

# Joan Baez, The Altar Boy And The Thief

At night in the safety of shadows and numbers  
Seeking some turf on which nothing encumbers  
The buying and selling of casual looks  
Stuff that gets printed in x-rated books  
Your mother might have tried to understand  
When you were hardly your daddy's little man  
And you gave up saluting the chief  
To find yourself some relief  
Finely plucked eyebrows and skin of satin  
Smiling seductive and endlessly Latin  
Olympic body on dancing feet  
Perfume thickening the air like heat  
A transient star of gay bar fame  
You quit your job and changed your name  
And you're nearly beyond belief  
As you hunt down a little relief  
The seven foot black with the emerald ring  
Broke up a fight without saying a thing  
As the cops cruised by wanting one more chance  
To send Jimmy Baldwin back over to France  
And a trucker with kids and a wife  
Prefers to spend half of his life  
In early Bohemian motif  
Playing pool and getting relief  
My favorite couple was looking so fine  
Dancing in rhythm and laughing in rhyme  
In the light of the jukebox all yellow and blue  
Holding each other as young lovers do  
To me they will always remain  
Unshamed, untamed, and unblamed  
The altar boy and the thief  
Grabbing themselves some relief  
The altar boy and the thief  
Catching a little relief