

Who Murdered The Minutes

Joan Baez

Who murdered the minutes
The bright, golden minutes
The minutes of youth?
I, said the soldier, dressed in his red coat

I with my trumpet, my sword and my flag
I murdered the minutes
I took the minutes and what good I did
For see how the black men kneel, he said

Who killed the hours
The gay purple hours
The hours of faith?
I, said the parson, in his black cloak

I with my book and my bell and my pen
I killed the hours
I killed the hours
As my holy right
And see how the people kneel at night

Who slew the years
The sweet precious years
The years of truth?
I, said the lover, in her gay gown

I with my lips, and my breasts and my eyes
I slew the years
I slew the years
My silly talk
And see how you kneel to me in love