

# Lily

Joan Baez

Lily lived in a farmhouse at the edge of town  
Long black braids like anchor chains  
How they weighed her down  
Dark eyes, pale skin  
Mean dad, she was my second grade friend  
My very best friend

She had four older brothers that I sometimes dreamed about  
Mennonite children like wild Indians  
In a one room schoolhouse  
At sixteen she ran away  
Married, her first chance to escape

Oh Lily, why'd you have to cut your hair  
Oh Lily, I loved us just the way we were  
Princess of the field and daughter of the moon  
Oh Lily

A lifetime later I passed through Buffalo and found her house  
Same sweet Lily was looking through the eyes  
Of the woman I was talking to now  
She gave me a rose she made  
Of silk and memories of a lost yesterday

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Two silhouettes in the afternoon  
Princess of the field and daughter of the moon

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