

# Joan Baez, Honest Lullaby

Early early in the game  
I taught myself to sing and play  
And use a little trickery  
On kids who never favored me  
Those were years of crinoline slips  
And cotton skirts and swinging hips  
And dangerously painted lips  
And stars of stage and screen  
Pedal pushers, ankle socks  
Padded bras and campus jocks  
Who hid their vernal equinox  
In pairs of faded jeans  
And slept at home resentfully  
Coveting their dreams  
And often have I wondered  
How the years and I survived  
I had a mother who sang to me  
An honest lullaby  
Yellow, brown, and black and white  
Our Father bless us all tonight  
I bowed my head at the football games  
And closed the prayer in Jesus' name  
Lusting after football heroes  
tough Pachuco, little Neroes  
Forfeiting my A's for zeroes  
Futures unforeseen  
Spending all my energy  
In keeping my virginity  
And living in a fantasy  
In love with Jimmy Dean  
If you will be my king, Jimmy, Jimmy,  
I will be your queen  
And often have I wondered  
How the years and I survived  
I had a mother who sang to me  
An honest lullaby  
I travelled all around the world  
And knew more than the other girls  
Of foreign languages and schools  
Paris, Rome and Istanbul  
But those things never worked for me  
The town was much too small you see  
And people have a way of being  
Even smaller yet  
But all the same though life is hard  
And no one promised me a garden  
Of roses, so I did okay  
I took what I could get  
And did the things that I might do  
For those less fortunate  
And often have I wondered  
How the years and I survived  
I had a mother who sang to me  
An honest lullaby  
Now look at you, you must be growing  
A quarter of an inch a day  
You've already lived near half the years  
You'll be when you go away  
With your teddy bears and alligators  
Enterprise communicators  
All the tiny aviators head into the sky  
And while the others play with you  
I hope to find a way with you  
And sometimes spend a day with you

I'll catch you as you fly  
Or if I'm worth a mother's salt  
I'll wave as you go by  
And if you should ever wonder  
How the years and you'll survive  
Honey, you've got a mother who sings to you  
Dances on the strings for you  
Opens her heart and brings to you  
An honest lullaby