

Joni Mitchell Songbook
complete volume number 1 (1966-1970)

60





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Joni Mitchell Songbook
Complete volume number 1 (1966-1970)

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Cactus Tree

*There's a man who's been out sailing
In a decade full of dreams
And he takes her to a schooner
And he treats her like a queen
Bearing beads from California
With their amber stones and green
He has called her from the harbor
He has kissed her with his freedom
He has heard her off to starboard
In the breaking and the breathing
Of the water weeds
While she's so busy being free*

*There's a man who climbed a mountain
And he's calling out her name
And he hopes her heart can hear three
thousand miles*

*He calls again
He can think her there beside him
He can miss her just the same
He has missed her in the forest
While he showed her all the flowers
And the branches sang the chorus
As he climbed the scaley towers
Of a forest tree
While she was somewhere being free*

*There's a man who's sent a letter
And he's waiting for reply
He has asked her of her travels
Since the day they said goodbye
He writes "Wish you were beside me
We can make it if we try"
He has seen her at the office
With her name on all his papers
Thru the sharing of the profits
He will find it hard to shake her
From his memory
And she's so busy being free*

*There's a lady in the city
And she thinks she loves them all
There's the one who's thinking of her
There's the one who sometimes calls
There's the one who writes her letters
With his facts and figures scrawl
She has brought them to her senses
They have laughed inside her laughter
Now she rallies her defences
For she fears that one will ask her
For eternity
And she's so busy being free*

*There's a man who sends her medals
He is bleeding from the war
There's a jousting and a jester and a man
who owns a store
There's a drummer and a dreamer
And you know there may be more
She will love them when she sees them
They will lose her if they follow
And she only means to please them
And her heart is full and hollow
Like a cactus tree
While she's so busy being free.*

by Joni Mitchell

I Had a King

*I had a king
In a tenement castle.
Lately he's taken
To painting the pastel walls brown
He's taken the curtains down;
He's swept with
The broom of contempt
And the rooms
Have an empty ring;
He's cleaned with the tears
Of an actor who fears
For the laughter's sting.*

*I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.*

*I had a king
Dressed in drip-dry paisley.
Lately he's taken to saying
I'm crazy and blind.
He lives in another time.
Ladies in gingham
Still blush when sings them
Of wars
But I, in my leather and lace,
I can never
Become that kind.*

*I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.*

*I had a king
In a salt-rusted carriage
Who carried me off
To his country for marriage
Too soon.
Beware of the pow'r of moons.
There's no one to blame,
No, there's no one to name
As a traitor here.
The queen's in the groove
And the king's on the road
Till the end of the year.*

*I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.
They never can,
They never can.*

by Joni Mitchell

The Downtreader

*Peridots and periwinkle, blue medal
lions,
Gilded galleons spilled across the ocean
floor,
Treasure somewhere in the sea and he
will find where.*

*Never mind their questions there's no
answer for.*

*The roll of the harbor wake,
The songs that the rigging makes;
The taste of the spray he takes and he
learns to give.*

*He aches and he learns to live;
He stakes all his silver on a promise to
be free.*

*Mermaids live in colonies;
All his seadreams come to me.*

*City satins left at home; I will not need
them.*

*I believe him when he tells of loving me.
Something truthful in the sea your lies
will find you.*

*"Leave behind your streets," he said, And
come to me.*

*Come down from the neon lights;
Come down from the tourist sights;
Run down till the rain delights you;
you do not hide.*

*Sunlight will renew your pride?"
Skin white by skin golden,
Like a promise to be free;
Dolphins playing in the sea;
All his seadreams come to me.*

*Seabird, I have seen you fly above the
pilings.*

*I am smiling at your circles in the air.
I will come and sit by you while he lies
sleeping.*

*Fold your fleet wings; I have brought
some dreams to share:*

*A dream that you love someone;
A dream that the wars are done;
A dream that you tell no one but the
gray sea.*

*They'll say that you're crazy
And dream of a baby.
Like a promise to be free;
Children laughing out to sea;
All his seadreams come to me.*

by Joni Mitchell



Marcie

Marcie in a coat of flowers
Steps inside a candy store.
Reds are sweet and greens are sour;
Still no letter at her door.
So she'll wash her flower curtains,
Hang them in the wind to dry,
Dust her tables with his shirt
And wave another day goodbye.

Marcie's faucet needs a plumber,
Marcie's sorrow needs a man.
Red is autumn, green is summer.
Greens are turning and the sand,
All along the ocean beaches
Stares up empty at the sky.

Marcie buys a bag of peaches.
Stops a postman passing by.
And summer goes, falls to the sidewalk
Like string and brown paper;
Winter blows up from the river.
There's no one to take her to the sea.

Marcie dresses warm; it's snowing,
Takes a yellow cab uptown.
Red is stop and green's for going.
Sees a show and rides back down,
Down along the Hudson River,
Past the shipyards in the cold.

Still no letter's been delivered,
Still the winter days unfold.
Like magazines fading
In dusty grey attics and cellars,
Make a dream, dream back to summer
And hear how he tells her "Wait for me?"

Marcie leaves and doesn't tell us
Where or why she moved away.
"Red is angry, green is jealous?"
That was all she had to say.
Someone thought they saw her Sunday,
Window shopping in the rain.
Someone heard she bought a one-way
ticket
And went west again.

by Joni Mitchell

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Michael from Mountains

Michael wakes you up with sweets,
He takes you up streets
And the rain comes down;
Sidewalk markets locked up tight
And umbrellas bright
On a gray background.
There's oil on the puddles in taffeta
patterns
That run down the drain
In colored arrangements that Michael
will change

With a stick that he found.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

Michael brings you to a park,
He sings and it's dark
When the clouds come by;
Yellow slickers up on swings
Like puppets on strings,
Hanging in the sky.
They'll splash home to suppers in wall-
papered kitchens;
Their mothers will scold,
But Michael will hold you to keep away
cold
Till the sidewalks are dry.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

Michael leads you up the stairs,
He needs you to care
And you know you do;
Cats come crying to the key
And dry you will be
In a tow'l or two.

There's rain in the window, there's sun
in the painting
That smiles on the wall.
You want to know all, but his mountains
have called,
So you never do.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

by Joni Mitchell

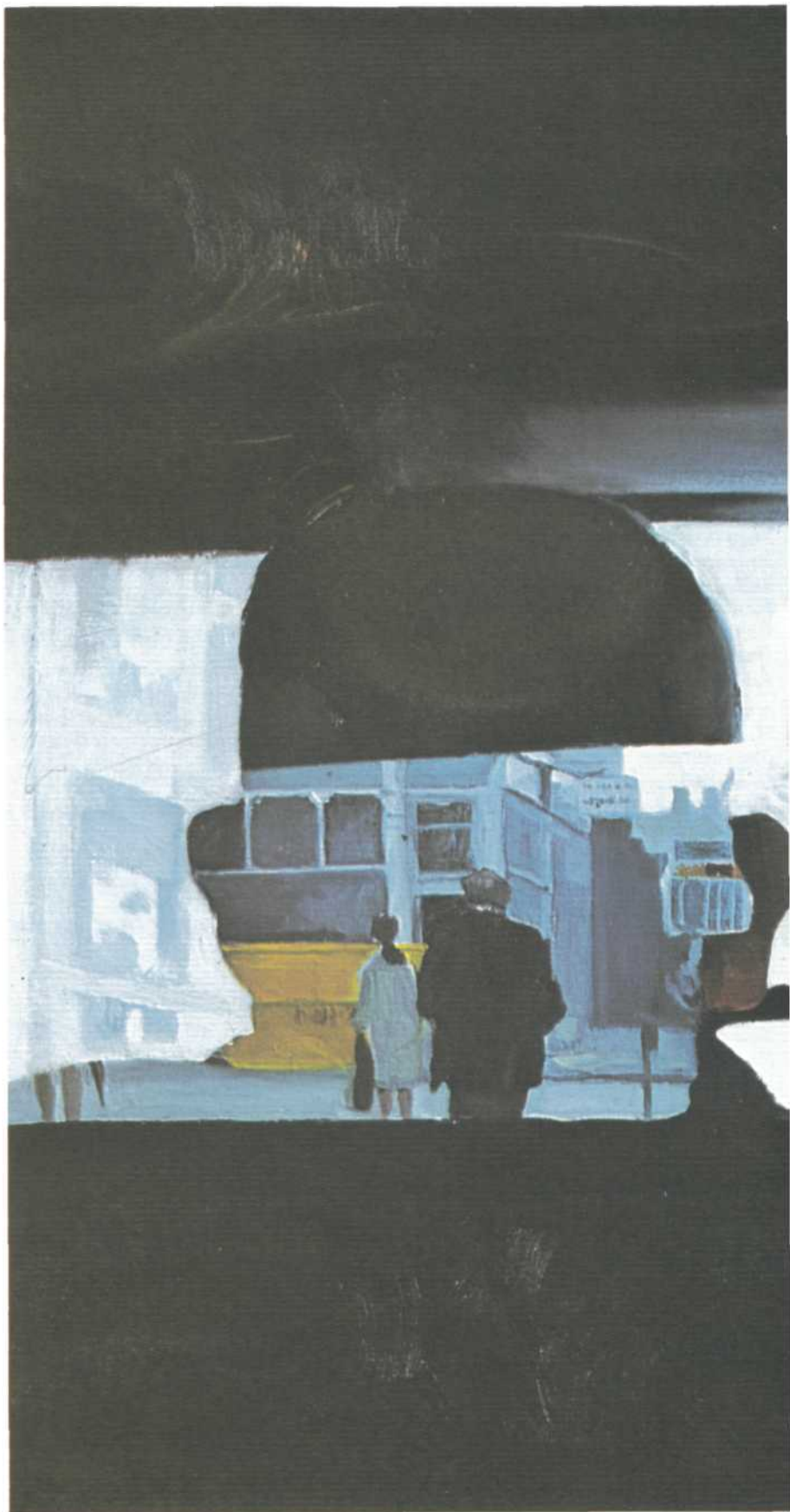
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Nathan La Franeer

*I hired a coach to take me from
confusion to the plane
And though we shared a common space,
I know we'll never meet again.
The driver with his eyebrows furrowed
in the rear view mirror,
I read his name and it was plainly
written,
Nathan La Franeer.
I asked him would he hurry, but we
crawled the canyons slowly,
Thru the buyers and the sellers, thru the
burglar bells
And the wishing wells.
With gangs and girly shows
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
and share his common space.
I picked my bags up from the curb and
stumbled to the door.
Another man reached out his hand,
another hand reached out for more.
The cars and buses bustled thru the
bedlam of the day.
I looked thru window glass at streets and
Nathan grumbled at the grey.
I saw an aging cripple selling Superman
balloons;
The city grated thru chrome-plate, the
clock struck slowly half past noon.
Thru the tunnel, tiled and turning into
daylight once again;
I am escaping
Once again goodbye to symphonies.
And dirty trees.
With parks and plastic clothes
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
and share his common space.
I picked my bags up from the curb and
stumbled to the door.
Another man reached out his hand,
another hand reached out for more.
And I filled it full of silver and I left the
fingers counting
And the sky goes on forever without
meter maids
And peace parades.
You feed it all your woes,
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
and share his common space.
I picked my bags up from the curb and
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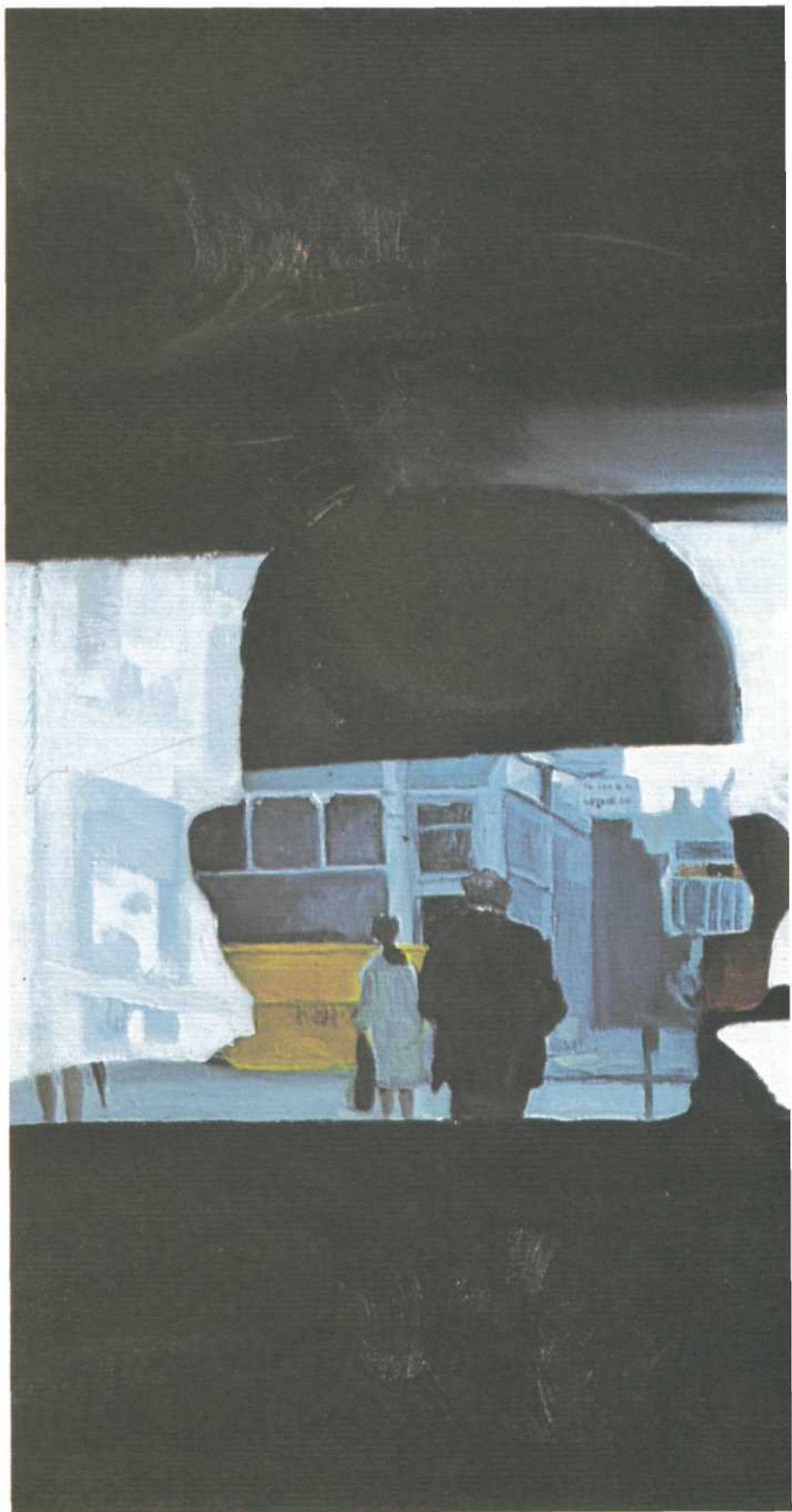


