

# Joan Baez, Banks Of Ohio

BLESSED ARE THE ONE-WAY TICKET  
HOLDERS ON THE ONE-WAY STREET  
BLESSED ARE THE MIDNIGHT RIDERS  
WHO IN THE SHADOW OF GOD THEY SLEEP  
BLESSED ARE THE HOT OLD HIKERS  
STARING OUT AT FALLING RAIN  
WON`DRING AT THE RETRIBUTION  
IN THEIR PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH PAIN  
BLESSED ARE THE BLOOD RELATIONS  
OF THE YOUNG ONES WHO HAVE DIED  
WHO HAD NOT THE TIME OR PATIENCE  
TO CARRY ON THIS EARTHLY LIFE  
RAIN WILL COME AND WINDS WILL BLOW,  
WILD DEER IN THE MOUNTAIN SNOW.  
BIRDS WILL BEAT AT HEAVEN`S WALL,  
WHAT COMES TO ONE MUST COME TO US ALL.  
WELL, YOU AND I ARE ON THE ONE-WAY TICKET  
HOLDERS ON THAT ONE-WAY STREET  
WHICH LLIES ACROSS A GOLDEN VALLEY  
WHERE THE WATER OF JOY AND HOPE RUN DEEP  
SO IF YOU PASS THE PARENTS WEEPING  
OF THE YOUNG ONES WHO HAVE DIED  
TAKE THEM TO YOUR WARMTH AND KEEPING  
FOR BLESSED ARE THE TEARS THEY CRIED  
AND MANY WERE THE TEARS THEY CRIED  
TAKE THEM TO THE VALLEY WIDE  
AND LET THEIR SOULS BE PACIFIED