

Patti Smith

"Boy Cried Wolf"

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Ooo ooo

Ohh the story's told been told, retold
From the secret scriptures to the tabloids
All the fuss and fight none above a whisper
From the soul of gold to the belly of a boy

Well they drew him from the forest like they draw blood
Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian
And he turned his head, let the arrows fly
In the trees, the trees, the ornamental leaves

And the boy cried wolf
Wolf don't come
Wolf within
Boy cried wolf

In the ancient mold where they're dancin' down
Calling to the moon but it don't answer
And they fell on their knees
Passed the bowl around
And the blood, the blood, the sacramental blood

And the boy cried wolf
Wolf don't come
Wolf within
Boy cried wolf

Ahh ahh ahh ahh

You're in the body, I am the stream
I am the wake of everything
They bring me flowers that are myself
Garlands of blood that are myself
Slain the lamb that is myself
A prayin' for the lamb that is himself

Well they drew him from the forest like they draw blood
Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian
And he turned his head, let the arrows fly
In the trees, the trees, the ornamental leaves

And the boy cried wolf
Wolf don't come
Wolf within
Boy cried wolf

I don't care, I don't mind
I don't know, I don't know
Torn reborn the cries of our dismay
Are nothin' to the wind but whose to mind
The kings are lifted up and kings are thrown
Lost, received, retrieved the human tide

Innocence had its day
Innocence had its day
Innocence, innocence

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