

## Joan Baez

### "33rd of August"

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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.  
(CHORUS)  
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

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