

Fare Thee Well (10,000 Miles)

Joan Baez

Oh fare thee well, I must be gone
And leave you for a while
Wherever I go, I will return
If I go ten thousand miles
If I go, if I go
If I go ten thousand miles

Oh, ten thousand miles it is so far
To leave me here alone
Well, I may lie, lament and cry
And you'll, you'll not hear my mourn
And you'll, no you'll
And you'll not hear my mourn

Oh, the crow that is so black, my love
Will change his color white
If ever I should prove false to thee
The day, day will turn to night
Yes the day, oh the day
Yes the day will turn to night

Oh, the rivers never will run dry
For the rocks melt with the sun
I'll never prove false to the boy I love
Till all, all these things be done
Till all, till all
Till all these things be done