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Indigo Girls "Jonas Ezekial"

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"Jonas & Ezekial" is an Amy Ray song from about Spring 1991, I

believe. Amy says that she wrote it while biking in Vermont. The

lyrics, that is. It's tough to ride while playing guitar. The first

I heard it was in a soundcheck on June 5, 1991, in Vienna, Virginia.

The version I'm transcribing is from the Austin City Limits

performance recorded in late '91, for broadcast in January 1992.

Jonas & Ezekial.

I left my anger in a river running near Highway 5

New Hampshire, Vermont, bordered by,

Cottage farms, hubcaps, and falling rocks

Voices in the woods and the mountaintops

I used to search for reservations and native lands

Before I realized everywhere I stand

There have travelled feet burning wild as fire

And past lives, sister, are my desire

Jonas and Ezekial, hear me now

Steady now, and don't come out

I'm not ready for the dead to show it's face

Whose angel are you anyway - anyway?

When I was young my people taught me well

Give back what you take or you'll go to hell

It's not the devil's land, you know it's not that kind

Every devil I meet becomes a friend of mine

Every devil I meet is an angel in disguise

Jonas and Ezekial, hear me now

Steady now, and don't come out

I'm not ready for the dead to show it's face

Whose turn is it anyway - anyway?

White - Tongue - Rope - Fear - Be Still My Dear

A bullet in the head, now he's dead

A friend of a friend, someone said.

He was an activist with a very short life

I think there's a lesson here - he died without a fight.

In the war over land where the world began

Prophecy says it's where the world will end

There's a tumor growing in our backyard

Fear in our heads; fear in our hearts
Prophets in the graveyards
Jonas and Ezekial, hear me now
Steady now, and don't come out
I'm not ready for the dead to show it's face
Whose angel are you anyway - anyway?
Jonas and Ezekial, hear me now
Steady now, before you ghost about
I'm not ready for the dead to show it's face
Whose angel are you anyway - anyway?
I said there's prophets in the graveyards, in the bars
Prophets in the graveyards, in the bars.

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