Phil Ochs, William Butler Yeats Visits Lincoln Par

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Am                          C        G
As I went out one evening to take the evening air
       F    G     C       F
I was blessed by a blood-red moon
   Dm              G       Am   G
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning
I spied a fair young maiden and a flame was in her eyes
And on her face lay the steel blue skies
Of Lincoln Park, the dark was turning
Turning
They spread their sheets upon the ground just like a wandering tribe
And the wise men walked in their Robespierre robes
Through Lincoln Park the dark was turning
The towers trapped and trembling, and the boats were tossed about
When the fog rolled in and the gas rolled out
From Lincoln Park the dark was turning
Turning
Like wild horses freed at last we took the streets of wine
But I searched in vain for she stayed behind
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning
I'll go back to the city where I can be alone
And tell my friend she lies in stone
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning
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