

The Lower Road

Joan Baez

Cut me down,
Bury this rosary
Somewhere out of town,
Somewhere out by the sea
And take this ring,
Give it to Emily
And tell her I'm peaceful now,
Tell her I've been released
I will be rolling on, I will be rolling on . . .
Well I know that drill,
I know it all too well
Starts like a lonely voice
And shifts to a tolling bell
Like rain on a dusty ground
Small bones in the driest well
The spark breathes a fiery tongue
And the tongues kiss the cheek of Hell

I will be rolling on, I will be rolling on
I've had my part to play, now I am going home . . .
There's no telling which way boys
This thing is gonna take hold
From the fruit on a poplar tree
To the bruise round a band of gold
From the blood in a far country
To the war of just growing old
We travel a lower road
And it's lonely and it is cold
And we will be rolling on, We will be rolling on
We had our part to play now we are going home
We will keep rolling on
We will keep rolling on
'Cause for every midnight hour
There's always a rising sun . . .

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