

Arlo Guthrie, Gabriel's Mother's Hiway Ballad #16

Woke up this morning with my head in my hand
Come on, children, come on
Snow was falling all over the land
Come on, children, come on
I don't know but I've been told
Come on, children, come on
That the streets of Heaven have all been sold
Come on, children, come on
Come on, children, all come home
Jesus going to make you well
Come on, people, now it's time to go
Go to where a man can dwell
Well, the sun come up while I wrote this song
Come on, children, come on
To remember me well that it won't be long
Come on, children, come on
Come on, children, all come home
Jesus going to make you well
Come on, people, now it's time to go
Go to where a man can dwell
Come on, Gabriel, blow that thing
Come on, children, come on
All God's children got to dance and sing
Come on, children, come on
All God's children got to sing and shout
Come on, children, come on
There ain't nobody 'round bound to kick you out
Come on, children, come on
One of these days we'll all be there
Come on, children, come on
Seeing those wheels way up in the air
Come on, children, come on
Come on everybody, what's it worth?
Come on, children, come on
To make the heaven out of this earth
Come on, children, come on
Come on, children, all come home
Jesus going to make you well
Come on, people, now it's time to go
Go to where a man can dwell
Moses going to make you well
Daniel going to make you well
Noah going to make you well
Jesus going to make you well
Gonna make you well