

Best American Poetry, 1963-1973

"Lost causes are the only ones worth fighting for."

Clarence Darrow

It was a wild thing, teetering back there on the eve of destruction
Oh, in the beginning it was fun fun fun
Me and Bobby Magee, hitchin' a ride on the magic bus
Through the desert on a horse with no name
So happy together, following the sun
Like rolling stones, seeing for miles and miles and miles
On the road again, volunteers looking for America
There was nothing we could do that couldn't be done, all we needed was love
In a purple haze we lit candles, bogarted joints, burned incense and peppermint
With little to win but nothing to lose

We had tea and oranges that came all the way from China
Eight miles high, lost in a daydream, stoned immaculate
Tuned in, turned on, dropped out – plastic fantastic zombies
On a stoned soul picnic

The world was black the world was white, we danced to different drums all night
Spies on Love Street, waiting for the sun to burn burn burn
We dreamed of California and San Francisco nights and the dock of the bay
Believed in magic dragons and white rabbits and giving peace a chance
Born to be wild, angels of the morning, running away from a five o'clock world
We demanded R-E-S-P-E-C-T and we felt good
Knock knock knockin' on heaven's door

Hearts full of soul, flowers in our hair
Everybody got stoned in the sunshine of summer love
But the beat went on, the times they were a' changin'
The ticket to ride expired in the midnight hour
Bang Bang Bang Bang – the truth was found to be lies
Monday Monday dawned and we'd lost that lovin' feeling
Dazed and confused in the early morning rain

By the time we got to Woodstock there was
Nowhere left to turn turn turn
The lights went out on the Age of Aquarius
Living in the past – too old to rock and roll, too young to die
We sat and watched as tears went by, bye-bye
One toke over the line in the sounds of silence
No time left in the bottle

What a long strange trip it had been
Yesterday once more was never again
When the music was over we looked out
Through the windows of the world
Down the long and winding road
The clowns were already there

