

Myths

Pickwick

(Words and Music by Joan Baez) A myth has just been shattered

Upon the four winds scattered

Back to some storybook

From whence it came

Vicarious hearts may ache

And try to mend the break

And seek for a righteous place

To put the blame Neither of us knew

What the future would bring

We only know that now there is

Some room to talk and sing

The baby laughs a lot

And that's the most important thing

And as soon as we can handle

The hurt and pain

There may be more

Than just happy memories to gain So to hell with all the troubles

And counting up the couples

Who travelled this same route

On their way down

Because if we keep on growing

There is no way of knowing

When we'll meet

As two new people we just found

We just found 1972 Chandos Music (ASCAP)

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