

Joan Baez, Last, Lonely, And Wretched

(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

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.

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