

# Joan Baez

## "Time Rag"

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(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

Ripping along towards middle age  
And my music career kind of missed a page  
Record sales began to drop  
The management all began to hop  
Not worry, they said, you'll see  
What you need is some fresh publicity  
Just give us a nod and we'll all leap  
Towards putting you back at the top of the heap  
I said, Fine, I'll give it a whack  
I hung up the phone and I turned my back  
Began daydreaming I was somebody else  
When the phone jumped over from the wall to the shelf  
We just had a break, this is really fine  
We can make the January issue of TIME  
If you'll give us Monday, a week from today  
From two to four, now what do you say?

I said, TIME, TIME mag, mag  
You got me on the rag, rag  
Take your insults about the queen  
And shove them up your royal Timese machine

But I scribbled it down on the wall calendar  
And wondered about my interviewer  
Maybe he'd be just a real nice guy  
Bright and sympathetic with a roving eye  
We'd forget all about the assignment due  
Formalities, photos, and the interview  
We'd hop on into his big rent-a-car  
Go for a lovely drive, not far....maybe France  
As the big day approached it slipped my mind  
Till my secretary showed up at the house to remind  
Me to switch into gear for the big coup de gras  
The meeting with the man from the media  
I swept the driveway and polished the phone  
Put on a Kenzo knit in two-tone  
Fluffed the pillows in the burgundy chair  
Made up my eyes and brushed my hair...all in that  
order  
When he called to say he was three hours late

My cheerful facade began to disintegrate  
The photographer'd be even later still  
She was hopelessly lost in the nearby hills  
He arrived not exactly the man of my dreams  
Not bad for a rep from the Timese machine  
Asked me a wandering question or three  
And I thought he was actually listening to me

And I said, TIME, TIME mag, mag  
You got me on the rag, rag  
Take your insults about the queen  
And shove them up your royal Timese machine

Curious about his interest  
I babbled my way through the worldwide list  
Ireland, Chile and the African states  
Poetry, politics and how they relate  
Motherhood, music and Moog synthesizers  
Political prisoners and Commie sympathizers  
Hetero, homo and bisexuality  
Where they all stand in the nineteen-seventies  
Then suddenly it stopped and he started to lobby  
Said, Tell me some inside stuff about Bobby  
Bobby who? I smiled and said  
And the TIME man's face was laced with red  
I know you guys used to know each other  
I know you refer to him as being your brother  
And I know that you know where he's coming from  
I said, You know alot for being so Goddamned dumb

And I said, TIME, TIME mag, mag  
You got me on the rag, rag  
Take your insults about the queen  
And shove them up your royal Timese machine

Well I never gave him quite what he came for  
The inside story and it's really a shame  
For I never made the January issue of TIME  
And just before I run out of words that rhyme  
I really should tell you that deep in my heart  
I don't give a damn where I stand on the charts  
Not as long as the sun sinks into the west  
And that's going to be a pretty serious test....of time

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