

## The 33rd Of August

Joan Baez

Today, there's no salvation, the band's packed up and gone  
Left me standing with my penny in my hand  
There's a big crowd at the station where the blind man sings his song  
But he can see what they can't understand.

It's the thirty-third of August and I'm finally touching down  
Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound.

Once I stumbled through the darkness, tumbled to my knees  
A thousand voices screaming in my brain  
Woke up in a squad car, busted down for vagrancy  
Outside my cell as sure as hell, it looked like rain.

But now I've got my dangerous feelings under lock and chain  
Guess I killed my violent nature with a smile  
Though the demons danced and sang their song within my fevered brain  
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, were defiled