

Song In The Blood

Joan Baez

There are great puddles of blood on the world
Where is it all going? all this spilled blood?
Is it the earth that drinks it and gets drunk?
Funny kind of drunkography then,
So wise,
So monotonous,
No,
The earth doesn't get drunk
The earth doesn't turn askew
It pushes its little car regularly, it's four seasons,
Rain, snow, hail, fair weather,
Never is it drunk
It's with difficulty it permits itself from time to time
An unhappy little volcano
It turns, the earth,
It turns with its trees, its gardens, its houses
It turns with its great pools of blood
And all living things turn with it and bleed

It doesn't give a damn the earth
It turns
And all living things set up a howl,
It doesn't give a damn,
It turns
It doesn't stop turning
And the blood doesn't stop running

Where's it going all this spilled blood?
Murder's blood, war's blood, misery's blood,
And the blood of men tortured in prisons,
And the blood of children calmly tortured by their papa and their mama
And the blood of men whose heads bleed in padded cells
And the roofers blood when the roofer slips and falls from the roof
And the blood that comes and flows in great gushes with the newborn
The mother cries,
The baby cries,
The blood flows
The earth turns
The earth doesn't stop turning,
The blood doesn't stop flowing

Where's it going all this spilled blood?
Blood of the blackjacked,
Of the humiliated,
Of suicides
Of firing squad victims
Of the condemned
And the blood of those that die just like that
By accident

In the street a living being goes by with all his blood inside
Suddenly there he is, dead
And all his blood outside
And other living beings make the blood disappear
They carry the body away
But it's stubborn the blood
And there where the dead one was,

Much later, all black,
A little blood still stretches
Coagulated blood,
Life's rust, body's rust
Blood curdled like milk,
Like milk when it turns,
When it turns like the earth,
Like the earth it turns with its milk,
With its cows,
With its living,
With its dead,
The earth that turns with its trees,
With it's living beings, its houses
The earth that turns with marriages,
Burials,
Shells,
Regiments,
The earth that turns and turns and turns
With its great streams of blood.