

Poor Boy

Joan Baez

I walked down to the river, poor boy
To see the ships go by
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved to me goodbye

Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
Bow down your head and cry
Stop thinking 'bout that woman you love
Bow down your head and cry

I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand
We were just about to be married
When she ran off with a gamblin' man

Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
Bow down your head and cry
Stop thinking 'bout that woman you love
Bow down your head and cry

Well, if I had a golden thread
And a needle for to sew
I'd stitch myself to my true love's side
And down that river we'd go

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