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by Joni Mitchell

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Night in the City

*Light up, light up,
Light up your lazy blue eyes.
Moon's up, night's up,
Taking the town by surprise.
Night time, night time;
Day left an hour ago.
City light time,
Must you get ready so slow?
There are places to come from
And places to go.
Night in the city
Looks pretty to me,
Night in the city looks fine.
Music comes spilling out
Into the street,
Colors go flashing in time.
Take off, take off,
Take off your stay-at-home shoes.
Break off, shake off,
Chase off those stay-at-home blues.
Stairway, stairway
Down to the crowds in the street.
They go their way,
Looking for faces to greet,
While we go on laughing
With no one to meet.
Night in the city
Looks pretty to me,
Night in the city looks fine.
Music comes spilling out
Into the street,
Colors go flashing in time.*

by Joni Mitchell



The Pirate of Penance

The pirate anchored on a Wednesday
And why he came to port I wonder.
To see a lady, so my friends say.
She dances for the sailors in a smoky
cabaret far underground,
Down in a cellar in a harbor town.
I know he told her love was treasure
And they would reap the fullest bounty.
He only comes to port for pleasure,
So when the winds of morning blew the
curtains in, she woke and found he'd
gone.
I saw his sails unfurling Thursday dawn
The pirate, he will sink you with a kiss,
he'll steal your heart and sail away:
He'll leave you drowning in the flotsam
of a broken promise in the bay.
He came again to see her; yes, I think
they told me it was Saturday.
I was at sea then; I didn't see them.
I don't believe what you are saying.
It isn't true; I hardly knew him.
Is this some game that you are playing?
Go ask the dancer;
She's the one who saw him last, the one
who drew him here.
He hasn't come to me since spring last
year.
There was a time when he would bring
me silks and sandalwood and Persian
lace
And he would hold me close and tell me
sailing stories by the fireplace.
I was at sea, I tell you; I was nowhere
near the mentioned murder place.
Go ask the dancer; she knows the answer,
She knows the answer, she knows the
answer.

by Joni Mitchell

Sisotowbell Lane

Sisotowbell Lane.

Noah is fixing the pump in the rain.

He brings us no shame.

We always knew that he always knew.

Up over the hill

Jovial neighbors come down when they will.

With stories to tell.

Sometimes they do, yes, sometimes we do.

We have a rocking chair.

Each of us rocks his share,

Eating muffin buns and berries

By the steamy kitchen window.

Sometimes we do; our tongues turn blue.

Sisotowbell Lane.

Anywhere else now would seem very strange.

The season's are changing ev'ry day in ev'ry way.

Sometimes it is spring;

Sometimes it is not anything.

A poet can sing

Sometimes we try, yes, we always try.

We have a rocking chair.

Somedays we rock and stare

At the woodlands and the grasslands

And the badlands 'cross the river.

Sometimes we do; we like the view.

Sisotowbell Lane.

Go to the city, you'll come back again

To wade thru the grain.

You always do, yes, we always do.

Come back to the stars,

Sweet well water and pickleing jars.

We'll lend you the car.

We always do, yes, sometimes we do.

We have a rocking chair.

Someone is always there,

Rocking rhythms while they're waiting

With the candle in the window.

Sometimes we do, we wait for you.

by Joni Mitchell

Song to a Seagull

Fly, silly seabirds; no dreams can possess you;

No voices can blame you for sun on your wings.

My gentle relations have names they must call me

For loving the freedom of all flying things.

My dreams with seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

I came to the city and lived like old Crusoe on an island of noise in a cobblestone sea

And the beaches were concrete and the stars paid the light bill

And the blossoms hung false on their store window trees.

My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

Out of the city and down to the seaside To sun on my shoulders and wind in my hair,

But sand castles crumble and hunger is human

And humans are hungry for worlds they can't share.

My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

I call to a seagull who dives to the waters and catches his silver fine dinner alone,

Crying, "Where are the footprints that danced on the beaches

And hand that cast wishes that sunk like a stone?"

My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

by Joni Mitchell

Both Sides Now

*Bows and flows of angel hair,
And ice-cream castles in the air,
And feather canyons ev'rywhere,
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun,
They rain and snow on ev'ryone.
So many things I would have done,
But clouds got in my way
I've looked at clouds from both sides
now,*

*From up and down and still somehow
It's cloud illusions I recall;
I really don't know clouds
At all.*

*Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As ev'ry fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show,
You leave 'em laughing when you go.
And if you care, don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall;
I really don't know love
At all.*

*Tears and fears and feeling proud,
To say "I love you" right out loud,
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say I've
changed.*

*But something's lost but something's
gained,
In living ev'ry day.
I've looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall;
I really don't know life
At all.*

by Joni Mitchell

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Chelsea Morning

*Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I heard
Was the song outside my window
And the traffic wrote the words.
It came ringing up like Christmas bells
And rapping up like pipes and drums.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
And we'll wear it till the night comes.*

*Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning.
And the first thing that I saw
Was the sun thru yellow curtains
And a rainbow on my wall,
Red, green and gold to welcome you,
Crimson crystal beads to beckon.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day.
There's a sun show ev'ry second.*

*Now the curtain opens
On a portrait of today
And the streets are paved with passers by
And pigeons fly
And paper's lie,
Waiting to blow away.*

*Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I knew
There was milk and toast and honey
And a bowl of oranges, too.
And the light poured in like butterscotch
And stuck to all my senses.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day.
And we'll talk in present tenses.*

*When the curtain closes
And the rainbow runs away,
I will bring you incense owls at night
By candle light,
By jewel light
If only you will stay.
Pretty baby won't you,
Woke up, it is a Chelsea morning.*

by Joni Mitchell

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The Fiddle and the Drum

*And so once again,
My dear, Johnny, my dear friend,
And so, once again,
You are fighting us all.
And when I ask you why,
You raise your sticks and cry,
And I fall.*

*Oh, my friend, how did you come
To trade the fiddle for the drum?*

*You say I have turned.
Like the enemies you've earned.
But, I can remember
All the good things you are.
And so I ask you why?
Can I help you find the peace and
the star?*

*Oh, my friend.
What time is this
To trade the handshake for the fist?*

*And so once again,
O America my friend,
And so, once again,
You are fighting us all.
And when we ask you why,
You raise your sticks and cry,
And we fall.*

*Oh, my friend, how did you come
To trade the fiddle for the drum?*

*You say we have turned.
Like the enemies you've earned
But, we can remember
All the good things you are.
And so we ask you, please,
Can we help you find the peace and
the star?*

*Oh, my friend.
We have all come
To fear the beating of your drum.*

by Joni Mitchell

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The Gallery

*When I first saw your gallery
I liked the ones of ladies
Then you began to hang up me
You studied to portray me
In ice and greens
And old blue jeans
And naked in the roses
Then you got into funny scenes
That all your work discloses.*

*"Lady, don't love me now, I am dead
I am a saint, turn down your bed
I have no heart," that's what you said
You said, "I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you."*

*Somewhere in a magazine
I found a page about you
I see that now it's Josephine
Who cannot be without you
I keep your house in fit repair
I dust the portraits daily
Your mail comes here from everywhere
The writing looks like ladies'.*

*"Lady, please love me now, I am dead
I am a saint, turn down your bed
I have no heart," that's what you said
You said, "I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you."*

*I gave you all my pretty years
Then we began to weather
And I was left to winter here
While you went west for pleasure
And now you're flying back this way
Like some lost homing pigeon
They've monitored your brain, you say
And changed you with religion.*

*"Lady, please love me now, I was dead
I am no saint, turn down your bed
Lady, have you no heart," that's what you
said*

*Well, I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you.*

*When I first saw your gallery
I liked the ones of ladies
But now their faces follow me
And all their eyes look shady.*

by Joni Mitchell

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I Don't Know Where I Stand

*Funny day, looking for laughter
And finding it there
Sunny day, braiding wild flowers
And leaves in my hair
Picked up a pencil and wrote
"I love you" in my finest hand
Wanted to send it,
But I don't know where I stand.*

*Telephone, even the sound
Of your voice is still new
All alone in California
And talking to you
And feeling too foolish and strange
To say the words that I had planned
I guess it's too early,
'Cause I don't know where I stand.*

*Crickets call, courting their ladies
In star-dappled green
Thickets tall, until the morning
Comes up like a dream
All muted and misty, so drowsy now
I'll take what sleep I can
I know that I miss you,
But I don't know where I stand
I know that I miss you,
But I don't know where I stand.*

by Joni Mitchell

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I Think I Understand

*Daylight falls upon the path,
The forest falls behind
Today I am not prey
To dark uncertainty
The shadow trembles
In its wrath,
I've robbed its blackness blind
And tasted sunlight
As my fear came clear to me
I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.*

*Now the way leads to the hills,
Above the steeple's chime
Below me sleepy rooftops
Round the harbor
It's there
I'll take my thirsty fill
Of friendship over wine
Forgetting fear
But never disregarding her.
Oh, I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.*

*Sometimes voices in the night
Will call me back again
Back along the pathway
Of a troubled mind
When forests rise
To block the light
That keeps a traveler sane
I'll challenge them
With flashes from a brighter time.
Oh, I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.*

by Joni Mitchell

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Roses Blue

*I think of tears,
I think of rain on shingles
I think of roses blue
I think of Rose,
My heart begins to tremble
To see the place she's lately gotten to
Gotten to, gotten to.*

*She's gotten to mysterious devotions
She's gotten to the zodiac and zen
She's gotten into tarot cards and potions
She's laying her religion on her friends
On her friends, on her friends.*

*Friends who come to ask her
For their future
Friends who come to find
They can't be friends
Because of signs and seasons
That don't suit her
She'll prophesy your death,
She won't say when
Won't say when, won't say when*

*When all the black cards come
You cannot barter
No, when all your stars are stacked
You cannot win
She'll shake her head
And treat you like a martyr
It is her blackest spell she puts you in
Puts you in, puts you in.*

*In sorrow she can lure you
Where she wants you
Inside your own self-pity
There you swim
In sinking down to drown
Her voice still haunts you
And only with your laughter can you win
Can you win, can you win.*

*You win the lasting laurels
With your laughter
It reaches like an arm
Before you sink
To win the solitary truth
You're after
You dare not ask the priestess how to
think
How to think, how to think.*

*I think of tears,
I think of rain on shingles
I think of rain,
I think of roses blue
I think of Rose,
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To see the place she's lately gotten to
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Songs to Aging Children Come

*Through the windless ells of wonder
By the throbbing light machine
In a tea leaf trance or under
Orders from the king and queen.*

*Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one*

*People hurry by so quickly
Don't they hear the melodies
In the chiming and the clicking
And the laughing harmonies*

*Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one*

*Some come dark and strange
Like dying crows and ravens whistling
Lines of weeping, strings or crying
So much said in listening*

*Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one.*

*Does the moon play only silver
When it strums the galaxy
Dying roses will they will their
Perfumed rhapsodies to me*

