

# Scarlet Tide

Joan Baez

Well I recall his parting words  
Must I accept his fate?  
Or take myself far from this place  
I thought I heard a black bell toll  
A little bird did sing  
Man has no choice  
When he wants everything

We'll rise above the scarlet tide  
That trickles down through the mountain  
And separates the widow from the bride

Man goes beyond his own decision  
Gets caught up in the mechanism  
Of swindlers who act like kings  
And brokers who break everything  
The dark of night was swiftly fading  
Close to the dawn of the day  
Why would I want him  
Just to lose him again

We'll rise above the scarlet tide  
That trickles down through the mountain  
And separates the widow from the bride  
(2x)