

Joan Baez, Jesse

Jesse come home, there's a hole in the bed
Where we slept; now it's growing cold.
Jesse your face, in the place where we lay
By the hearth, all apart, it hangs on my heart
And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No I'm not scared; I wait for you
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home.
Jesse the stairs in the halls, recalling
Your step; and I remember too.
All the pictures are shaded and fading in grey
And I still set a place on the table at noon
And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No I'm not scared; I wait for you
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home.
Jesse the spread on the bed,
It's like when you left, I kept it for you.
All the blues and the greens have been recently cleaned
And are seemingly new; hey Jess, me and you.
We'll swallow the light on the stairs
I'll fix up my hair, we'll sleep unawares
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home