Tramps And Hawkers

Dave Alvin

1. I choose not to see the things that be,
Or the miles and years that are gone.
I pay no heed to tomorrow's need,
I'm blinded by the snow and the sun,
'til all I could see is my darlin' and me,
Like young flowers bloomin' in spring.
Like flowers that grew, and no other I knew,
But the Rose of the San Joaquin.2. The gypsies would dance, while stealing a glance
As leaves might blow in the wind.
And the fields are worked in a sweat stained shirt,
Then the workers all move on again.
And the tramps and hawkers, with stories wild,
Beguiled a young boy's dreams,
Enticing me to leave my home,
And the Rose of the San Joaquin.3. I've watched the rise of light in the sky
When the sun climbs out of the sea.
Seen giants fall in mountains tall,
Where the lumbermen cut down the trees.
I've played in the sand with the gulf coast wind,
Fell asleep in the grass tall and green.
But nowhere I've been would I go back again,
Compared to the San Joaquin.4. Well the road back home is hard and it's long,
And the miles, they turn into years.
And the tramps and hawkers in every town,
By God, but it brings me to tears.
When I got home, I found just a flower on the mound
Where it shamed the green grasses of spring.
It grew from the grave of my darlin' little girl,
The Rose of the San Joaquin.5. Oh see us today out on the highway,
Or asleep in the doors of the train.
See the gypsies dance with their damned old glances,
Hear the peddlers cry out their refrain.
And who's gonna care, and who's gonna share
All the joys, the sorrows we've seen?
Like ghosts, we roam, without friends or home,
These tramps, and hawkers and me.
Like ghosts, we roam, without friends or home,
These tramps, and hawkers and me.

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