

# Wings

Joan Baez

At night we crossed the border  
Following a Black robe  
To the edge of the reservation ton  
Cataldo Mission  
Where the saints and all the martyrs  
Look down on dying converts  
What makes the water holy she says is that that it's the closest thing to ra  
in

I stole a mule from Anthony  
I helped Anne up upon it  
And we rode to Coeur d'Alene  
Through Harrison and Wallace  
They were blasting out the tunnels  
Making way for the light of learning  
When Jesus comes a calling she said he's coming round the mountain on a trai  
n

It's my home-last night I dreamt that I grew wings  
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing

We floated on to Hanford  
On a lumber boat up river  
Past the fisheries and the mill towns like a stretch of future graveyards  
She was driven to distraction  
Said I wonder what will happen  
When they find out they're mistaken  
The land is too changed to ever change

We waded through the marketplace  
Someone's ship had come in  
There was silver and begonias  
Dynamite and cattle  
There were hearts as big as apples  
And apples in the shape of Mary's heart  
I said inside this gilded cage a songbird always looks so plain

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I found a place where they could hear me when I sing.

And so they came with cameras  
Breaking through the morning mist  
Press and businessmen-tycoons-Episcopal philanthropists  
Lost in their appraisal of the body of a woman  
But all we saw were lowlands  
Clouds clung to mountains without strings

And at last we saw some people  
And at last we saw some people

And at last we saw some people  
Huddled up against  
The rain that was descending like railroad spikes and hammers  
They were headed for the border  
Walking and then running  
And then they were gone into the fog but Anne said  
Underneath their jackets she saw wings