

That Song About the Midway

[Joni Mitchell](#)

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

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