

Where Will I Be?

Emmylou Harris

The streets are cracked
And there's glass everywhere
And a baby stares out
With motherless eyes
Under long gone beauty
On fields of war
Trapped in lament
To the poet's core

Oh where oh where will I be
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Met an indian boy in ottawa
He laid me down on a bed of straw
Said don't waste your breath
Don't waste your heart
Don't blister your heels
Running in the dark

Oh where oh where will I be
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Yeah I like the heat
Of your body laying under me
May your wild lip get you where your going
With your inventions your intentions, your laughter
Your forever yearning

Oh where oh where will I be
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

I walked to the river
And I walked to the rim
I walked through the teeth of the reaper's grin
I walked to you rolled up in wire
To the other side of desire

Oh where oh where will I be
Oh where oh when that trumpets sounds

Oh where oh where oh where when that trumpet sounds
Oh where oh where oh when that trumpet sounds

Well the heart opens wide like it's never seen love
And addiction stays on tight like a glove
Oh where oh where will I be