

Joan Baez

"To Bobby"

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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
But the years were young, the struggle barely had its
start

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

No one could say it like you said it
We'd only try and just forget it
You stood alone upon the mountain till it was sinking

And in a frenzy 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, with all respect, I'll just relive you
And likewise, you must understand these things we
give you

Like these flowers at your door

And scribbled notes about the war
We're only saying the 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

And you have heard 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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