do you have to have a place for someone to know you were here?

What did he see there? Somethings are better as a memory