

Boulder To Birmingham

Joan Baez

I don't wanna hear a love song
I got on this airplane just to fly
And I know there's a life below me
But all that you can show me
Is the Prarie and the sky

I don't wanna hear your sad stories
About heartache and desire
The last time I felt like this
I was in the wilderness
And the canyon was on fire
And I stood on the mountain, in the night
And I watched it burn
I watched it burn, I watched it burn

I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
I would hold my life in his saving grace
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham
If I thought I could see, I could see your face

Well you really got me this time
And the hardest part is knowing I'll survive
I have come to listen for the sound
Of the trucks as they roll down
Out on a highway ninety-five
Pretending it's the ocean
Coming down to wash me clean, to wash me clean
You know what I mean

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