

Rider, Pass 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

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And riders passing by