

A Song for David

Joan Baez

In my heart I will wait
By the stony gate
And the little one
In my arms will sleep.
Every rising of the moon
Makes the years grow late
And the love in our hearts will keep.
There are friends I will make
And bonds I will break
As the seasons roll by
And we build our own sky.
In my heart I will wait
By the stony gate
And the little one
In my arms will sleep. And the stars in your sky
Are the stars in mine
And both prisoners
Of this life are we.
Through the same troubled waters
We carry our time,
You and the convicts and me.
There's a good thing to know
On the outside or in,
To answer not where
But just who I am.
Because the stars in your sky
Are the stars in mine
And both prisoners
Of this life are we. And the hills that you know
Will remain for you
And the little willow green
Will stand firm.
The flowers that we planted
Through the seasons past
Will all bloom
On the day you return.
To a baby at play
All a mother can say,
He'll return on the wind

To our hearts, and till then
I will sit and I'll wait
By the stony gate
And the little one
'Neath the trees will dance.

Songwriters

Baez, JoanPublished by

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