

# Seabirds

Joan Baez

Don't worry about my politics  
They are what they are  
I work best when I get some rest  
Right now I'm in a bar  
Overlooking the whole wide world  
It's over the Pacific  
I've never written when I was drunk  
This could be terrific!

And the seabird struggles in the wind  
She topples, balances again

The lady sitting next to me  
Is gazing in the eyes  
Of the stranger sitting next to her  
Who is mouthing truths and lies  
He's actually quite nice I guess  
He has an honest look  
He doesn't know I've lost my mind  
Scribbling in this book

And the seabird struggles in the wind  
She topples, balances again

Consumed by the evening's masterpiece  
Completely introverted  
From here I could stare down eternity  
Leave alone and not feel deserted  
I'm tired of interesting faces  
And the dull ones make my weep  
Don't ask me what my sign is  
Instant intimacy runs cheap

The ocean is so bountiful  
It spreads from coast to coast  
The winds scale off the whitecaps  
And the things I love the most  
Come wafting up into my lap  
In the colors of the great sunrise  
Children holding cupcakes  
With paradise in their eyes

And the seabird struggles in the wind  
She topples, balances again

Four big pelicans just flew by  
The room got very still  
One of them carried the breath of God  
Tucked way back in his bill  
I know it was the breath of God  
It's the same as the secret of life  
He's carrying it off to the Shah of Iran  
To trade it for the end of strife

And the seabird struggles in the wind  
She topples, balances again