*Songs to aging children come
This is one*

by Joni Mitchell

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That Song About the Midway

*I met you on a midway
At a fair last year
And you stood out like a ruby
In a black man's ear
You were playing on the horses,
You were playing on the guitar strings
You were playing like a devil
Wearing wings, wearing wings.*

*You looked so grand wearing wings
Do you tape them to your shoulders
Just to sing
Can you fly
I heard you can! Can you fly
Like an eagle doin' your hunting
From the sky.*

*I followed with the sideshows
To another town
And I found you in a trailer
On the camping grounds.
You were betting on some lover,
You were shaking up the dice
And I thought I saw you cheating
Once or twice, once or twice*

*I heard your bid once or twice
Were you wondering was the gamble
Worth the price
Pack it in. I heard you did;
Pack it in
Was it hard to fold a hand
You knew could win.*

*So lately you've been hiding
It was somewhere in the news
And I'm still at these races
With my ticket stubs and my blues
And a voice calls out the numbers,
And it sometimes mentions mine
And I feel like I've been
Working overtime, overtime.*

*I've lost my fire overtime
Always playin' one more hand
For one more dime
Slowin' down
I'm gettin' tired! Slowin' down.
And I envy you the valley
That you've found
'Cause I'm midway down the midway
Slowin' down, down, down, down.*

by Joni Mitchell

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Tin Angel

*Varnished weeds in window jars
Tarnished beads on tapestries
Kept in satin boxes are
Reflections of love's memories.*

*Letters from across the seas
Roses dipped in sealing wax
Valentines and maple leaves
Tucked into a paperback.*

*Guess I'll throw them all away
Found someone to love today.*

*Dark with darker moods is he
Not a golden Prince who's come
Through columbines and wizardry
To talk of castles in the sun.*

*Still I'll take a chance and see
I found someone to love today.*

*There's a sorrow in his eyes
Like the angel made of tin
What will happen if I try
To place another heart in him*

*In a Bleeker Street cafe
I found someone to love today
I found someone to love today.*

by Joni Mitchell

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Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot,
 With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging hot spot.
 Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you've got
 till it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot,
 They took all the trees and put them in a tree museum,
 And they charged all the people a dollar and a half
 just to see 'em. Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you've got
 till it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot,
 Hey, farmer, farmer, put away that D.D.T. now,
 Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds
 And the bees. Please! Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you've got
 till it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
 Late last night I heard the screen door slam,
 And a big yellow taxi took away my old man.
 Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you've got
 till it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
 Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you've got
 till it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.

by Joni Mitchell

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The Arrangement

You could have been more
 Than a name on the door
 On the thirty-third floor in the air
 More than a credit card
 Swimming pool in the backyard
 While you still have the time
 You could get away and find
 A better life, you know the grind
 Is so ungrateful
 Racing cars, whiskey bars
 No one cares who you really are
 You're the keeper of the cards
 Yes I know it gets hard
 Keeping the wheels turning
 And the wife she keeps the keys
 She is so pleased to be
 A part of the arrangement
 You could have been more
 Than a name on the door
 On the thirty-third floor in the air
 More than a consumer
 Lying in some room trying to die
 More than a credit card
 Swimming pool in the backyard
 You could have been more
 You could have been more
 You could have been more.

by Joni Mitchell

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Blue Boy

Lady called the Blue Boy love, she took
 him home
 Make herself an idol, yes, so he turned
 to stone
 Like a pilgrim, she traveled to place
 some flowers
 Before his granite grave, then she prayed
 aloud for love
 To waken in his face, in his face oh.
 Sometimes in the evening he would read
 to her,
 Roll her in his arms and give his seed
 to her,
 She would wake in the morning—
 without him—
 And go to the window, and look out
 through the pane.
 But the statue in her garden always
 looked the same
 He looked the same oh.
 Bring her boots of leather, she will dance
 for him;
 Shyly, from a feather fan, she'll glance
 for him.
 Here he comes, after midnight, to find
 her again.
 He will come a few times—or more—
 Till he finds a lady statue standing in a
 door, in a door oh.

by Joni Mitchell

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The Circle Game

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,
And tearful at the falling of a star.
And the seasons, they go round and
round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
Then the child moved ten times round
the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams.
Words like, when you're older, must
appease him,
And promises of someday make his
dreams.
And the seasons, they go round and
round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
Sixteen springs and sixteen summers
gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels then the
town.
And they tell him, take your time,
It won't be long now, till you
drag your feet to slow the circles down.
And the seasons, they go round and
round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
So the years spin by and now the boy
is twenty,
Though his dreams have lost some
grandeur coming true,
There'll be new dreams, maybe better
dreams,
And plenty before the last revolving year
is through.
And the seasons, they go round and
round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
And go round and round and round in
the circle game.

by Joni Mitchell

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He Comes for Conversation

He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation.
He knows that's what he'll find
I bring him apples and cheeses
He brings me songs to play
He sees me when he pleases
I see him in cafes
And I only say, hello
And turn away before his lady knows
How much I want to see him
She removes him, like a ring
To wash her hands
She only brings him out to show his
friends
I want to free him.
Secrets and sharing soda
That's how our love began
Love is a story told to a friend
It's second hand.
But I'll listen to his questions
I'll give my answers when they're found
He says she keeps him guessing
I know she keeps him down
She speaks in sorry sentences
Miraculous repentances
I don't believe her
Tomorrow he will come to me
And speak his sorrow endlessly and as
me why
Why can't I leave her?
He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation.
He knows that's what he'll find.

by Joni Mitchell

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He Played Real Good for Free

I slept last night in a good hotel,
I went shoppin' today for jewels.
The wind rushed around in the dirty
town,
And the children let out from their
schools
I was standin' on a noisy corner,
Waitin' for the walking green, 'cross the
street he stood,
And he played real good on his clarinet
for free.
Now me, I play for fortunes, and those
velvet curtain calls.
Got a black limousine and two white men
Escortin' me to the halls.
I play if you have money, or if you're a
friend to me,
But the one man band by the quick-lunch
stand
He was playin' real good for free.
Nobody stopped to hear him, tho' he
played so sweet and high.
They knew he had never been on T.V.
So they passed his music by.
I meant to go over and ask for a song,
maybe put on a harmony,
I heard his refrain as the signal changed,
He was playin' real good for free.

by Joni Mitchell

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Ladies of the Canyon

Trina wears her wampum beads
She fills her drawing book with line
Sewing lace on widows' weeds
And filagree on leaf and vine
Vine and leaf are filagree
And her coat's a second hand one
Trimmed in antique luxury
She is a lady of the canyon.

Annie sits you down to eat
She always makes you welcome in
Cats and babies 'round her feet
And all are fat and none are thin
None are thin and all are fat
She may bake some brownies today
Saying, you are welcome back
She is another canyon lady.

Estrella circus girl
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy
shawls
Songs like tiny hammers hurled
At bevelled mirrors in empty halls
Empty halls and bevelled mirrors
Sailing seas and climbing banyans
Come out for a visit here
To be a lady of the canyon.

Trina takes her paints and her threads
And she weaves a pattern all her own
Annie bakes her cakes and her breads
And she gathers flowers for her home
For her home she gathers flowers
And Estrella, dear companion
Colors up the sunshine hours
Pouring music down the canyon—
Coloring the sunshine hours
They are the ladies of the canyon.

by Joni Mitchell

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Morning Morgantown

When morning comes to Morgantown
The merchants roll their awnings down
The milktrucks make their morning
rounds

In morning, Morgantown

We'll rise up early with the sun
To ride the bus while everyone is
yawning

And the day is young
In morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown
Buy your dreams a dollar down
Morning any town you name
Morning's just the same

We'll find a table in the shade
And sip our tea and lemonade
And watch the morning on parade
In morning, Morgantown

Ladies in their rainbow fashions
Colored stop and go lights flashing
We'll wink at total strangers passing in
Morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown
Buy your dreams a dollar down
Morning any town you name
Morning's just the same

I'd like to buy you everything
A wooden bird with painted wings
A window full of colored rings
In morning, Morgantown.

But the only thing I have to give
To make you smile, to win you with
Are all the mornings still to live
In morning, Morgantown.

by Joni Mitchell

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The Priest Song

The priest sat in the airport bar, wearing
his father's tie,

And his eyes looked into my eyes so far
Whenever the words ran dry.

Behind the lash and the circles blue,
He looked as only a priest can thru
And his eyes said, "Me," and his eyes
said, "You."

And my eyes said, "Let us try?"

He said, "You wouldn't like it here;
It's no place you should share.

The roof is ripped with hurricanes, the
room is always bare?"

I need the wind and I seek the cold.

He reached past the wine for my hand
to hold

And he saw me young and he saw me old
And he saw me sitting there.

So he took his contradictions out and he
splashed them on my brow.

So which words was I then to doubt
when choosing what to vow?

Should I choose them all, should I make
them mine,

The sermons, the hymns and the
Valentines?

And he asked for truth and he asked
for time

And he asked for only now.

Oh, now the trials are trumpet scored;
oh, will we pass the test?

Or just as one loves more and more
Will one love less and less?

Oh, come, let's run from the ring
we're in,

Where the Christians clap and the
Germans grin,

Shouting, "Let them lose!" Saying
"Let them win!"

Crying "Make them both confess!"

A priest at the airport bar, wearing his
father's tie.

by Joni Mitchell

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Rainy Night House

*It was a rainy night
 We took a taxi to your mothers' home
 She went to Florida and left you
 With your father's gun, alone
 Upon her small white bed
 I fell into a dream
 You sat up all the night and watched me
 To see, who in the world I might be.
 I am from the Sunday school
 I sing soprano in the upstairs choir
 You are a holy man
 On the F.M. radio
 I sat up all the night and watched thee
 To see, who in the world you might be.
 You called me beautiful
 You called your mother—she was very
 tanned
 So you packed your tent and went
 To live out in the Arizona sand
 You are a refugee
 From a wealthy family
 You gave up all the golden factories
 To see, who in the world you might be.
 by Joni Mitchell*

Willie

*Willie is my child, he is my father
 I would be his lady all my life
 He says he'd love to live with me
 But for an ancient injury
 That has not healed
 He said I feel once again
 Like I gave my heart too soon
 He's stood looking thru the lace
 At the face on the conquered moon
 And counting all the cars going up
 the hill
 And the stars on my window sill
 There are still more reasons why
 I love him.
 Willie is my joy, he is my sorrow
 Now he wants to run away and hide
 He says our love cannot be real
 He cannot hear the chapel's pealing
 silver bells
 But you know it's hard to tell
 When you're in the spell
 If it's wrong or if it's real
 But you're bound to lose
 If you let the blues get you scared to feel
 And I feel like I'm just being born
 Like a shiny light breaking in a storm
 There are so many reasons why
 I love him.
 by Joni Mitchell*



Woodstock

I came upon a child of God; he was
walking along the road
And I asked him "Where are you
going?"

This he told me: "I'm going on down to
Yasgur's Farm,
Gonna join in a rock and roll band.
I'm gonna camp out on the land and try
'n' get my soul free."

We are star-dust, we are golden
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.

"Then can I walk beside you? I have
come here to lose the smog
And I feel to be a cog in something
turning.

Maybe it is just the time of year, or
maybe it's the time of man.
I don't know who I am, but life is for
learning."

