

Joan Baez, Stones In The Road

When we were young, we pledged allegiance every morning of our lives
The classroom rang with children's voices under teacher's watchful eye
We learned about the world around us at our desks and at dinnertime
Reminded of the starving children, we cleaned our plates with guilty minds
And the stones in the road we played like marbles in the dust
Until a voice called for us to make our way back home
When I was ten, my father held me on his shoulders above the crowd
To see a train draped in mourning pass slowly through our town
His widow kneeled with all her children at the sacred burial ground
The TV glowed that long hot summer with all the cities burning down
And the stones in the road flew out from our bicycle tires
Worlds removed from all those fires as we raced each other home
And now we drink our coffee on the run and climb that ladder rung by rung
We are the daughters and the sons and here's the line that's missing...
The starving children have been replaced by souls out on the street
We give a dollar when we pass and hope our eyes don't meet
We pencil in, we cancel out, we crave the corner suite
We kiss your ass, we make you hold, we doctor the receipt
And the stones in the road leave a mark from whence they came
A thousand points of light or shame, baby, I don't know
Stones in the road