

# Who Murdered The Minutes

Joan Baez

Who murdered the minutes  
The bright, golden minutes  
The minutes of youth?  
I, said the soldier, dressed in his red coat

I with my trumpet, my sword and my flag  
I murdered the minutes  
I took the minutes and what good I did  
For see how the black men kneel, he said

Who killed the hours  
The gay purple hours  
The hours of faith?  
I, said the parson, in his black cloak

I with my book and my bell and my pen  
I killed the hours  
I killed the hours  
As my holy right  
And see how the people kneel at night

Who slew the years  
The sweet precious years  
The years of truth?  
I, said the lover, in her gay gown

I with my lips, and my breasts and my eyes  
I slew the years  
I slew the years  
My silly talk  
And see how you kneel to me in love