

Jimmy Page & Robert Plant

"Four Sticks"

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Oh, Baby, it's cryin' time,
Oh, Baby, I've got to fly.
Got to try to find a way,
Got to try to get away,
'Cos you know I gotta get away from you, Babe.

Oh, baby, the river's red,
Ah, baby, in my head.
There's a funny feelin' goin' on,
I don't think I can hold out long.

An' when the owls cry in the night,
Oh, baby, Baby, when the pines begin to cry,
Baby, baby, baby, how do ya feel?
If the river runs dry, baby, how would you feel?

Craze, baby, mm-the rainbow's end,
Mmm, baby, it's just a den
For those who hide,
Hide their loves to depths of lies
An' ruin dreams that we all knew so, babe.

An' when the owls cry in the night,
And baby, when the pines begin to cry,
Oh, baby, baby, how do you feel?
If the rivers run dry, baby,
How do you feel?

Ahh-ah ahh-ah-ahh-ah-ay.
Ahhh-ahhh-ahhh ...
Babe, how do you feel?

Oh yeah, brave ... at dawn, yeah [brave I endure; brave
are undone]
Oh yeah, strong shields and lore. [strong shields of all]
An' they can't hold the wrath of those who walk
An' the boots of those who march
Baby through the roads of time so long ago.

Ooh-ooh-ooh-yeah
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-yeah.

Ahhh

Ahhh

Ahhh

Ahhh

Ooh-ooh. Hooh-ooh.

Hooh-ooh. Hooh-ooh.

Hahhh.

Hooh hooh hooh hah hahhh.

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