

Seabirds

Joan Baez

Don't worry about my politics
They are what they are
I work best when I get some rest
Right now I'm in a bar
Overlooking the whole wide world
It's over the Pacific
I've never written when I was drunk
This could be terrific!

And the seabird struggles in the wind
She topples, balances again

The lady sitting next to me
Is gazing in the eyes
Of the stranger sitting next to her
Who is mouthing truths and lies
He's actually quite nice I guess
He has an honest look
He doesn't know I've lost my mind
Scribbling in this book

And the seabird struggles in the wind
She topples, balances again

Consumed by the evening's masterpiece
Completely introverted
From here I could stare down eternity
Leave alone and not feel deserted
I'm tired of interesting faces
And the dull ones make me weep
Don't ask me what my sign is
Instant intimacy runs cheap

The ocean is so bountiful
It spreads from coast to coast
The winds scale off the whitecaps
And the things I love the most
Come wafting up into my lap
In the colors of the great sunrise
Children holding cupcakes
With paradise in their eyes

And the seabird struggles in the wind
She topples, balances again

Four big pelicans just flew by
The room got very still
One of them carried the breath of God
Tucked way back in his bill
I know it was the breath of God
It's the same as the secret of life
He's carrying it off to the Shah of Iran
To trade it for the end of strife

And the seabird struggles in the wind
She topples, balances again

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