

Phil Ochs

"William Butler Yeats Visits Lincoln Park & Escapes Unscathed"

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As I went out one evening to take the evening air
I was blessed by a blood-red moon
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

I spied a fair young maiden and a flame was in her
eyes
And on her face lay the steel blue skies
Of Lincoln Park, the dark was turning, turning

They spread their sheets upon the ground just like a
wandering tribe
And the wise men walked in their Robespierre robes
Through Lincoln Park the dark was turning

The towers trapped and trembling and the boats were
tossed about
When the fog rolled in and the gas rolled out
From Lincoln Park the dark was turning

Like wild horses freed at last we took the streets of
wine
But I searched in vain for she stayed behind
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning, turning

I'll go back to the city where I can be alone
And tell my friend she lies in stone
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

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