

Baez Joan, The 33rd Of August

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Blessed Are...

The 33rd Of August

Today, theres no salvation, the bands packed up and gone

Left me standing with my penny in my hand

theres a big crowd at the station where the blind man sings his song

But he can see what they cant understand.

(CHORUS)

Its the thirty-third of August and Im finlly touching down

Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound.

Once I stumbled through the darkness, tumbled to my knees

A thousand voices screamin in my brain

Woke up in a squad car, busted down for vagrancy

Outside my cell as sure as hell, it looked like rain.

But now Ive got my dangerous feelings under lock and chain

Guess I killed my violent nature with a smile

Though the demons danced and sang their song within my fevered brain

Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, were defiled.

Mickey Newbury

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