

Where Will I Be

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?

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