

A Heartfelt Line Or Two

Joan Baez

Though the songwriters of the industry
Write most of the songs I do
And it's clear that no one will ever
Sing them quite the way I do
I think tonight I'll sit down and write
A heartfelt line or two
And if they turn out good enough
I owe every word to you

To the kid I thought was a little too young
To know what sadness was
Who took me out when I was down
And set out to find the cause
Of why the lady had the blues
And seemed on the verge of tears
I tell you that kid must have been around
For a hundred and fifty years

And to the tough guy blonde with the front tooth gone
And ships all over his chest
Who approached me out on the promenade
Of the beach heading into the west
His friends lay around on the muscleman lawn
Like a drunken pirate band
But he turned into a gentleman
Called me a lady and kissed my hand

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To the man and the woman who threw me a glance
As they picnicked by the sea
And returned their gaze to the kid and the food
So as not to bother me
They got up to leave and the woman looked on
As the man leaned down to say
"You've always meant so much to us
Don't want to bother you and have a nice day"

And to the band of gypsies I call friends
Who speak so carefully
To their friend with a life unlike their own
In its strange complexities
Who have the patience of the saints
When I've been down for a spell
I wish it were a whole lot easier
To find the words to wish them well

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