

# Where Will I Be? (Alternate Version)

Emmylou Harris

The streets are cracked and there's glass everywhere  
And a baby stares out with motherless eyes  
Under long gone beauty on fields of war  
Trapped in lament to the poet's core Oh, where, oh, where will I be?  
Oh, where, oh, when that trumpets sounds? Met an Indian boy in Ottawa  
He laid me down on a bed of straw  
Said, "Don't waste your breath, don't waste your heart  
Don't blister your heels running in the dark" Oh, where, oh, where will I be?  
Oh, where, oh, when that trumpets sounds? Yeah, I like the heat of your body laying under me  
May your wild lip get you where you're going  
With your inventions, your intentions, your laughter  
Your forever yearning Oh, where, oh, where will I be?  
Oh, where, oh when that trumpets sounds? I walked to the river and I walked to the rim  
I walked through the teeth of the reaper's grin  
I walked to you rolled up in wire  
To the other side of desire Oh, where, oh, where will I be?  
Oh, where, oh, when that trumpets sounds? Oh, where, oh, where, oh, where when that trumpet sounds?  
Oh, where, oh, where, oh, when that trumpet sounds? Well, the heart opens wide like it's never seen love  
And addiction stays on tight like a glove  
Oh, where, oh, where will I be?

Songwriters

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