

Joan Baez, Lucifer's Eyes

you are fair-haired your lips are red
you like softball and the grateful dead
why am i attracted to
the body and the mind of you

you mean trouble with your lucifers eyes
and make me daydream and fantasize
running through a field of flames
playing our forbidden game

camouflaging all you pass me in the hall
leaving me standing naked with my feelings
did you see me here swallowing my tears
everything that was solid now is reeling

but i know you and you know me too
you know the closet that i share with you
there are places we could go
no one would ever ever know

lets try real time come sit on my bed
well share our lifetimes and the grateful dead