

# Patti Smith, Boy Cried Wolf

(Smith)

Oh the story's told been told retold  
From the sacred scriptures to the  
tabloids  
All the fuss and fight none above a  
whisper  
The soul of gold the belly of a boy

Well they drew him from the forest  
Like they draw blood  
Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian  
And he turned his head and let the  
arrows fly  
Through the trees, the trees  
The ornamental leaves

Boy cried wolf  
Wolf don't come  
Wolf within  
Boy cried wolf

In the ancient mold they're dancing  
down  
Calling to the moon but it don't answer  
And they fell on their knees  
and passed the bowl around  
And the blood the blood the  
sacramental blood

Boy cried wolf  
Wolf don't come  
Wolf within  
Boy cried wolf

I am the body I am the stream  
I am the wake of everything  
They bring me flowers that are myself  
Garlands of blood that are myself  
Slain the lamb that is himself

Torn reborn the cries of our dismay  
Are nothing to the wind but whose to  
mind  
Kings are lifted up and kings are thrown

Lost received retrieved  
The human tide

Innocence had its day  
Innocence had its day  
Innocence innocence