

Joan Baez "The 33Rd Of August"

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Lord, 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
He can see what they can't understand

It's the 33rd of August
And I'm finally touching down
Eight days from Sunday
Brings me Saturday bound

Once I stumbled through the darkness
Tumbled to my knees
A thousand voices screaming in my brain

I woke up in a squad car, busted down for vagrancy
Outside my cell as sure as hell
It looked like rain

It's the 33rd of August
And I'm finally touching down
Eight days from Sunday
Finds me Saturday bound

But now I've got my dangerous feelings
Under lock and chain
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

It's the 33rd of August
And I'm finally touching down
Eight days from Sunday
Brings me Saturday bound

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