

Winds Of The Old Days

Joan Baez

The lady's adrift in a foreign land
Singing on issues both humble and grand
A decade flew past her and there on the page
She read that the prince had returned to the stage
Hovering near treacherous water
A friend saw her drifting and caught her
Unguarded fantasies flying too far
Memories tumbling like sweets from a jar
And take me down to the harbor now
Grapes of the summer are low on the bough
Ghosts of my history will follow me there
And the winds of the old days will blow through my hair
Breath on an undying ember
It doesn't take much to remember
Those eloquent songs from the good old days
That set us to marching with banners ablaze
But reporters, there's no sense in prying
Our blue-eyed son's been denying
The truths that are wrapped in a mystery
The sixties are over, so set him free
And take me down to the harbor now
Grapes of the summer are low on the bough
Ghosts of my history will follow me there
And the winds of the old days will blow through my hair
Why do I sit the autumnal judge?
Years of self-righteousness will not budge
Singer or savior, it was his to choose
Which of us knows what was his to lose?
Because idols are best when they're made of stone
A savior's a nuisance to live with at home
Stars often fall, heroes go unsung
And martyrs most certainly die too young
So thank you for writing the best songs
Thank you for righting a few wrongs
You're a savage gift on a wayward bus
But you stepped down and you sang to us
And get you down to the harbor now
Most of the sour grapes are gone from the bough
Ghosts of Johanna will visit you there

And the winds of the old days will blow through your hair

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