

# Baez Joan, To Bobby (3:53) (Joan Baez)

Baez Joan

Come From The Shadows

To Bobby (3:53) (Joan Baez)

I'll put flowers at your feet,

And I will sing to you so sweet,

And hope my words will carry home to your heart.

You left us marching on the road,

And said how heavy was the load -

The years were young, the struggle barely at its start.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby

They're crying for you

See the children in the morning light, Bobby

They're dying

No one could say it like you said it;

We'd only try and just forget it.

You stood alone upon the mountain 'til it was sinking,

And in a frenzy we tried to reach you

With looks and letters we would beseech you -

Never knowing what, where or how you were thinking.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby

They're crying for you

See the children in the morning light, Bobby

They're dying

Perhaps the pictures in the Times

Could no longer be put in rhymes,

When all the eyes of starving children are wide open.

You cast aside the cursed crown,

And put your magic into a sound

That made me think your heart was aching, or even broken

But if God hears my complaint He will forgive you,

And so will I, in all respect, I'll just relive you

And likewise you must understand the things we give you:

Like these flowers at your door,

And scribbled notes about the war.

We're only saying that time is short and there is work to do.

And we're still marching on the streets

With little victories and big defeats,

But there is joy, and there is hope, and there's a place for you.

Do you hear the voices in the night, Bobby

They're crying for you

See the children in the morning light, Bobby

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