

Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue And Me

John Wesley Harding

At night, he sits alone and he's looking at the stars
He listens to them playing guitars
Him and Phil go back a long long way
They talked about marching and dying all in one day
They played songs together, they sit up past the dawn
I wonder why this dream goes on
You know Bob was there last week as well
He's a quiet guy but he's got stories to tell
Our hero sits and listens without asking why
And teaches Bob A minor with a glint in his eye
Bob used it on Hollis Brown, but that was sometime ago
When is this dream gonna stop? Heaven knows
Then our hero picks up his guitar
To play them the only tune he knows
He played it to me once
He said 'Wes, it's short, but this is how it goes?'
And then he sings
'This is the only thing that really matters
Keeps me going, retains my sanity
The nights I spend alone when there's just
Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue and me'
Stevie died and David died
But only to the papers that live outside
Last Thursday they were in the room where he sits
The three of them making jokes about the meager obits
Steve and David smiled and they left quite soon
He wonders about that dream as he looks at the stars and the mo
on
Sometimes he has a party for him and the crew
They turn up on time just cos they always do
And Phil plays I Ain't Marching, it's his favorite song
And Bob plays harmonica but he plays it all wrong
And Steve harmonizes like he did with John Prine
David just sits and looks blue all the time
Then the time comes round again
They all sit and listen to our hero playing
He says 'You've heard it all before'
But they like it