

To Bobby

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