

The Hissing of Summer Lawns

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

He bought her a diamond for her throat
He put her in a ranch house on a hill
She could see the valley barbecues
From her window sill See the blue pools in the squinting sun
Hear the hissing of summer lawns He put up a barbed wire fence
To keep out the unknown
And on every metal thorn
Just a little blood of his own She patrols that fence of his to a Latin drum
And the hissing of summer lawns Darkness, wonder makes it easy
Darkness, with a joyful mask
Darkness, tube's gone
Darkness, darkness, darkness
No color, no contrast A diamond dog, carrying a cup and a cane
Looking through a double glass
Looking at too much pride
And too much shame There's a black fly buzzing
There's a heat wave
Burning in her master's voice
Hissing summer lawns He gave her his darkness to regret
And good reason to quit him
He gave her a roomful of Chippendale
That nobody sits in Still she stays with a love of some kind
It's the lady's choice
The hissing of summer lawns Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness

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