

Joan Baez, Rexroth's Daughter

Coldest night of the winter
working up my farewell
In the middle of everything
under no particular spell

Dreaming of the mountains
where the children learn the stars
Clouds roll in from Nebraska
dark chords on a big guitar

My restlessness is long gone
standing like an old jack pine
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter
She's a friend of a friend of mine

Can't believe your hands and mouth
did all that to me
And they are so daily naked
for all the world to see

That thunderstorm in Michigan
I never will forget
We shook right with the thunder
& with the pounding rain got wet

Where did you turn when you turned from me
with your arms across your chest
Ya, I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter
saw her in the great northwest

Would she have said it was the wrong time
if I had found her then
I don't ask very much
a field across the road and a few good friends

She used to come & see me
she was always there & gone
Even the very longest love
do'nt last very long

She'd stood there in my doorway
smoothing out her dress
saying 'life is a thump-ripe melon-
-so sweet and such a mess'

(I wanted to get to know you
but you said you were shy
I would have followed you anywhere
but hello rolled into goodbye

I just stood there watching
as you walked along the fence
Beware of them that look at you
as an experience

You're back out on the highway
with your poems of city heat
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter
here on my own side street)

Well, The murderer who lived next door
seemed such a normal guy--
You try to swallow what they shove at us

you run out of tears to cry

I heard a man speak quietly
I listened for a while
He spoke from his heart to my woe
& then he bowed & smiled

What is real but compassion
as we move from birth to death
Ya, I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter
& I'm running out of breath

Spring will come back I know it will
& it'll do its best
so useful, so endangered
like a lion or a breast

I think about my children
when I look at any child's face
pray that we will find a way
to get with all this amazing grace

It's so cold out there tonight
stormy I can hardly see
I'm looking for Rexroth's daughter
& I guess I always will be.