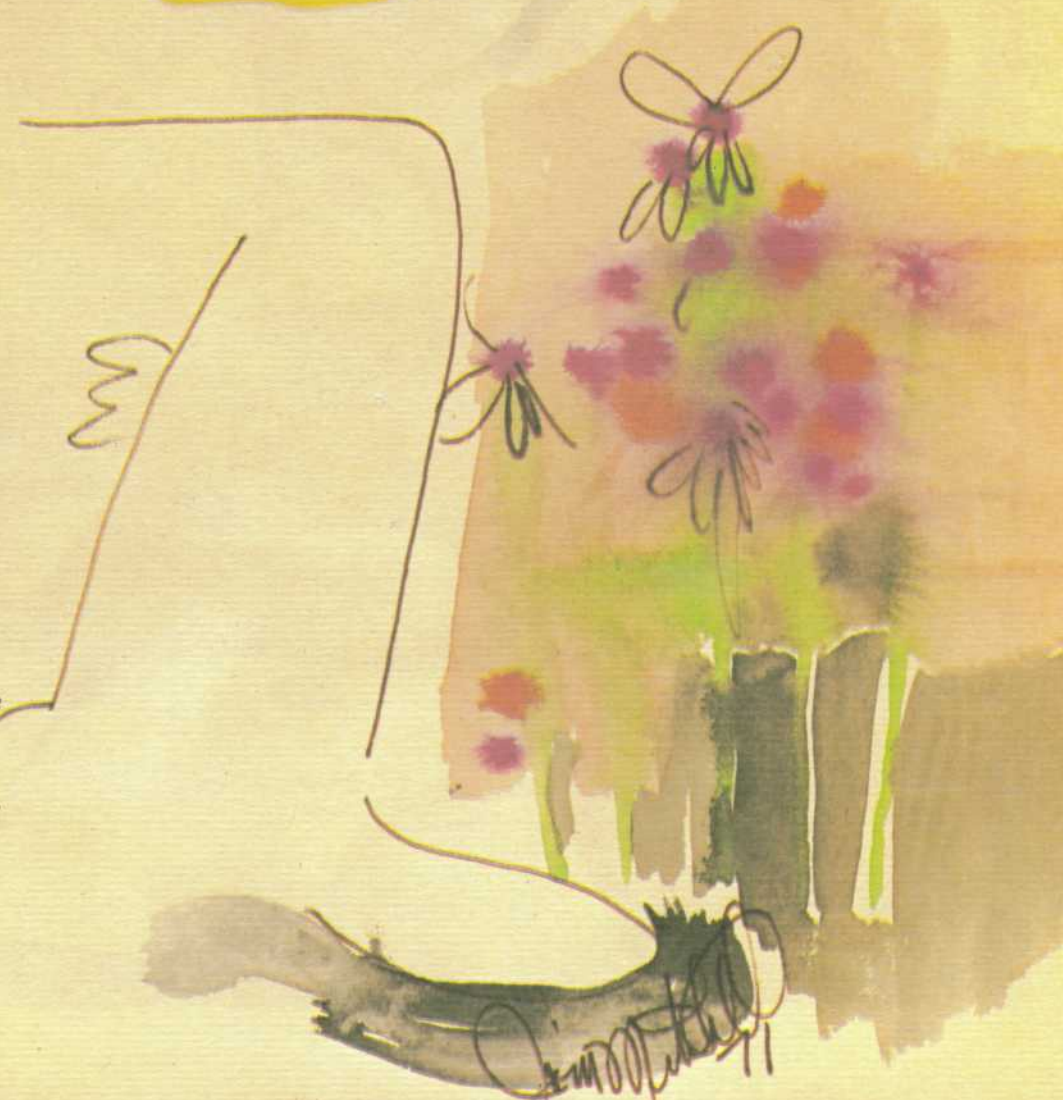
We are stardust, we are golden
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.

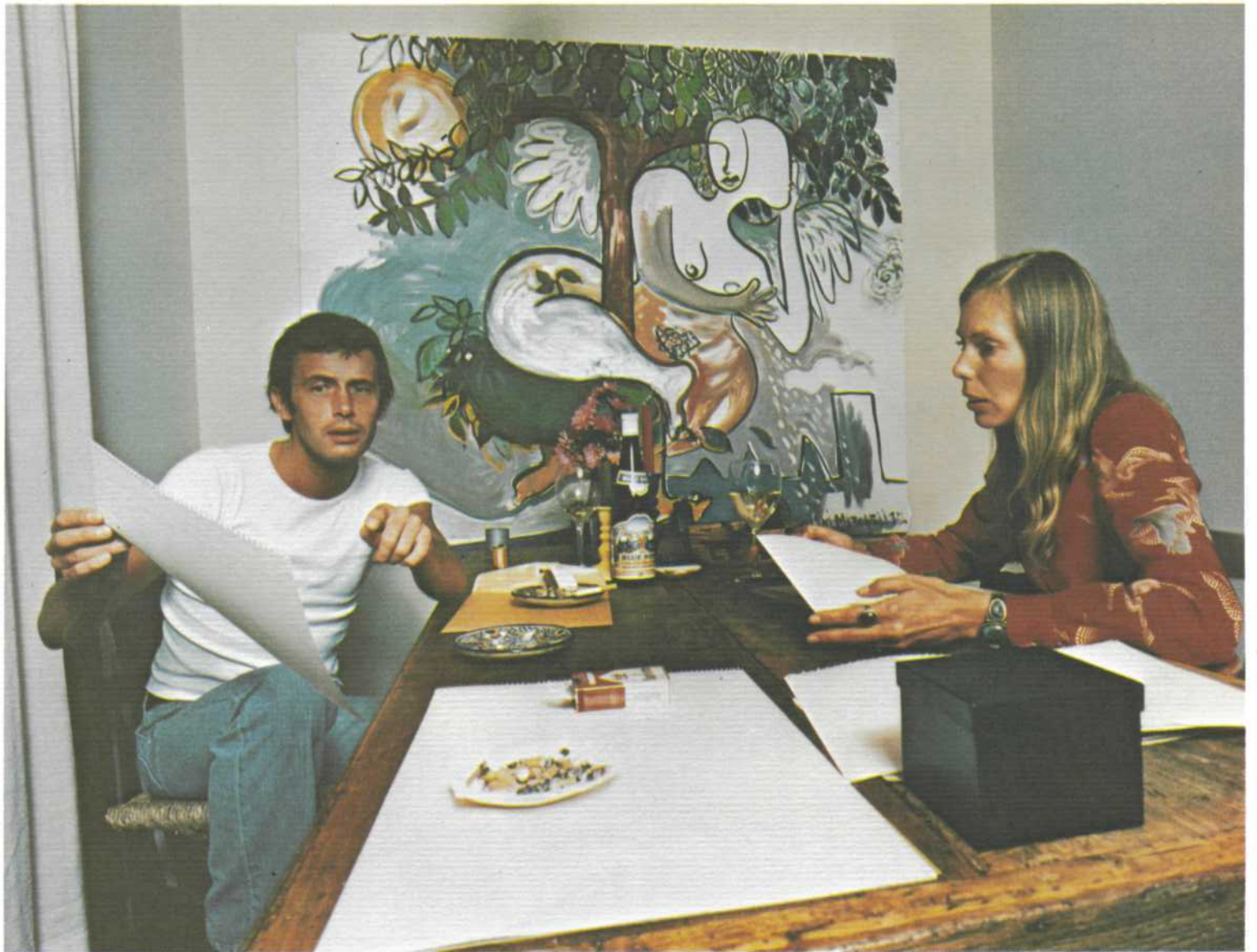
By the time we got to Woodstock we were
half a million strong
And ev'rywhere was song and
celebration.

And I dreamed I saw the bombers riding
shotgun in the sky,
Turning into butterflies above our
nation.

We are stardust, billion year old carbon
Caught in the devil's bargain
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.

by Joni Mitchell





Photograph - Jonathan Exley

Marcie

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 4/4.

Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G

Mar-cie in a coat of flow-ers Steps in-side a can-dy store,—

mp

The first system of the vocal melody is shown above a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a B-flat major chord and moves through A7, Am7, G, Gsus, and G. The piano accompaniment mirrors the introduction's style. The lyrics are: "Mar-cie in a coat of flow-ers Steps in-side a can-dy store,—"

Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G

Reds are sweet and greens are sour;— Still no let-ter at her door,—

The second system of the vocal melody continues with the same chord progression. The lyrics are: "Reds are sweet and greens are sour;— Still no let-ter at her door,—"

Gsus G Eb D Dsus D C

So she'll wash her flow-er cur-tains, Hang them in the

The third system of the vocal melody concludes with the final chord progression. The lyrics are: "So she'll wash her flow-er cur-tains, Hang them in the"

B Bsus B Bb A7 Am7

wind to dry,— Dust her ta - bles with his shirt And wave an - oth - er

G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G

day good - bye.

Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G

Mar-cie's fau - cet needs a plumb - er, Mar-cie's sor - row needs a man.—
 Mar-cie dress - es warm; it's snow - ing, Takes a yel - low cab up - town.—

Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G

Red is au - tumn, green is sum - mer. Greens are turn - ing and the sand,—
 Red is stop and green's for go - ing. Sees a show and rides back down,—

Gsus G Eb D C

All a-long the o - cean beach-es Stares up emp - ty
Down a-long the Hud - son Riv - er, Past the ship - yards

B Bsus B Bb A7 Am7

at the sky. — Mar-cie buys a bag of peach-es. Stops a post - man
in the cold. — Still no let - ter's been de-liv-ered, Still the win - ter

G Gsus G Gsus G Bm

pass-ing by. — And sum-mer goes, — falls — to the side-walk like
days un - fold. — Like mag - a - zines — fad - ing in dust - y grey

C Bm

string and brown pa-per; Win-ter blows — up from the riv - er. There's
at - tics and cel-lars, Make a dream, — dream back to sum - mer And

C G A

no one to take her to the sea,
hear how he tells her "Wait for me."

rit. *a tempo*

Am7 G Gsus G Bb A7

Am7 G Gsus G Gsus G Bb

Mar-cie leaves and

A7 Am G Gsus G Bb

does - n't tell us Where or why she moved a - way. — Red is an - gry,

A7 Am7 G Gsus G Gsus G

green is jeal-ous," That was all she had to say.

E \flat D C

Some-one thought they saw her Sun-day, Win-dow shop - ping

B Bsus B B \flat A7 Am7

in the rain. — Some-one heard she bought a one-way tick-et — And went

G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G

west a - gain.

poco rit.

Night in the City

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

Introduction for piano, marked *mf*. The music is in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Guitar chord diagrams: G7, G6, G7, G, G7, G6, G.

Light up, light up, Light up your la - zy blue eyes. —
 Take off, take off, Take off your stay-at-home shoes. —

Continuation of piano accompaniment, marked *mp*. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Guitar chord diagrams: C6, G, C, D, G7, G6.

Moon's up, night's up, — Tak - ing the town by sur - prise. Night time,
 Break off, shake off, — Chase off those stay at home blues, Stair - way,

Continuation of piano accompaniment, marked *mp*. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Guitar chord diagrams: G7, G, G7, G6, G, C6, G.

night - time; Day left an hour — a - go. — Ci - ty light time, —
 stair - way Down to the crowds in the street, — They go their way, —

Continuation of piano accompaniment, marked *mp*. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

C G C G C G

Must you get read - y so slow? — There are plac - es to come - from and plac - es to go, —
 Look - ing for fac - es to greet, — While we go on laugh - ing with no one to meet, —

C G D7 G

Night in the ci - ty looks pret - ty to me, — Night in the ci - ty looks

D G D7 G

fine, — Mus - ic comes spill - ing out in - to the street, — Col - ors go flash - ing in

D7 D9 G7 G6 G7 G6 G7 G6 G

time, —

p

Nathan La Francier

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords Gm, Bb, and G.

Gm Bb

I hired a coach to take me from con - fus - ion to the plane And though we
cars and bus - es bus - tled thru the bed - lam of the day. I looked thru

The first vocal line is in 4/4 time, starting with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features chords Gm, Bb, and G.

D7sus Gsus G

shared a com - mon space, I know we'll nev - er meet a gain. The
win - dow glass at streets and Na - than grum - bled at the grey. I

The second vocal line continues the melody with notes like A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment includes chords D7sus, Gsus, and G.

Gm Bb

driv - er with his eye - brows fur - rowed in the rear view mir - ror, I read his
saw an ag - ing crip - ple sell - ing Sup - er - man bal - loons; The ci - ty

The third vocal line concludes the piece with notes like G4, A4, and B4. The piano accompaniment features chords Gm and Bb.

D7sus

Gsus

G

name and it was plain - ly writ - ten, Na - than La Fran -
 grat - ed thru chrome - plate, the clock struck slow - ly half - past

Gm

eer. _____
 noon. _____

Thru the I asked him would he hur - ry, but we
 tun - nel, tiled and turn - ing in - to
 filled it full of sil - ver and I

D7

D7sus

crawled the can - yons slow - ly, Thru the buy - ers and the
 day - light once a - gain: I am es - cap - ing; Once a -
 left the fin - gers count - ing And the sky goes on for -

D7

C

sel - lers, thru the burg - lar bells _____ And the
 gain good bye to sym - phon - ies _____ And
 ev - er with - out met - er maids _____ And

G Am D7 D7sus

wish - ing wells. With
 dir - ty trees. With
 peace pa - rades. You

Gm Eb D7

gangs and girl - y shows The ghost - ly
 parks and plas - tic clothes The ghost - ly
 feed it all your woes, The ghost - ly

Gm

1. gar - den grows. The
 gar - den grows.
 gar - den grows.

