

# The Magic Wood

Joan Baez

The wood is full of shining eyes  
The wood is full of creeping feet  
The wood is full of tiny cries  
You must not go to the wood at night!

I met a man with eyes of glass  
And a finger as curled as the wriggling worm  
And hair all red with rotting leaves  
And a stick that hissed like a summer snake

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He sang me a song in backwards words  
And drew me a dragon in the air  
I saw his teeth through the back of his head  
And a rat's eyes winking from his hair

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He made me a penny out of a stone  
And showed me the way to catch a lark  
With a straw in a knot and a whispered word  
Penny worth of ginger wrapped up in a leaf

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He asked me my name and where I lived  
I told him a name from my book of tales  
He asked me to come with him into the wood  
And dance with the kings from under the hills

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But I saw that his eyes were turning to fire  
And I watched the nails grow in his wriggling hand  
And I said my prayers all out in a rush  
And found myself safe on my father's land

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