

# Joan of Arc

Jennifer Warnes

Now the flames they followed Joan of Arc  
As she came riding through the dark  
No moon to keep her armor bright  
No man to get her through this dark and smoky night  
She said, "I'm tired of the war  
I want the kind of work I had before  
A wedding dress or something white  
To wear upon my swollen appetite"  
La "Well, I'm glad to hear you talk this way  
You know, I've watched you riding everyday  
And something in me yearns to win  
Such a cold and lonesome heroine"  
"And who are you?", she sternly spoke  
To the one beneath the smoke  
"Why, I'm fire", he replied  
"And I love your solitude, I love your pride"  
La "Well, then fire, make your body cold  
I'm gonna give you mine to hold"  
And saying this she climbed inside  
To be his one, to be his only bride  
Then deep into his fiery heart  
He took the dust of Joan of Arc  
And high above all these wedding guests  
He hung the ashes of her lovely wedding dress  
La It was deep into his fiery heart  
He took the dust of Joan of Arc  
And then she clearly understood  
If he was fire, oh she must be wood  
I saw her wince, I saw her cry  
I saw the glory in her eye  
Myself I long for love and light  
But must it come so cruel, must it be so brave?  
La

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