Joan Baez, To Bobby

(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

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 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 in 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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