

Patty Smyth

"Boy Cried Wolf"

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Oh the story's told been told retold
From the sacred scriptures to the tabloids
All the fuss and fight none above a whisper
The soul of gold 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 and let the arrows fly
Through the trees, the trees
The ornamental leaves

Boy cried wolf
Wolf don't come
Wolf within
Boy cried wolf
In the ancient mold they're dancing down
Calling to the moon but it don't answer
And they fell on their knees
and passed the bowl around
And the blood the blood
the sacramental blood

Boy cried wolf
Wolf don't come

Wolf within
Boy cried wolf

I am 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 himself

Torn reborn the cries of our dismay
Are nothing to the wind but whose to mind
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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