

# 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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