

Daphne Willis

"Black Joan"

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Out on the quay
Trash for the day
I've got a feeling
I can't explain

Is it my future
Buried in my past?
All that I know is
It might just last

Black Joan

This begging life keeps
On dragging me down
I'm sick of small change
I'm sick of this town

Gotta find a new way
To make things right
Gotta write my own story;
It begin's tonight.

Black Joan

I hear my train a-comin
Black wheels like thunder rollin
Won't you help me pack my backs?
I'm leavin and I'm not comin back.

Dissatisfaction
Plagued me all long
But I never felt my lack
Till I heard your song.

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