

# The Hitchhikers' Song

Joan Baez

(Words and Music by Joan Baez) When the mist rolls in on Highway One  
like a curtain to the day  
A thousand silhouettes hold out their thumbs  
and I see them and I say  
You are my children  
my sweet children  
I am your poet. With hair just like the burning tree of Moses  
the girl beside you is your twin  
Behind your fiery make-up you should know this  
I am your sister, I am your kin, your flesh and kin  
I'll write this tune  
in matching phrases  
just to show it You are the orphans in an age  
of no tomorrows  
and with your walking you wage a war  
against the sorrows  
Your fathers left you  
a row to hoe  
and you'll hoe it. If I could write you easy directions  
on a list  
you would not read it, you could not see it  
for the mist  
Besides my pen is  
very righteous  
and I know it. So walk to the edges of a dying kingdom  
There's one more summer just around the bend  
The amber in your smile is brave and winsome  
for though your highway has no end, it never ends  
There is still the sky  
the windy cliff  
and the sea below it  
I'd take an angel's ram horn trumpet  
and I'd blow it  
I'd blow it. 1970, 1971 Chandos Music (ASCAP)

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