

## Joan Baez "Rexroth's Daughter"

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Coldest night of the winter  
working up my farewell  
In the middle of everything  
under no particular spell

Dreaming of the mountains  
where the children learn the stars  
Clouds roll in from Nebraska  
dark chords on a big guitar

My restlessness is long gone  
standing like an old jack pine  
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter  
She's a friend of a friend of mine

Can't believe your hands and mouth  
did all that to me  
And they are so daily naked  
for all the world to see

That thunderstorm in Michigan  
I never will forget  
We shook right with the thunder  
& with the pounding rain got wet

Where did you turn when you turned from me  
with your arms across your chest  
Ya, I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter  
saw her in the great northwest

Would she have said it was the wrong time  
if I had found her then  
I don't ask very much  
a field across the road and a few good friends

She used to come & see me  
she was always there & gone  
Even the very longest love  
do'nt last very long

She'd stood there in my doorway  
smoothing out her dress

saying 'life is a thump-ripe melon-  
-so sweet and such a mess'

[I wanted to get to know you

but you said you were shy  
I would have followed you anywhere  
but hello rolled into goodbye

I just stood there watching  
as you walked along the fence  
Beware of them that look at you  
as an experience

You're back out on the highway  
with your poems of city heat  
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter  
here on my own side street]

Well, The murderer who lived next door  
seemed such a normal guy--  
You try to swallow what they shove at us  
you run out of tears to cry

I heard a man speak quietly  
I listened for a while  
He spoke from his heart to my woe  
& then he bowed & smiled

What is real but compassion  
as we move from birth to death  
Ya, I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter  
& I'm running out of breath

Spring will come back I know it will  
& it'll do its best  
so useful, so endangered  
like a lion or a breast

I think about my children  
when I look at any child's face  
pray that we will find a way  
to get with all this amazing grace

It's so cold out there tonight  
stormy I can hardly see  
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter  
& I guess I always will be.

