Joan Baez, Rider, Pass By

(Words and Music by Joan Baez) Tell me when you see them Gathered at the shore Dancing on their broken chains Ah, the ladies are no more In their blue jeans and their necklaces Against an evening sky But some of them are weeping Crying rider, please pass by The ship with all the riders Has drifted out to sea Compass cracked and stars unnamed It's lost to history And the riders in captivity Watch ancient waves roll high And hear the distant voices Crying rider, please pass by All you men who should have been Your fathers beat you down Your mothers loved you badly Your teachers stole your crowns And the wars you fought have taken toll The price was far too high You've buried all the images Of riders passing by The horses of the riders Have waited at the tide But years have passed, they know at last Their heroes will not ride So the women oh so gracefully Mount noble horses high Shattering the timelessness Of rider, please pass by But who can dare to judge us The women or the men? If freedom's wings shall not be clipped We all can love again So the choice is not of etiquette Or finding lonesome ways to die But liberty to ships at sea And riders passing by But liberty to ships at sea And riders passing by

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