

Joan Baez, I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine alive as you our me,
Tearing through these quarters in the utmost misery.
With a blanket underneath his arm and coat solid gold,
Searching for the very souls whom already had been sold.
"Arise, arise," he cried so loud with a voice without restraint.
"Come out, you gifted kings and queens and hear my sad complaint.
No martyr is among you now whom you can call your own
Go on you way accordingly, but you know you're not alone.
I dreamed I saw St. Augustine alive with fiery breath
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones that put him out to death.
Oh, I awoke in anger so alone and terrified.
I put my fingers against the glass and bowed my head and I cried.