

In The Quiet Morning

[Joan Baez](#)

In the quiet morning, there was much despair
And in the hours that followed, no one could repair
That poor girl, tossed by the tides of misfortune
Barely here to tell her tale, rolled in on a sea of disaster
Rolled out on a mainline railShe once walked tight at my side, I'm sure she walked by you
Her striding steps could not deny, torment from a child who knewThat in the quiet morning, there would be
despair
And in the hours that followed, no one could repair
That poor girl, she cried out her song so loud
It was heard the whole world round, a symphony of violence
The great southwest unboundLa la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la, la la laIn the quiet morning, there was much despair
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La la la la la la la la
La la la la, la la la

Songwriters

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