

# Lonesome Road

Joan Baez

Look up and down that lonesome road,  
Hang down your head and cry - my Lord!  
Hang down your head and cry

They say all good friends must part sometimes  
Why not you and I (my Lord)  
Why not you and I

I wish to the Lord that I've never been born,  
Or died when I was a baby, my Lord!  
Or died when I was a baby

I would've not been here eating this cold cold bread  
And supping this salty gravy, my Lord!  
And supping this salty gravy

I wish to the Lord that I've never seen your face,  
Heard your lying tongue, my Lord!  
Heard your lying tongue

So look up and down that lonesome road,  
All our friends have gone, my Lord!  
And you and I must go

Look up and down that lonesome road,  
Hang down your head and cry - my Lord!  
Hang down your head and cry