

# Refuge of the Roads

Joni Mitchell

I met a friend of spirit  
He drunk [Incomprehensible]  
As I sat before his sanity  
I was holding back from cryingHe saw my complications  
And he mirrored me back simplified  
And we laughed how our perfection  
Would always be deniedHeart and humor and humility  
He said, "Will lighten up your heavy load"  
And they send me then to the refuge of the roadsI fell in with some drifters  
Cast upon a beach town  
Winn Dixie cold cuts  
And highway hand me downsAnd I wound up fixing dinner  
For them and Boston Jim  
I well up with affection  
Thinking back down the roads to thenThe nets were overflowing  
In the Gulf of Mexico  
They were overflowing in the refuge of the roadsThere was spring along the ditches  
There were good times in the cities  
Oh, radiant happiness  
It was all so light and easy"Til I started analyzing  
And I brought on my old ways  
A thunderhead of judgment was  
Gathering in my gazeAnd it made most people nervous  
They just didn't want to know  
What I was seeing in the refuge of the roadsI pulled off into a forest  
Crickets clicking in the ferns  
Like a wheel of fortune  
I heard my fate turn, turn turnAnd I went running down a white sand road  
I was running like a white-assed deer  
Running to lose the blues  
To the innocence in hereThese are the clouds of Michelangelo  
Muscular with Gods and sun gold  
Shine on your witness in the refuge in the roadsIn a highway service station  
Over the month of June  
Was a photograph of the earth  
Taken coming back from the moonAnd you couldn't see a city  
On that marbled bowling ball  
Or a forest or a highway  
Or me here least of allYou couldn't see these cold water restrooms

Or this baggage overload  
Westbound and rolling taking refuge in the roads

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