

Strange Rivers

Joan Baez

There are voices in the mirror, faces at the door
That open on the rivers we've never seen before
Are there choices for the sparrow, or does he only fly
High above the rivers that are pulling you and I

For there are strange rivers, rivers that you cannot see
And there are strange rivers that know our destiny
And there are strange rivers that run your love to me

And he could have been a builder, he could have been the one
Who turned his dreams to steel cathedrals in the sun
And he could have been a builder, then he bought the gun
There are forces in that river that keep him on the run

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Have you ever turned the corner and wondered why you did?
You haven't been that way you know, since you were just a kid
But nothing really happens then you have to say
What would happen had I gone the other way

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