

## Joan Baez "Boulder To Birmingham"

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I don't wanna hear a love song  
I got on this airplane just to fly  
And I know there's a life below me  
But all that you can show me  
Is the Prarie and the sky

I don't wanna hear your sad stories  
About heartache and desire  
The last time I felt like this  
I was in the wilderness  
And the canyon was on fire  
And I stood on the mountain, in the night  
And I watched it burn  
I watched it burn, I watched it burn

I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
I would hold my life in his saving grace  
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham  
If I thought I could see, I could see your face

Well you really got me this time  
And the hardest part is knowing I'll survive  
I have come to listen for the sound  
Of the trucks as they roll down  
Out on a highway ninety-five  
Pretending it's the ocean  
Coming down to wash me clean, to wash me clean  
You know what I mean

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