

## 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