

Joan Baez

"To Bobby 353 Joan Baez"

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I'll put flowers at your feet,
And I will sing to you so sweet,
And hope my words will carry home to your heart.
You left us marching on the road,
And said how heavy was the load -
The years were young, the struggle barely at its start.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby
They're crying for you
See the children in the mornning light, Bobby
They're dying

No one could say it like you said it;
We'd only try and just forget it.
You sood alone upon the mountain 'til it was sinking,
And in a frenzczy we tried to reach you
With looks and letters we would beseech you -
Never knowing what, where or how you were thinking.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby
They're crying for you
See the children in the morning light, Bobby
They're dying

Perhaps the pictures in the Times
Could no longer be put in rhymes,
When all the eyes of starving children are wide open.
You cast aside the cursed crown,
And put your magic into a sound
That made me think your heart was aching, or even
broken

But if God hears my complaint He will forgive you,
And so will I, in all respect, I'll just relive you
And likewise you must understand the things we give
you:

Like these flowers at yur door,
And scribbled notes about the war.
We're only saying that time is short and there is work to
do.

And we're still marching on the streets
With little victories and big defeats,
But there is joy, and there is hope, and there's a place
for you.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby
They're crying for you
See the children in the morning light, Bobby
They're dying

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