

The Hitchhikers' Song

Joan Baez

When the mist rolls in on Highway One
Like a curtain to the day
A thousand silhouettes hold out their thumbs
And I see them and I say
You are my children
My sweet children
I am your poet.

With hair just like the burning tree of Moses
The girl beside you is your twin
Behind your fiery make-up you should know this
I am your sister, I am your kin, your flesh and kin
I'll write this tune
In matching phrases
Just to show it

You are the orphans in an age
Of no tomorrows
And with your walking you wage a war
Against the sorrows
Your fathers left you
A row to hoe
And you'll hoe it.

If I could write you easy directions
On a list
You would not read it, you could not see it
For the mist
Besides my pen is
Very righteous
And I know it.

So walk to the edges of a dying kingdom
There's one more summer just around the bend
The amber in your smile is brave and winsome
For though your highway has no end, it never ends
There is still the sky
The windy cliff
And the sea below it
I'd take an angel's ram horn trumpet
And I'd blow it
I'd blow it.