

Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue and Me
By John Wesley Harding

At night he sits alone
And he's looking at the stars
He listens to them playing guitars
He let phil go back a long, long way
they talked about marching and dying all in one day
They play songs together, they sit up past the dawn

I wonder why this dream goes on.

Bob was there last week as well
He's a quiet guy but he's got stories to tell
Our hero sits and listens without asking why
Teaches Bob A minor with a glint in his eye
Bob used it on Hollis Brown but that was some time ago

When is this dream gonna stop? Heaven knows.

Then our hero picks up his guitar
To play for me the only tune he knows
He played it to me once
He says "where's the (?)", but this is how it goes
Then he sings

This is the only thing that really matters
Keeps me going, retains my sanity
The nights I spend alone when there's just
Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue and Me

Stevie died and then David died
But only to the papers that live outside
Last Thursday they were in the room where he sits
The three of them making jokes about the meager obits
Steve and David smile and they left quite soon
He wonders about that dream as he looks at the stars and the moon

Sometimes he has a party for him and the crew
They turn up on time 'cause they always do
Phil plays "I Ain't Marching"
Bob plays harmonica but plays it all wrong
And Steve harmonizes like he did with John Prine
And David just sits and looks blue all the time

Then the time comes around again
They all sit and listen to our hero play
He says, "Ah, you've heard it all before"
They like it so they shout "encore"
Then he sings

This is the only thing that really matters
keeps me going, retains my sanity
The nights I spend alone when there's just
Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue and Me
And me.
Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman, David Blue and Me