

# Boy Cried Wolf

[Patti Smith](#)

Ooo oooOhh the story's told been told, retold  
From the secret scriptures to the tabloids  
All the fuss and fight none above a whisper  
From the soul of gold to the belly of a boyWell they drew him from the forest like they draw blood  
Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian  
And he turned his head, let the arrows fly  
In the trees, the trees, the ornamental leavesAnd the boy cried wolf  
Wolf don't come  
Wolf within  
Boy cried wolfIn the ancient mold where they're dancin' down  
Calling to the moon but it don't answer  
And they fell on their knees  
Passed the bowl around  
And the blood, the blood, the sacramental bloodAnd the boy cried wolf  
Wolf don't come  
Wolf within  
Boy cried wolfAhh ahh ahh ahhYou're in the body, I am the stream  
I am the wake of everything  
They bring me flowers that are myself  
Garlands of blood that are myself  
Slain the lamb that is myself  
A prayin' for the lamb that is himselfWell they drew him from the forest like they draw blood  
Tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian  
And he turned his head, let the arrows fly  
In the trees, the trees, the ornamental leavesAnd the boy cried wolf  
Wolf don't come  
Wolf within  
Boy cried wolfI don't care, I don't mind  
I don't know, I don't know  
Torn reborn the cries of our dismay  
Are nothin' to the wind but whose to mind  
The kings are lifted up and kings are thrown  
Lost, received, retrieved the human tideInnocence had its day  
Innocence had its day  
Innocence, innocence

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