2. To next strain Fine G

He asked me for a dol - lar more, he

E^b **D7sus**

cursed_ me to my face; He hat - ed ev - 'ry - one who paid to ride and

Gsus **G**

share his com - mon space. I picked my bags up from the curb and

E^b **D7sus**

stum - bled to the door. An - oth - er man_ reached out his

Gsus **G** *D. S. al Fine*

hand, an - oth - er hand reached out for more. And I

Song to a Seagull

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

Fly, sil-ly sea birds; no dreams can pos-sess you; No voic-es can blame you for
 Out of the ci-ty ar.d down to the sea-side To sun on my shoul-ders and
 sun on your wings. My gen-tle re-la-tions have names they must call me For
 wind in my hair, But sand cas-tles crum-ble and hun-ger is hu-man And
 lov-ing the free-dom of all fly-ing things. My dreams with the sea-gulls fly
 hu-mans are hun-gry for worlds they can't share. My dreams with the sea-gulls fly
 out of reach, out of cry. I came to the ci-ty and
 out of reach, out of cry. I call to a sea-gull who

C C7sus C7 C C7 C9

lived like old Cru- soe on an is - land of noise in a cob - ble - stone sea
 dives to the wa- ters and catch- es his sil - ver fine din- ner a - lone,

G7 G7sus C Dm7 C Dm7

— And the beach - es were con- crete and the stars paid the light bill And the
 — Cry- ing, "Where are the foot- prints that danced on the beach- es And

C Fsus F Fsus F C7 C C7 C7sus

blos- soms hung false on their store win- dow trees. My dreams with the sea- gulls fly
 hand that cast wish- es that sunk like a stone?" My dreams with the sea- gulls fly

1. F Fm C 2. C7 C C7 C C7 C

out of reach, out of cry. —
 out of reach, out of cry. —

Cactus Tree

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

Gmaj7 **Gsus**

1. There's a man who's been out sail - ing — in a dec - ade full of dreams — And he
 2. man who's climbed a moun - tain — and he's call - ing out her name — And he
 3. man who's sent a let - ter — and he's wait - ing for re - ply; — He has
 4. la - dy in the ci - ty — and she thinks she loves them all. — There's the
 5. man who sends her med - als; — he is bleed - ing from the war. — There's a

mf

takes her to a schoo - er — and he treats her like a queen, Bear - ing
 hopes her heart can hear three — thous - and miles; he calls a - gain. He can
 asked her of her trav - els — since the day they said good - bye. He writes,
 one who's think - ing of her; — there's the one who some - times calls; There's the
 joust - er and a jes - ter — and a man who owns a store. There's a

Gmaj7 **Gsus** **G** **D7**

beads from Cal - i - for - nia with their am - ber stones and green. — He has
 think her there be - side him; he can miss her just the same. — He has
 "Wish you were be - side me; we can make it if we try." — He has
 one who writes her let - ters with his facts and fig - ures scrawl. — She has
 drum - mer and a dream - er and you know there may be more. — She will

C G C

called her from the har - bor; He has kissed her with his
 missed her in the for - est while he showed her all the
 seen her at the of - fice with her name on all his
 brought them to her sens - es; They have laughed in - side her
 love them when she sees them; They will lose her if they

G C G

free - dom; He has heard her off to star - board In the
 flow - ers And the branch - es sang the chor - us As he
 pa - pers; Thru the shar - ing of the prof - its he will
 laugh - ter. Now she ral - lies her de - fence - es for she
 fol - low. And she on - ly means to please them and her

C D7 G Am7

break - ing and the breath - ing of the wat - er weeds, While
 climbed the scal - ey tow - ers of a for - est tree, While
 find it hard to shake her from his mem - o - ry, And
 fears that one will ask her for e - tern - i - ty, And
 heart is full and hol - low like a cac - tus tree, While

Gmaj7 Gsus6 Gmaj7 Gsus6 1.G 2.3.4. 5.Gmaj7

she was bus - y be - ing free. 2. There's a
 she was some - where be - ing free. 3. There's a
 she's so bus - y be - ing free. 4. There's a
 she's so bus - y be - ing free. 5. There's a
 she's so bus - y be - ing free.

The Dawntreader

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mp

E \flat G \flat D \flat

1. Per - i - dots — and per - i - win - kle, — blue me - dal - lions,
2. Ci - ty sa - ins left at home; — I — will not need — them,
3. Sea - bird, have seen you fly — a - bove the pil - ings.

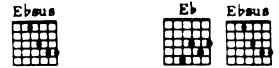
mf

E \flat E \flat

Gild - ed gal - leons spilled — a - cross the o - cean floor, —
I be - lieve him when — he tells of lov - ing me. —
I am smil - ing at — your cir - cles in the air. —

G \flat D \flat

Trea - sare some - where in the sea — and — he will find — where, —
Some - thing truth - ful in the sea — your — lies will find — you. —
I will come — and sit by you — while — he lies sleep - ing. —



Nev - er mind their ques - tions there's no an - swer for. —
 "Leave be - hind your streets," he said, "And come to me. —
 Fold your fleet wings; I — have brought some dreams to share: —



The roll of the har - bor wake, The songs that the
 Come down from the ne - on nights; Come down from the
 A dream that you love some - one; A dream that the



rig - ging makes; — The taste of the spray he takes — and he
 tour - ist sights; — Run down till the rain de - lights — you; you
 wars are done; — A dream that you tell no one — but the



learns to give. He aches and he learns to live: He stakes all his
 do not hide. Sun - light will re - new your pride." Skin white by skin
 gray — sea. They'll say that you're cra - zy And dream of a

B Ebm7 Ab

sil - ver on a prom-ise to be free.
 gold - en, Like a prom-ise to be free;
 ba - by. Like a prom-ise to be free;

Abmaj9 A7sus Ab7 Gb

Mer-maids live in col - o - nies;
 Dol-phins play - ing in the sea; All his
 Chil - dren laugh - ing out to sea;

Eb Ebmaj9 Eb Ebmaj9 Eb


sea - dreams come to me. _____

8. Ebmaj9 Eb Ebmaj9 Eb

The Pirate of Penance

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Slowly




The pi-rate an- chored on a Wednes - day And why he came to port I won - der.

mf



To see a la- dy, so my friends _ say. She danc- es for the sail- ors in a smok- y cab- a - ret far



un - der ground, Down in a cel- lar in a har - bor town.



I know he told her love was trea- sure And they would reap the full - est
I don't be- lieve what you are say - ing, It is - n't true: I hard- ly

boun - ty.
knew - him.

He on - ly comes to port for plea - sure,
Is this some game that you are play - ing?

So when the winds of morn - ing blew the cur - tains in, she woke and found - he'd gone.
Go ask the danc - er; She's the one who saw him last, the one who drew - him here.

I saw his sails un - furl - ing Thurs - day dawn -
He has - n't come to me since spring - last year.

The pi - rate, he will sink you with a kiss, he'll steal your heart and sail a - way;
There was a time when he would bring me silks and san - dal - wood and Per - sian lace



He'll leave you drown-ing in the flot - sam of a brok - en prom - ise in the bay.
 And he wouldhold me close and tell me sail - ing sto - ries by the fire - place.



He came a - gain to see her; yes, I think they told me it was Sat - ur - day. I was at
 I was at sea, I tell you; I was no - where near the men - tioned mur - der place. Go ask the



1.

2.



sea - then ; I did - n't see - them, _____
 danc - er; she knows the an - swer, _____ She knows the an - swer, _____



she knows the an - swer, _____

I Had a King

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'mp'.

VERSE

1. I had a king in a ten- e - ment cas - tle. Late - ly he's tak - en to
 2. I had a king dressed in drip dry and pais - ly. Late - ly he's tak - en to
 3. I had a king in a salt - rust - ed car - riage Who car - ried me off to his

The first system of the verse includes guitar chord diagrams for Bb maj7 and Db maj7. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the introduction.

paint - ing the pas - tel walls brown; He's tak - en the
 say - ing I'm cra - zy and blind. He lives in an -
 coun - try for mar - riage too soon. Be - ware of the

The second system of the verse includes guitar chord diagrams for Bb and Eb. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

cur - tains down; He's swept with the broom of con -
 oth - er time. La - dies in ging - ham still
 pow'r of moons. There's no 'one to blame, no, there's

The third system of the verse includes guitar chord diagrams for Cb and Bbm. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure. The dynamics are marked 'mf'.

Ebm Bbm7 Bbm6

tempt and the rooms have an emp - ty ring; He's
 blush when he sings them of wars and wine, But
 no one to name as a trai - tor here. The

Bbm Ebm Bbm7

cleaned with the tears of an act - or who fears for the laugh - ter's sting,
 I, in my leath - er and lace, I can nev - er be - come that kind,
 queen's in the groove and the king's on the road till the end of the year.

CHORUS

Bbm6 F7sus F7

I can't go back there

Bb F7sus F7 F7sus Bb

an - y - more, You know my keys won't fit the door;



You know my thoughts don't fit the man, — They nev-er can, —



— they nev-er can. —



They nev-er can, — they nev-er can, —



They nev-er can, — they nev-er can. —

mf *p*

Michael from Mountains

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Slowly

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

VERSE

Fmaj7

F6

1. Mich - ael wakes — you up with sweets, He takes you up
 2. Mich - ael brings — you to a park, He sings and it's
 3. Mich - ael leads — you up the stairs, He needs you to

Bbm6

Bbm(#7)

Bbm6

F

Fmaj7

streets — And the rain comes down; Side walk mar - kets locked up
 dark — When the clouds come by; Yel - low slick - ers up on
 care — And you know you do; Cats come cry - ing to the

F6

Bbm6

Bbm(#7)

Bbm6

F

tight And um - brel - las bright — On a gray back - ground. There's
 swings Like pup - pets on strings, — Hang - ing in the sky. They'll
 key And dry you will be — In a tow'l or two. There's

E_b **D**

oil — on the pud-dles in taf - fe - ta pat - terns That run down the
 splash — home to sup - pers in wall - pap - ered kit - chens; Their moth - ers will
 rain — in the win - dow, there's sun in the paint - ing That smiles on the

D_b maj7 **C7sus** **C7**

drain In col - ored ar - range - ments that Mich - ael will change — With a
 scold, But Mich - ael will hold — you to keep a - way cold — Till the
 wall. You want to know all, — but his moun - tains have called, — So —

F **Gm7** **Fmaj7** **Gm7** **F**

stick that he found, —
 side - walks are dry. —
 you nev - er do. —

CHORUS **Cm** **B_b**

mf *mf*

Mich - ael from moun - tains, Go where you will

Am



go to. Know that I will know you,



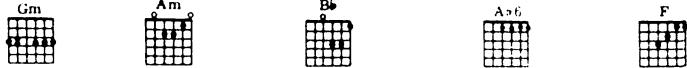
Gm Am Bb A>5 F




Some-day I will know you ver-y well, —



Gm Am Bb A>5 F



Some-day I will know you ver-y well, —



Gm Am Bb A>5 F



Some-day I will know you ver-y well, —

mf



Sisotowbell Lane

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Slowly

mp

D D3

1. Si - so - tow - bell Lane. No-ah is fix - ing the
2. Si - so - tow - bell Lane. An - y - where else now would
3. Si - so - tow - bell Lane. Go to the ci - ty, you'll

mp

G D A7-5 A7 A7sus

pump in the rain, — He brings us no shame. We al - ways knew —
seem ver y strange. — The seas — on's are chang - ing ev - 'ry day —
come back a - gain — To wade thru the grain. You al - ways do, —

A7-5 A7 A7sus A7-5 A7 D Dsus

— that he al - ways knew. —
— in — ev - 'ry way. —
— yes, we al - ways do. —

D Dsus D D9

Up o - ver the hill
Some - times it is spring;
Come back to the stars,

G D

Jo-vi - al neigh-bors come down when they will. — With stor - ies to tell. Some -
Some - times it is not an - y - thing. — A po - et can sing. Some -
Sweet — well wat - er and pick - le - ing jars. — We'll lend you the car. We

A7-5 A7 A7sus A7-5 A7 A7sus A7-5 A7

times they do, — yes, some - times we
times we try, — yes, we al - ways
al - ways do, — yes, some - times we

D Dsus D Dsus D9

do, — We have a rock ing chair, —
try, — We have a rock - ing chair, —
do, — We have a rock - ing chair, —

Each of us rocks his share, Eat-ing muf - fin buns and ber - ries By the
 Some days we rock and stare At the wood - lands and the grass - lands And
 Some - one is al - ways there, Rock - ing rhy - thms while they're wait - ing With

steam - y kitch - en win - dow, Some - times we do; — our
 the bad - lands' cross the riv - er. Some - times we do; — we
 the can - dle in the win - dow. Some - times we do; — we

tongues turn blue. —
 like the view. —
 wait for you. —

poco dim.

2. D

p

Chelsea Morning

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mp

G7



1. Woke up, — it was Chel - sea morn - ing and the first thing that I heard —
2. Woke up, — it was Chel - sea morn - ing and the first thing that I saw —
3. Woke up, — it was Chel - sea morn - ing and the first thing that I knew —

mf



— was the song out - side my win - dow — and the traf - fic wrote the
— was the sun thru yel - low cur - tains — and a rain - bow on my
— There was milk and toast and hon - ey — and a bowl of or - ang - es,



words. It came ring - ing up — like Christ - mas bells — and
wall, Red, green and gold — to wel - come you, —
too. And the light poured in — like but - ter - scotch — and

C D11

rap - ping up — like — pipes and — drums. —
 crim - son crys - tal beads to beck - on. —
 stuck — to — all — my sens - es. —

G C

Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day — and we'll wear it till — the night
 Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day. — There's a sun show ev - 'ry sec -
 Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day. — And we'll talk in pres - ent tens -

G

comes. —
 end. —
 es. —

C G D11 G

Now the cur - tain o - pens on a por - trait of to - day And the
 When the cur - tain clos - es and the rain - bow runs a - way, I will

C Gmaj7 C

streets are paved with pass - ers - by And pig - eons fly — and
bring you in - cense owls at night by can - dle - light, — by

To Coda D7sus G D.S. al Coda

pa - pers lie, — Wait - ing to blow a - way.
jew - el - light — If on - ly you will

Coda D7 G

stay. — Wake up. It's a Chel - sea

morn - ing. —

Tin Angel

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Freely

Var-nished weeds in win-dow jars,

Tar-nished beads on tap-es-tries, Kept in sat-in box-es are, Re -

flec-tions of love's mem-o-ries.

