

**Baez Joan****"Last, Lonely, And Wretched"**

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You're tired and you're poor, you long to be free  
But in this God-forsaken land you find no home, no  
family  
On the many roads that you wandered since the day of  
your birth  
You've become one of the Last, Lonely, and Wretched.

Your hair is matted, your face and hands are dirty  
And the years that you've toiled must number  
somewhere near thirty  
The deepening of a sadness broke finally into  
madness  
You are truly one of the Last, Lonely, and Wretched.

Your eyes are wild and frightening, at the same time  
they are blessed  
And I wonder if God died, turned his back, or only just  
rested  
As you walked out on the seventh day, through the big  
gates and on your way  
To become one of the Last, Lonely, and Wretched.

For once you were a child, your cheeks were red, you  
were well fed,  
You laughed and played till you got teary, ran to your  
mother when you were weary  
But somehow you were forsaken, alone I'll not bear the  
blame  
And somewhere all was taken, your mind, your body,  
your name  
Forgive us our unkindness, our desertion, and our  
blindness  
To you, the Last, Lonely, and Wretched  
Forgive us, all the Last, Lonely, and Wretched.

Joan Baez

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ASCAP 3:42

