

## Baez Joan

### "The 33rd Of August"

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Today, theres no salvation, the bands packed up and  
gone  
Left me standing with my penny in my hand  
theres a big crowd at the station where the blind man  
sings his song  
But he can see what they cant understand.

(CHORUS)

Its the thirty-third of August and Im finlly touching  
down  
Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound.

Once I stumbled through the darkness, tumbled to my  
knees  
A thousand voices screamin 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 Ive 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.

Mickey Newbury  
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