

Joan Baez

"Rainbow Road 303 Don Fritt and Dan Penn"

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I was born a poor poor man
All my life I had hard workin' hands
But I sang a song as I carried my load
Cuz I had a dream about rainbow, rainbow road

Then one day my chance came along
A man heard me singin' and playing these old songs
He bought me fine clothes, paid the money I owed
Started me on my way down rainbow, rainbow road

Then one night a man wiht a knife
Pushed me till I had to take his life
Fast as fallin' all my friends were gone
That old judge traded me a sentence for a song

Just livin' with that ball 'n chain
Had to wear a number 'for they'd ever call my name
Like a dream I'm growing old
But we still sing about rainbow, rainbow read

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