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. 1970, 1971 Chandos Music (ASCAP)