Let-ters from a-cross the sea, Ros-es dipped in seal-ing wax,
Dark with dark-er moods is he, Not a gold-en prince who's come Thru
There's a sor-row in his eye, Like the an-gel made of tin,



Val - en - tines and ma - ple leaves, Tucked in - to a pa - per - back.
 col - um - bines and wiz - ard - ry to talk of cas - tles in the sun.
 What will hap - pen if I try to place an - oth - er heart in him.



Guess I'll throw them all a - way. I
 Still I'll take a chance and see. I
 In a Bleek - er street ca - fe I



found some - one to love to - day.
 found some - one to love to - day.
 found some - one to love to - day.



I found some - one to love to - day.

I Think I Understand

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mf

F Cm Bb

1. Day - light falls up - on the path, — The for - est's fall be -
 2. Now the way leads to the hills, — A - bove the steep - les
 3. Some time voic - es in the night — will call me back a -

mp

F F7 Bb F

hind, To - day I am not prey — to dark un -
 chime, Be - low me sleep - y roof tops — 'round the
 gain, Back a - long the path - way — of a

Cm F Cm

cer - tain - ty, — The shad - ow trem - bles in its wrath: —
 har - bor; — It's there I'll take my thirst - y fill —
 trou - bled mind, — When for - ests rise to block the light, —

Bb F F7 Bb

I've robbed its black-ness blind And tast - ed sun - light
Of friend-ship o - ver wine, For - get - ting fear but
That keeps a trav - eler sane, I'll chal - lenge them with

F Cm7 C7 Bb

as my fear came — clear — to me. } I think I un - der -
nev - er dis - re - gard - ing her. }
flash - es from a — bright - er time. }

mf

F Cm Bb F Cm Bb

stand; — Fear is like a wild - er - land, — Step-ping stones or

F

sink - ing sands. —

1.2. 3.

Songs to Aging Children Come

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mf

F E Eb

Thru the wind-less wells of won-der, By the throb-bing
Some come dark and strange like dy-ing, Crows and rav-ens

mp

A G F

light ma-chine,— In a tea leaf trance or un-der
whis-tle-ing,— Lines of weep-ing, strings of cry-ing,

E A E

Or-ders from the king and queen,— Songs to ag-ing
So much sad in lis-ten-ing.—

mf

child - ren come.

Ag - ing chil - dren, I am one.

Pec - ple pass - ing by so quick - ly,
Does the moon play on - ly sil - ver

Don't they hear the mel - o - dies in the whin - ing
When it strums the gal - ax - ies? Dy - ing ros - es



and will, the click - ing they will their and the laugh - ing per-fumed rhap - so har - mo-nies?_ dies to me._



Songs to ag - ing chil - dren come. Songs to ag - ing chil - dren come.



Ag - ing chil - dren, I am one. Ag - ing chil - dren, this is one.



The Fiddle and the Drum

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



1. And so once a - gain, my dear, John - ny, my dear friend,
2. And so once a - gain, O A - mer - i - ca my friend,



And so, once a - gain, you are fight - ing us all. And
And so, once a - gain, you are fight - ing us all. And



when I ask you why, You raise your sticks and cry, And I fall! — Oh, my friend, —
when we ask you why, You raise your sticks and cry, and we fall! — Oh, my friend, —



— how did you come — to trade the fid - dle for the drum? —
— how did you come — to trade the fid - dle for the drum? —



You say I have turned, like the en - em - ies you've earned,
You say we have turned, like the en - em - ies you've earned



But, I can re - mem - ber all the good things you are, And
But, we can re - mem - ber all the good things you are, And



so I ask you why? Can I help you find the peace and the star? — Oh, my friend, —
so we ask you, please, Can we help you find the peace and the star? — Oh, my friend, —



— what time is this — to trade the hand - shake for the fist? —
— we have all come — to fear the beat - ing of your drum! —

Roses Blue

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato  

1. I think of tears, I think of rain on shin-gles; I
 2. Friends who come to ask her for their fu-ture,
 3. (In) sor-row she can lure you where she wants you; In-

think of rain, I think of ros-es blue; I
 Friends who come to find they can't be friends Be-
 side your own self-pi-ty there you swim. In

think of Rose, my heart be-gins to trem-ble To
 cause of signs and sea-sons that don't suit her. She'll
 sink-ing down to drown her voice still haunts you And

see the place she's late-ly got-ten to, Got-ten to, got-ten
 pro-phe-sy your death; she won't say when, Won't say when, won't say
 on-ly with your laugh-ter can you win, Can you win, can you




G7




to. _____ She's
when. _____ When
win. _____ You




Gm




G7-9



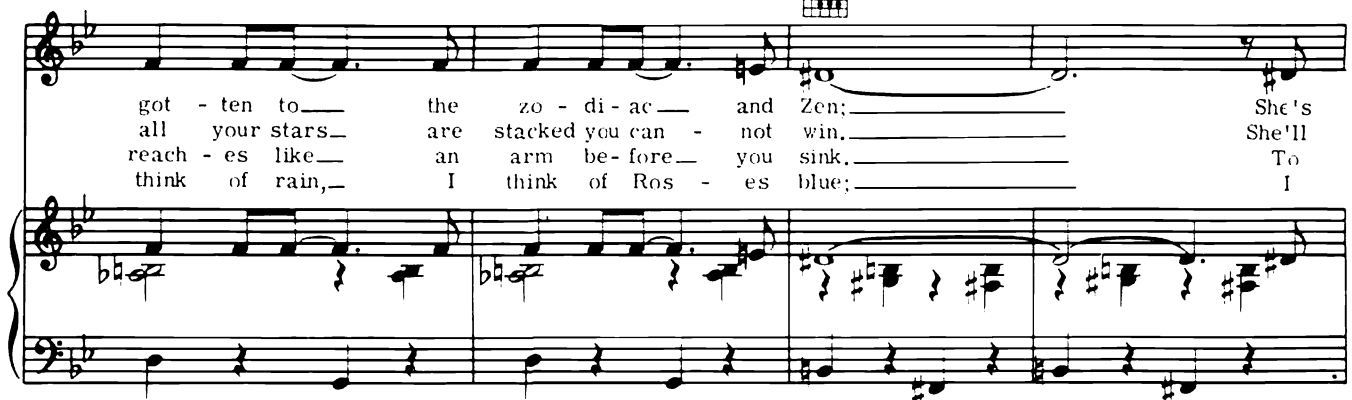
got - ten to _____ mys - ter - i - ous _____ de - vo - tions; _____ She's
all the black _____ cards come you can - not bar - ter; _____ When
win the last - ing laur - els with _____ your laugh - ter. _____ It
think of tears, - I think of rain - on shin - gles; _____ I



B



got - ten to _____ the zo - di - ac _____ and Zen; _____ She's
all your stars _____ are stacked you can - not win. _____ She'll
reach - es like _____ an arm be - fore _____ you sink. _____ To
think of rain, - I think of Ros - es blue; _____ I



G



got - ten in - to tar - ot cards and po - tions; _____ She's
shake her head and treat you like a mar - tyr. _____ It
win the sol - i - tar - y truth you're af - ter, _____ You
think of Rose, my heart be - gins to trem - ble _____ To





lay - ing her re - lig - ion on her friends, — On her friends, — on her
 is her black - est spell she puts you in, — Puts you in — puts you
 dare not ask the priest - ess how to think, — How to think, — how to
 see the place she's late - ly got - ten to, — Got - ten to, — got - ten

1. 2. 3.

G7



3rd time
 D. S. al 4.

friends, — 2. —
 in, — 3. In
 think, — 4. I

4. G7



to to to to to to to to to — to to to to to

G7



Gm



to to to to to to to to to to — to, —

I Don't Know Where I Stand

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mp

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a bass line of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mp'.

E D Dmaj9

Fun - ny day, Look - ing for laugh - ter and find - ing it there, —
Crick - ets call, court - ing their la - dies in star - dap - pled green. —

mf

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody in the right hand and bass line in the left hand. Chord diagrams for E, D, and Dmaj9 are shown above the vocal line.

E D G7 G9 G7 G7sus

Sun - ny day, braid - ing fall flow - ers and leaves — in my hair,
Thick - ets tall un - til the morn - ing comes up — like a dream. All

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody. Chord diagrams for E, D, G7, G9, G7, and G7sus are shown above the vocal line.

C D7

Picked up a pen - cil and wrote I love — you in my fin - est hand. I
mut - ed and mist - y, so drows - y new; — I'll take what sleep I can. I

The final system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody. Chord diagrams for C and D7 are shown above the vocal line.

Cm D7 D7sus D9 G

want-ed to send — it, But I don't know — where I — stand. —
 know that I miss — you, But I don't know — where I — stand. —

Fine

E

Tel - e - phone,

D Dmaj9 E

ev- en the sound — of your voice is still new. — All a - lone

D G7 G7sus G9 G7

in Car - o - lin - a and talk - ing — to you — and

C D7

feel-ing too fool - ish and strange to say _____ The words that I had planned.

Cm D7 D7sus D9 G

Guess it's too ear - ly cuz I don't know _____ where I _____ stand. _____

B A

Doo _____ too too too too too too too _____

Cm Am G

too too too too too too too _____

D. S. al Fine

The Gallery

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

mf

Dm **C**

1. When I first saw your gal-ler - y I liked the ones of
 2. Some-where in a mag-a - zine I found a page a -
 3. gave you all my pret-ty years, Then we be-gan to
 4. I first saw your gal-ler - y I liked the ones of

mp

G **Dm**

la - dies. Then you be - gan to
 bout you. I see that now it's
 weath - er. And I was left to
 la - dies, But now the fac - es

C **G** *All time To Coda*

por - tray me; You stud-ied to por - tray me
 Jo - seph - ine Who can - not be with - out you
 win - ter here While you went west for pleas - ure
 fol - low me And all the eyes look shad - y.

Bm A D

In ice and greens and old blue jeans And
 I keep your house in fit re - pair; I
 And now you're fly - in' back this way like

G Bm D11

nak - ed in the ros - es. Then
 dust the por - traits dai - ly. Your
 some lost hom - ing pig - eon. They've

Dm C

you got in - to fun - ny scenes That all your work dis -
 mail comes here from ev - 'ry where. The writ - ing looks like
 mon - i - tored your brain, you say, And changed you to re -

C Am

clos - es. 1. 2. "La - dy, don't love me now I am
 la - dies'. 3. "La - dy, please love me now: I was
 lig - ion.

mf

C G

dead. I am a saint; turn— down your bed. — I have no
 dead. I am no saint; turn— down your bed. La-dy, have you no

C Bm

heart," that's what you said. You said, "I can be cru - el,
 heart?" that's what you said. Well, I can be cru - el,

Am C

— But let me be gen - tle with you. 2. —
 But let me be gen - tle with you. 3. I
 4. When

mp

Coda

Am C G

— La la la da da da — la da da la da da da.

That Song About the Midway

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'mp'.

Chord diagrams for the first system:

- Bb
- Ab
- Gm
- Fm7
- Eb

1. I met you on — a mid - way at a fair last — year —
 2. fol - lowed with — the side - shows to an - oth - er — town —
 3. late - ly you've — been hid - ing; it was some - where in — the news; —

Piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics, showing the right and left hand parts.

Chord diagrams for the second system:

- Bb
- Ab
- Gm
- Fm7
- Eb9

— And you stood out like — a ru - by in a black man's —
 — And I found you in — a trail - er on the camp - ing —
 — And I'm still at — the rac - es with my tick - et stubs —

Piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics, showing the right and left hand parts.

Chord diagrams for the third system:

- Eb9
- Ab

— ear. — You were play - ing on — the hors - es, you were
 — ground. — You were bet - ting on — some lov - er, you were
 — and blues. — And a voice calls out — the num - bers and it

Piano accompaniment for the third system of lyrics, showing the right and left hand parts.



play - ing on gui - tar strings, You were play - in' like — a dev - il wear - ing
 shak - ing up — the dice, And I thought I saw — you cheat - ing once or
 some - times men - tions mine And I feel like I've — been work - ing ov - er -



wings, _____ wear - ing wings. _____ You looked so grand wear - ing
 twice, _____ once or twice. _____ I heard your bid once or
 time, _____ ov - er - time. _____ I've lost my fire, o - ver



wings. _____ Do you tape them to your
 twice. _____ Were you won - d'ring was the
 time. _____ Al - ways play - in' one more



shoul - ders_ just to sing? _____ Can you fly? _____ I heard you
 gam - ble_ worth the price? _____ Pack it in! _____ I heard you
 hand for_ one more dime. _____ Slow - in' down, _____ I'm get - tin'

Eb7sus Eb7sus Absus Ab Eb Eb7sus

can. Can you fly? Like an eag - le doin' your
 did, Pack it in! Was it hard to fold a
 tired, Slow-in' down, And I en - vy you the

Eb

1. 2.

