

Wings

Joan Baez

At night we crossed the border
Following a Black robe
To the edge of the reservation ton
Cataldo Mission
Where the saints and all the martyrs
Look down on dying converts
What makes the water holy she says is that that it's the closest thing to ra
in

I stole a mule from Anthony
I helped Anne up upon it
And we rode to Coeur d'Alene
Through Harrison and Wallace
They were blasting out the tunnels
Making way for the light of learning
When Jesus comes a calling she said he's coming round the mountain on a trai
n

It's my home-last night I dreamt that I grew wings
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing

We floated on to Hanford
On a lumber boat up river
Past the fisheries and the mill towns like a stretch of future graveyards
She was driven to distraction
Said I wonder what will happen
When they find out they're mistaken
The land is too changed to ever change

We waded through the marketplace
Someone's ship had come in
There was silver and begonias
Dynamite and cattle
There were hearts as big as apples
And apples in the shape of Mary's heart
I said inside this gilded cage a songbird always looks so plain

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I found a place where they could hear me when I sing.

And so they came with cameras
Breaking through the morning mist
Press and businessmen-tycoons-Episcopal philanthropists
Lost in their appraisal of the body of a woman
But all we saw were lowlands
Clouds clung to mountains without strings

And at last we saw some people
And at last we saw some people

And at last we saw some people
Huddled up against
The rain that was descending like railroad spikes and hammers
They were headed for the border
Walking and then running
And then they were gone into the fog but Anne said
Underneath their jackets she saw wings