

## Myths

Joan Baez

A myth has just been shattered  
Upon the four winds scattered  
Back to some storybook  
From whence it came  
Vicarious hearts may ache  
And try to mend the break  
And seek for a righteous place  
To put the blame

Neither of us knew  
What the future would bring  
We only know that now there is  
Some room to talk and sing  
The baby laughs a lot  
And that's the most important thing  
And as soon as we can handle  
The hurt and pain  
There may be more  
Than just happy memories to gain

So to hell with all the troubles  
And counting up the couples  
Who travelled this same route  
On their way down  
Because if we keep on growing  
There is no way of knowing  
When we'll meet  
As two new people we just found  
We just found