3.

hunt - ing — from the sky? 2. I
 hand you — knew could win? 3. So
 val - ley — that you've found,

E7sus

E7

'Cause I'm mid-way down the mid - way slow-in' down,

Bbm7

Ebdim

Eb

down, down, down,

Both Sides Now

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately (with a light beat)

mp

C F C Cmaj7 F C

1. Bows and flows of an-gel hair,— and ice-cream cas-tles in the air,— and
 2. Moons and Junes and fer-ris wheels,— the diz-zy danc-ing way you feel,— as
 3. Tears and fears and feel-ing proud,— to say "I love you" right out loud,—

F Dm7 G

feath-er can-yons ev-'ry-where,— I've looked at clouds that way. But
 ev-'ry fat-ry tale comes real,— I've looked at love that way.. But
 Dreams and schemes and cir-cus crowds,— I've looked at life that way. But

C F C Cmaj7 F C

now they on-ly block the sun,— they rain and snow on ev-'ry-one.— So man-y things I
 now it's just an-ota-er show,— you leave 'em laugh-ing when you go.— And if you care, don't
 now old friends are ac-ting strange,— they shake their heads, they say I've changed.. But some-thing's lost but

F Dm7 G C

would have done, _____ but clouds got in my way. I've looked at clouds from
 let them know, _____ don't give your - self a - way. I've looked at love from
 some - thing's gained, _____ in liv - ing ev - 'ry day. I've looked at life from

F C F C F C G F

both sides now, _____ from up and down _____ and still some-how _____ it's cloud il - lu - sions
 both sides now, _____ from give and take _____ and still some-how _____ it's love's il - lu - sions
 both sides now, _____ from win and lose _____ and still some-how _____ it's life's il - lu - sions

C F C F C F C F

I re - call; I real - ly _____ don't know clouds _____ at _____ all _____
 I re - call; I real - ly _____ don't know love _____ at _____ all _____
 I re - call; I real - ly _____ don't know life _____ at _____ all _____

C F C F C F C F

1. 2.

Repeat and fade out

He Comes for Conversation

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a rhythmic pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

1. 3. He comes _____ for and con - ver - sa - tion, _____
2. Se - crets _____ and shar - ing so - da, _____

This system includes guitar chord diagrams for G, Gmaj7, G, C, and D7sus. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes on the word 'sa' in the first line and 'da' in the second line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

I com - fort him _____ some - times, _____
That's how our time _____ be - gan, _____

This system includes guitar chord diagrams for G and D7sus. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns.

Com - fort and con - sul - ta - tion, _____
Love is a sto - ry told _____ to a _____

This system includes guitar chord diagrams for G, C, and D7sus. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns.

B \flat **A** *To Coda 2* **G**

friend, He knows that's what he'll find,
It's sec - ond hand,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole note 'friend,' followed by a half note 'He knows' and a quarter note 'that's'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines. Chord diagrams for Bb, A, and G are shown above the staff.

Gmaj7 **G** **C**

I bring him ap - ples and chees -
But I'll lis - ten to his ques -

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a whole note 'I bring' and a half note 'him'. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and treble accompaniment. Chord diagrams for Gmaj7, G, and C are shown above the staff.

D7sus **G**

es, He brings me songs
tions, I'll give my an - swers when

The third system shows the vocal line with a whole note 'es,' and a half note 'tions,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note bass line and treble accompaniment. Chord diagrams for D7sus and G are shown above the staff.

D7sus **G**

to play, He sees me
they're found, He says she

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a whole note 'to play,' and a half note 'they're found,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note bass line and treble accompaniment. Chord diagrams for D7sus and G are shown above the staff.

C D7sus Bb A

when it pleas - es, I see him
keeps him guess - ing, But I know she

G D7sus To Coda G

in ca - fé's, And I on - ly say hel - lo, And turn a -
keeps him down, She

D7sus G7sus

way be-fore his la -dy knows How much I want to see

D7sus G

him. She re-moves him, like a ring To wash her

D7sus G7sus G7

hands, — She on - ly brings him out — to show — her

G7sus G NC G

friends. I want to free — him, —

C G

C

D. S. al ♦ *Coda* ✻

G D7sus

speaks in sor - ry sen - ten - ces, — Mi - rac - u - lous — re - pent -

G7sus

- anc - es, — I don't be -

G

lieve her. To - mor - row he will come to me — And

D7sus D7sus G7

speak his sor - row end - less - ly, — And ask me

G7sus G G

why, Why can't I leave her? Ah

C G

C

D. S. al ♦ *Coda 2* ❧

♦ *Coda 2*

D7sus G C G

what he'll find,

Rainy Night House

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Medium Folk Beat

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (Bb).

Dm **Bb** **Am7**

It was a rain - y night, We took a tax - i to—

3

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with guitar chord diagrams above it. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "It was a rain - y night, We took a tax - i to—". A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it.

A **Dm** **Bb**

— your moth-er's home. — She went to Flo - ri - da

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "— your moth-er's home. — She went to Flo - ri - da". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

Am7 **A** **Dm**

and left you with your fa- ther's gun, a - lone. Up - on her

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "and left you with your fa- ther's gun, a - lone. Up - on her". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

Guitar chords: G, G, C, F, Bb

small white bed, I fell in-to a dream, You sat up all

Guitar chords: Dm, C, Am

the night and watched me to see who in the world I

Guitar chords: G, Dm

might be.

Guitar chord: Bb

I am from the Sun - day school,

Guitar chords: Am7, A, Dm, Bb6

I sing so-pra-no in the up - stairs choir.

Asus₂ A Dm Gsus G

You are a ho - ly man

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major). It starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics "You are a ho - ly man" are written below the notes. The guitar accompaniment consists of a bass line with eighth notes and a treble line with chords. Chord diagrams for Asus₂, A, Dm, Gsus, and G are shown above the staff.

C F Bb Dm

On the F. M. ra - di - o. I sat up all — the night and

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note E, a quarter note F, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics "On the F. M. ra - di - o. I sat up all — the night and" are written below. The guitar accompaniment continues with eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. Chord diagrams for C, F, Bb, and Dm are shown above the staff.

C Am G

watched thee To see who in the world — you — might —

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note E, a quarter note F, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics "watched thee To see who in the world — you — might —" are written below. The guitar accompaniment continues with eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. Chord diagrams for C, Am, and G are shown above the staff.

Dm

be. —

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note E, a quarter note F, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics "be. —" are written below. The guitar accompaniment continues with eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. A chord diagram for Dm is shown above the staff.

B \flat Am7 A

You called me beau - ti - ful, You called - your moth - er she was ver - y

Dm B \flat Am7 A

tanned, So you packed your tent and went to live out in the Ar - i - zo - na

Dm Gm#9 G C F

sand. You are a re - fu - gee from a weal - thy fam - i - ly.

B \flat Dm C Am

You gave up all - the gold - en fac - to - ries To see who in the world -

G G D7sus G Dm C6 (D bass)

you might be.

Blue Boy

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Medium Folk Beat

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes.

Chord diagrams: C, Am, G

1. La - dy called the blue - boy, love, She took him home.
 2. Some - times in the eve - ning He would read to her,
 3. Bring her boots of leath - er, She will dance for him.

The first system includes a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

Chord diagrams: C, Am, F

Made him - self an i - dol, yes, So he turned to stone. Like a pil - grim, she tra -
 Roll her in his arms And give his seed to her. She would wake in the morn -
 Shy - ly, from a feath - er fan. She'll glance for him. Here he comes af - ter mid -

The second system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

Dm7 E Am G D7sus

velled To place her flow - ers Be - fore his gran - ite grace,
 ing With - out him and go to the win - dow And look out thru the pane,
 night To find her a - gain, He will come a few times more

G Bb Dm7 G D7sus

And she prayed a - loud for love To wak - en in his face,
 But the stat - ue in her gar - den, He al - ways looked the same,
 Till he finds a la - dy stat - ue Stand - ing in a door,

G G7sus Dm C6 Am

In his face, oh.
 He looked the same, oh.
 In her door, oh.

G7sus G G7sus G G7sus G

12. 13.

rit.

The Arrangement

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Very Slowly and Freely

Piano introduction for 'The Arrangement'. The score is in G major, 4/4 time, and marked 'Very Slowly and Freely'. It features a delicate melody in the right hand with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The first two measures are marked with *p* and *f* dynamics.

Continuation of the piano introduction. The melody continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the second measure, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

In Tempo-Medium Folk Style (with much feeling)

Am guitar chord diagram: x02010

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "You could have been more than a name on the door— On the thir-ty-third floor—". The piano accompaniment provides a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

Gsus guitar chord diagram: x02333

G guitar chord diagram: x02333

Dsus guitar chord diagram: xx0232

G guitar chord diagram: x02333

E7sus guitar chord diagram: xx0232

Em7 guitar chord diagram: x02203

Dsus guitar chord diagram: xx0232

D guitar chord diagram: xx0232

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "in the air. More than a cred-it card, swim-ming pool in the back—". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring various chords as indicated by the diagrams above.

Am A7sus Am Am A7sus

yard, While you still have the time you could get a -

This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The bottom line is the piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams for Am, A7sus, and Am are shown above the staff. The lyrics are: "yard, While you still have the time you could get a -".

Am A7sus Am A7sus D7sus G

way and find a bet-ter life, You know the grind is so un - grate - ful.

This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The bottom line is the piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams for Am, A7sus, Am, A7sus, D7sus, and G are shown above the staff. The lyrics are: "way and find a bet-ter life, You know the grind is so un - grate - ful."

D7sus G D7sus Em7 Dsus D Am

Rac-ing cars, whis-key bars, No one cares who you real-ly are.

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The bottom line is the piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams for D7sus, G, D7sus, Em7, Dsus, D, and Am are shown above the staff. The lyrics are: "Rac-ing cars, whis-key bars, No one cares who you real-ly are."

F Am G

You're the keep-er of the cards, Yes, I know it gets hard

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The bottom line is the piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams for F, Am, and G are shown above the staff. The lyrics are: "You're the keep-er of the cards, Yes, I know it gets hard".

Em7 E Bm7 A

Keep-ing the wheels turn - ing. And the wife, she keeps the

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line is the piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, four guitar chord diagrams are provided: Em7, E, Bm7, and A. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

G Bm7 E7 E7sus

keys, She's so pleased to be a part

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line is the piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, four guitar chord diagrams are provided: G, Bm7, E7, and E7sus. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent bass line and harmonic support.

Em Am E7sus Am F

of the ar-range-ment.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line is the piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, five guitar chord diagrams are provided: Em, Am, E7sus, Am, and F. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

Am E7sus Am E7sus Am

You could have been more than a name on the door on the

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line is the piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, six guitar chord diagrams are provided: Am, E7sus, Am, E7sus, and Am. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line.

E7sus Am Gsus G D7sus G

thir- ty - third floor _____ in the air. _____

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). Above the staff are six guitar chord diagrams: E7sus, Am, Gsus, G, D7sus, and G. The lyrics 'thir- ty - third floor _____ in the air. _____' are written below the staff. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp.

E7sus Em7 D7sus D Am

More than a con-sum - er ly- ing in some room _____ try-in' to die. _____

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in treble clef. Above the staff are five guitar chord diagrams: E7sus, Em7, D7sus, D, and Am. The lyrics 'More than a con-sum - er ly- ing in some room _____ try-in' to die. _____' are written below the staff. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

E7sus Am E7sus Em7 Dsus D Am E7sus

_____ More than a cred-it card, swim-ming pool _____ in the back _____ yard. _____

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in treble clef. Above the staff are eight guitar chord diagrams: E7sus, Am, E7sus, Em7, Dsus, D, Am, and E7sus. The lyrics '_____ More than a cred-it card, swim-ming pool _____ in the back _____ yard. _____' are written below the staff. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

Am D E7sus Em7 E7sus Em7 E7sus Em7

_____ La la la la la la, la la la la la la, La la la la _____

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in treble clef. Above the staff are eight guitar chord diagrams: Am, D, E7sus, Em7, E7sus, Em7, E7sus, and Em7. The lyrics '_____ La la la la la la, la la la la la la, La la la la _____' are written below the staff. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

A7sus Am A7sus B7sus

la la La la la.

