

# Joan Baez, Last, Lonely And Wretched

You're tired and you're poor,  
you long to be free,  
but in this Godforsaken land  
you find no home, no family  
on the many roads that you've wandered  
since the day of your birth.  
You've become one of the last,  
lonely and wretched.  
Your hair is matted,  
your face and hands are dirty,  
and the years that you've toiled  
must number somewhere near thirty.  
The deepening of a sadness  
broke finally into madness.  
You are truly one of the last,  
lonely and wretched.  
Your eyes are wild and frightening  
at the same time they are blessed  
and I wonder if God died,  
turned his back or only just rested.  
And you walked out on the seventh day  
through the big gates and on your way  
to become one of the last,  
lonely and wretched.  
For once you were a child.  
Your cheeks were red,  
you were well fed.  
You laughed and played  
till you got teary,  
ran to your mother  
when you were weary.  
But somewhere you were forsaken  
alone I'll not bear the blame  
and somehow all was taken,  
your mind, your body, your name.  
Forgive us our unkindness,  
our desertion and our blindness,  
with you, all the last,  
lonely and wretched.  
Forgive us, all the last,  
lonely and wretched.