

# Joan Baez, Boulder To Birmingham

I don't wanna hear a love song  
I got on this airplane just to fly  
I know there's life below me  
But all that you can show me  
Is the prairie and the sky  
I don't wanna hear your sad story  
About heartache and desire  
The last time I felt like this  
I was in the wilderness  
And the canyon was on fire  
And I stood on the mountain, in the night  
And I watched it burn, I watched it burn  
I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
I would hold my life in his saving grace  
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham  
If I thought I could see, I could see your face  
Well you really got me this time  
And the hardest part is knowing I'll survive  
I have come to listen for the sound  
Of the trucks as they move down  
Out on highway ninety five  
And pretend that it's the ocean  
coming down to wash me clean, to wash me clean  
Baby do you know what I mean  
I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
I would hold my life in his saving grace  
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham  
If I thought I could see, I could see your face