

Joan Baez, In The Quiet Morning

In the quiet morning
There was much despair
And in the hours that followed
No one could repair
That poor girl
Tossed by the tides of misfortune
Barely here to tell her tale
Rolled in on a sea of disaster
Rolled out on a mainline rail
She once walked right at my side
I'm sure she walked by you
Her striding steps could not deny
Torment from a child who knew
That in the quiet morning
There would be despair
And in the hours that followed
No one could repair
That poor girl
She cried out her song so loud
It was heard the whole world round
A symphony of violence
The great southwest unbound
la laa laa laa la la laa laa
la laa laa laa la la laa laa
la laa laa laa la la laa laa
la la laa laa
la la laa
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