

# Emmylou Harris, Where Will I Be

(Daniel Lanois)

The streets are cracked  
And there's glass everywhere  
And a baby stares out  
With motherless eyes  
Under long gone beauty  
On fields of war  
Trapped in lament  
To the poet's core

Oh where oh where will I be  
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Met an Indian boy in Ottawa  
He laid me down on a bed of straw  
Said don't waste your breath  
Don't waste your heart  
Don't blister your heels  
Running in the dark

Oh where oh where will I be  
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Yeah I like the heat  
Of your body laying under me  
May your wild lip get you where your going  
With your inventions your intentions, your laughter  
Your forever yearning

Oh where oh where will I be  
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

I walked to the river  
And I walked to the rim  
I walked through the teeth of the reaper's grin  
I walked to you rolled up in wire  
To the other side of desire

Oh where oh where will I be  
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Oh where oh where oh where when that trumpet sounds  
Oh where oh where oh when that trumpet sounds

Well the heart opens wide like it's never seen love  
And addiction stays on tight like a glove  
Oh where oh where will I be