Boy Cried Wolf

Patti Smith

Oh the story's told been told retold From the sacred scriptures to the tabloids
All the fuss and fight none above a whisper
The soul of gold the belly of a boy

Well they drew him from the forest Like they draw blood Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian And he turned his head and let the arrows fly Through the trees, the trees The ornamental leaves

Boy cried wolf Wolf don't come Wolf within Boy cried wolf

In the ancient mold they're dancing down
Calling to the moon but it don't answer
And they fell on their knees
and passed the bowl around
And the blood the blood the
sacramental blood

Boy cried wolf Wolf don't come Wolf within Boy cried wolf

I am the body I am the stream
I am the wake of everything
They bring me flowers that are myself
Garlands of blood that are myself
Slain the lamb that is himself

Torn reborn the cries of our dismay
Are nothing to the wind but whose to
mind
Kings are lifted up and kings are thrown

Lost received retrieved The human tide

Innocence had its day Innocence had its day Innocence innocence