

# Baez Joan, The 33rd Of August

Baez Joan

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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