Emmylou Harris, Abraham, Martin And John

(Richard Holler)

I am a backseat driver from America
They drive to the left on Falls Road
And the man at the wheels name is Shamus
We pass a the child on a corner he knows
And Shamus says "now what chance has that kid got"
And I say from the back "I don't know"

He says "there's barbed wire at all of these exits" There ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go And it's a hard life, it's a hard life It's a very hard life It's a hard life wherever you go And we poison our children with hatred And the hard life is all that they know

At the dairyline in Chicago
A fat man in front of me
He's calling black people trash to his children
And he's the only trash here I see
And I'm thinking this man wears a white hood
In the night when his children should sleep
But they'll slip to their windows and see him
They'll think that white hood's all they need

And it's a hard life, it's a hard life It's a very hard life It's a hard life wherever you go And if we poison our children with hatred Then the hard life is all that they know

I was a child of the sixties When dreams could be held through tears With Disney and Cronkite and Martin Luther And I belived, I believed

Now I'm a backseat driver from America And I'm not at the wheel of control And I am guilty, I am worn, I am the root of all evil And I can't drive on the left side of the road

And it's a hard life, it's a hard life It's a very hard life It's a hard life wherever you go And if we poison our children with hatred Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in this world for these kids to go Cause it's a hard life wherever you go

Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham, Can you tell me where he's gone? He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die young I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin, Can you tell me where he's gone? He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die young I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend John, Can you tell me where he's gone? He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die young I just looked around and he's gone.

Didn't you love the things they stood for? Didn't they try to find some good in you and me? And we'll be free Someday soon it's gonna be one day

Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby, Can you tell me where he's gone? I thought I saw him walkin' up over the hill With Abraham and Martin and John.