

# The Things That We Are Made Of

Joan Baez

I remember driving down the rutted roads late at night  
Following the summer moon bright as any pair of headlights  
I felt the air on my face and the night pressed inside my palm  
A moment captured in a place this memory stays strong

Oh my darling oh my love  
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And I remember feeling I'm alive and in no need of saviors  
If the past's another country I'm at the border with my papers  
Where is your heart if not inside you where is home or are you  
lost  
Where is love if not beside you I had no answers but they let me  
cross

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Like the silence of my shadow when the twilight world is calling  
The loneliness that knows me by the cadence of my walking  
And the scar upon my elbow and the sound of my own breathing  
My reflection in a window and the way I'm always leaving

And I remember wishing for some other life than this one I've  
claimed  
How often have I been convinced how eagerly I'd make that trade  
Then all at once I see your face and the summer night and the open  
door  
Dimmer now but not erased and I know what these are for

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