

Joan Baez, The 33rd Of August

Today, there's no salvation, the band's packed up and gone
Left me standing with my penny in my hand
there's 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 I'm finally touching down
Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound.
Once I stumbled through the darkness, tumbled to my knees
A thousand voices screaming 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 I've 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