

## Gabriel And Me

Joan Baez

The grey quiet horse wears the reins of dawn,  
And nobody knows what mountain he's from.  
In his mouth he carries the golden key,  
And nobody sees him but Gabriel and me.  
Gabriel and me.

His nose is silver and his mane is white,  
His eyes are black and starry like night.  
So softly he splashes his hoofs in the sea,  
That nobody hears him but Gabriel and me.  
Gabriel and me.

He comes in the morning when the air is still,  
He races the sun and he always will.  
We raise up the window and call through the trees,  
Oh we'd love to fly with you, Gabriel and me.  
Gabriel and me.

For your back is wingless and there's room for two,  
We'll mount from a tree and ride straight on through.  
But I guess you're wiser than I thought you'd be,  
For you never will listen to Gabriel and me.  
Gabriel and me.

For you know that one day we'll forget to wake,  
Call it destiny, call it fate.  
You'll nuzzle us softly and so silently,  
We'll ride in the morning, Gabriel and me,  
With the golden key.  
Gabriel and me,  
Forever to the sea.