E Am E7sus

You could have been more than a

Am E7 Am A7sus Am E7sus

name on the door,— You could have been more, you could have been more, You

Am Bb Am E7sus NC

could have been more.

rit. *p*

Ladies of the Canyon

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in D major, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

1. Tri - na wears her wam - pum beads, She fills her draw - ing

This system contains the first line of the song. It includes a guitar chord diagram for D major above the first measure and Bm7 above the third measure. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

book with line, Sew - ing lace on wid - ows' weeds, And

This system contains the second line of the song. It includes a guitar chord diagram for D major above the first measure and C major above the third measure.

fil - i - gree on leaf and vine, Vine and leaf are fil - i - gree,

This system contains the third line of the song. It includes guitar chord diagrams for Bm7, D major, Am, and Em above the measures.

Am E D

And her coat's a sec-ond hand one. Trimmed in an-tique

C Bm7 D

lux - ur - y, She is a la - dy of the can - yon.

1. 2. 3.

D7 A

Doo-doo-doo - doo doo-doo - doo, Doo-doo - doo - doo - doo - doo -

D C D7

4.

doo - doo - doo. doo - doo - doo, La - la

la - la - la - la la - la - la - la la - la - la. Col - or - ing the

sun - shine hours, They are the la - dies of the can - yon.

2. Annie sits you down to eat.
 She always makes you welcome in.
 Cats and babies 'round her feet,
 And all are fat and none are thin.
 None are thin and all are fat:
 She may bake some brownies today.
 Saying you are welcome back.
 She is another canyon lady.
 Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
 La-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la.

3. Estrella, circus girl,
 Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls.
 Songs like tiny hammers hurled
 At bevelled mirrors in empty halls.
 Empty halls and bevelled mirrors,
 Sailing seas and climbing banyans.
 Come out for a visit here
 To be a lady of the canyon.
 Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
 Doo-doo doo doo doo doo doo-doo-doo.

4. Trina takes her paints and her threads
 And weaves a pattern all her own.
 Annie bakes her cakes and her breads
 And gathers flowers for her home.
 For her home she gathers flowers,
 And Estrella, dear companion,
 Colors up the sunshine hours,
 Pouring music down the canyon.
 Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
 La-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la.
 Coloring the sunshine hours,
 They are the ladies of the canyon.

Willie

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Medium Folk Style (with much feeling)

mf

C

1. Wil-lie is my child, — he is my
2. Wil-lie is my joy, — he is my

G D7sus G C

fa - ther; I would be his la - dy all — my
sor - row, Now he wants to run — a - way — and

F Em Dm D7 G

life. He says he'd love — to live — with me — But for an —
hide. He says our love — can not — be real, — He can not —

C F Em Dm Dm7

an - cient in - ju - ry that has not healed. He said I feel -
 hear the cha - pel's peal - ing sil - ver bells. But you know it's hard to tell -

G D7sus G7 D7sus Am E7sus Am

— once a - gain like I gave my heart — too soon. — He stood
 — when you're in — the spell if it's wrong or if it's real. — But you're bound to

G Dm7 Am

look - ing through the lace at the face on the con - quered moon, — And
 lose — if you let the blues get you scared to feel. — And I

F Em Dm Am Dm7 F Dm7

count - ing all the cars — up the hill — And the stars on my —
 feel like I'm — just be - ing born — Like a shin - y light —

G7 Dm7 F

win - dow sill. There are still more rea - sons why
 break - ing in a storm. There are so man - y rea - sons why

C G7sus C F

I love him.
 I love him.

G D7sus G C

Wil-lie is my child, he is my

G D7sus G D7sus G D7sus G

fa - ther.

rit.

The Priest Song

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately

1. The

mf

Gtr

priest sat in the air-port bar, He was wear-ing his fa - ther's tie,
said, you would- n't like it here, It's no place you should share;
took his con - tra - dic-tions out And he splashed them on my brow,
Now the trials are trum-pet scored, Oh, will we pass the test,

And his eyes looked in - to my
The roof is ripped with
So which words was I
Or just as one loves

D7sus Gm

eyes so far — When - ev - er the words ran — dry. —
hur - ri - canes — And the room is al - ways bare. —
then to doubt — When choos - ing what to vow. —
more and more — Will one love less and less. —

Be - hind the lash and the
I need the wind and I
Should I choose them all, should I
Oh, come, let's run from this

Gm7 Am7 G7sus

cir - cles blue, — He looked as on - ly a priest can, thru —
seek the cold, — He reached past the wine for my hand to hold —
make them mine, — The ser - mons, the hymns and the val - en - tines. —
ring we're in — Where the Christ - ians clap and the Ger - mans grin. —

Gm

And his eyes said me and his eyes said
And he saw me young and he saw me
He asked for truth and he asked for
Cry - ing let them lose, say - ing let them

G7sus Am7

you
old;
time,
win.

And my eyes said let us
And he saw me sit - ting
And he asked for on - ly
Oh make them both con -

1.2. Gm G7sus Gm

try.
there.

2. He
3. Then he

3. Gm G7sus

now.

4. Gm

fess.

Woodstock

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Slow Folk Style

mp

Em A7sus

1. I came up-on a child of God; He was walk-ing a-long the
can I walk be-side you? I have come here to lose the
time we got to Wood-stock We were half a mil-lion

p

Em7 A7sus Em7

road And I asked him, "Where are you go-ing?" This he
smog And I feel to be a cog in some-thing
strong And ev-'ry-where was song and cel-e-

told me: 'I'm
turn - ing. May-
bra - tion. And

A7sus



go - ing on down — to Yas - gur's Farm, — Gon - na join in a rock — and roll
 be it is just — the time — of year, — Or may - be it's the time — of man,
 I dreamed I saw — the bomb - ers — Rid - ing shot - gun in — the



band. — I'm gon - na camp out — on the land And try 'n' get —
 I — don't know who I am, — But — life is for learn -
 sky, — Turn - ing in - to — but - ter - flies a - bove our na -

— my soul — free. "
 — — — — — ing. "
 — — — — — tion. "

CHORUS



To Coda ⊕

We are star - dust, we are gold en —
 3. bil - lion year old car - bon —

mf

Em7

And we got to get our - selves back to the

G6

A

G

Em

gar den. 2. "Then
3. By the

dim. *p*

⊕ Coda

Em7

Caught in the dev - il's bar - gain And we got to get our - selves

G6

G

Em7

A

back to the gar - den.

p

Morning Morgantown

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately

mp

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes in a major key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The left hand plays a simple bass line of quarter notes.

1. When morn - ing comes to Mor-gan - town, — The mer - chants roll their
find a ta - ble in the shade — And sip our tea and
like to buy you ev - 'ry - thing, — A wood - en bird with

Chords: C#m, Cdim, Bm7

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes guitar chord diagrams for C#m, Cdim, and Bm7. The piano accompaniment consists of a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

awn - ings down And milk trucks make their morn - ing rounds In
lem - on - ade And watch the morn - ing on pa - rade In
paint - ed wings, A win - dow full of col - ored rings In

Chords: A, D, A

The second system continues the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes guitar chord diagrams for A, D, and A. The piano accompaniment consists of a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

C#m Bm7 A D A C#m

morn - ing Mor - gan - town. We'll rise up ear - ly
 morn - ing Mor - gan - town. La - dies in their
 morn - ing Mor - gan - town. But the on - ly thing I

Cdim Bm7 A

with the sun To ride the bus while ev - 'ry - one is
 rain-bow fash - ions, Col - ored stop and go lights flash - ing. We'll
 have to give To make you smile, to win you with are

D A C#m Bm7

yawn - ing and the day is young in morn - ing Mor - gan -
 wink at to - tal stran - gers pass - ing in morn - ing Mor - gan -
 all the morn - ings still to live in morn - ing Mor - gan -

CHORUS

A D A E D A

town.
 town.
 town.

Morn - ing Mor - gan - town, —

mf

Amaj7 D A F D A

Buy your dreams a dol-lar down. Morn - ing an - y town you name,

Bm7 1. 2. A

Morn-ing's just the same. 2. We'll 3. I'd- mp

3. A Am Bm7

same. Mm Morn - ing's just the

same.

He Played Real Good for Free

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately (with feeling)

mf

C B \flat Am Am7

1. I slept last night in a good ho - tel, I went
me, I play for for - tune And those
3. No - bod - y stopped to hear him, Though he

Dm F B \flat F

shop - ping to - day for jew - els.
vel - vet cur - tain calls.
played so sweet and high.

C B \flat Am

The wind rushed a - round in the dir - ty town,
 I've got a black lim - ou - sine and two gen - tle - men
 They knew he had nev - er been on their

Am7 Dm F B \flat

And the chil - dren let out from the school,
 Es - cort - ing me to the halls,
 T. V., So they passed his mu - sic by.

F Dm

I was stand - ing on a
 And I play if you
 I meant to go

C F C

nois - y cor - ner Wait - ing for the walk - ing
 have the mon - ey Or if you're a friend to
 o - ver and ask for a song, May - be put on a har - mo -

Bb Am7 C G7 C7sus G7 C

green, _____
me, _____
y. _____

A - cross the street he
But the one man
I heard his re -

Bb Am Am7 Dm F

stood and he played real good — On his clar - i - net, for
band by the quick lunch stand, — He was play - in' real good, for
frain as the sig-nal changed, He was play - in' real good, for

Bb F 1. 2. Am C

free. _____
free. _____
free. _____

3. Am

2. Now
3. _____

Big Yellow Taxi

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Bright Beat

Introduction for piano, 4/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand plays a steady bass line of quarter notes.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment for the first system, maintaining the rhythmic structure established in the introduction.

B \flat
E \flat
B \flat
E \flat
B \flat
F
F6
F7
F6

1. They paved par-a-dise And put up a park - ing lot,
 took all the trees And put them in a tree mu - se - um,
 3. Hey, far-mer, far-mer, Put a-way that D. D. T. now,
 4. Late last night I heard the screen - door slam,

F
F7
F6
B \flat
E \flat
C

With a pink ho - tel, A bou-tique and a
 And they charged all the peo-ple A dol-lar and a half just to
 Give me spots on my ap-ples But leave me the birds and the
 And a big yel-low tax-i Took a - way my old

F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F CHORUS F

swing-ing hot spot.
 see 'em. Please! Don't it al - ways seem
 bees. man.

F7

— to go That you don't know what you've got till it's gone? They

Bb Eb C C7

1. Woo, pa -

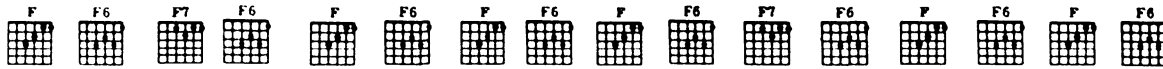
paved par - a - dise And put up a park - ing lot.

F F6 F F6 F F6 F F6 F F6 F

pa - pa - pa, Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa.

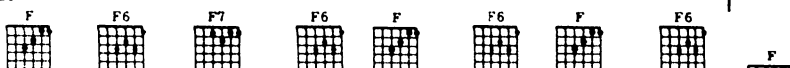
2. They

2.3.



Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa. Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa.

4.

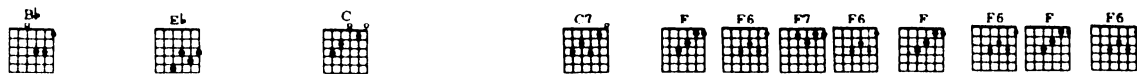


Woo, pa -- pa - pa - pa.

Don't it al - ways seem -



to go That you don't know what you've got till it's gone? They



Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa.

paved par-a-dise And put up a park - ing lot. They

Repeat and fade

The Circle Game

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

C F

1. Yes - ter - day a child came out to won - der,
2. Then the child moved ten times round the sea - sons,
3. Six - teen springs and six - teen sum - mers gone now,
years spin by and now the boy is twen - ty, _____

Though his

The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor). The first two chords are C major and F major.

F G7 G7sus

Caught a drag - on - fly in - side a jar.
Skat - ed o - ver ten clear fro - zen streams.
Cart - wheels turn to car - wheels thru the town. _____ And they
dreams have lost some grand - eur com - ing true, _____ There'll be

The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature remains one flat. The third and fourth chords are F major and G7 (dominant seventh).

C F C Em

Fear - ful when the sky was full of thun - der, And
 Words like, when you're old - er, must ap - pease him, And
 tell him, take your time, it won't be long now, Till you
 new dreams, may - be bet - ter dreams, and plen - ty Be -

F C G6 C F C

tear - ful at the fall - ing of a star.
 prom - is - es of some - day make his dreams.
 drag your feet to slow the cir - cles down.
 fore the last re - volv - ing year is through. } And the

CHORUS G7sus C G7sus C

sea - sons, they go round and round And the paint - ed po - nies go up and down,

F C

We're cap - tive on the car - ou - sel of time.

F Em F

We can't re-turn, we can on - ly look — be-hind from where we came And go

C C6 Dm9 1.2.8. F C

round and round and round in the cir-cle game. 4. So the

4. C F C Dm7 G13

game. And go round and round — and round in the cir-cle

rit.

C F C F C

game.

a tempo rit. a tempo rit.