

Joan Baez "Stones In The Road"

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(originally by Mary-Chapin Carpenter)

When we were young, we pledged allegiance every
morning of our lives

The classroom rang with children's voices under
teacher's watchful eye

We learned about the world around us at our desks
and at dinnertime

Reminded of the starving children, we cleaned our
plates with guilty minds

And the stones in the road we played like marbles in
the dust

Until a voice called for us to make our way back home

When I was ten, my father held me on his shoulders
above the crowd

To see a train draped in mourning pass slowly through
our town

His widow kneeled with all her children at the sacred
burial ground

The TV glowed that long hot summer with all the cities
burning down

And the stones in the road flew out from our bicycle
tires

Worlds removed from all those fires as we raced each
other home

And now we drink our coffee on the run and climb that
ladder rung by rung

We are the daughters and the sons and here's the line
that's missing...

The starving children have been replaced by souls out
on the street

We give a dollar when we pass and hope our eyes don't
meet

We pencil in, we cancel out, we crave the corner suite

We kiss your ass, we make you hold, we doctor the
receipt

And the stones in the road leave a mark from whence
they came

A thousand points of light or shame, baby, I don't know
Stones in the road...

