

Don't Interrupt The Sorrow

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Don't interrupt the sorrow
Darn right on flames our prophet witches
Be polite, a room full of glasses
He says, "Your notches liberation doll"
And he chains me with that serpent
To that Ethiopian wall Anima rising, Queen of Queens
Wash my guilt of Eden
Wash and balance me
Anima rising, uprising in me tonight
She's a vengeful little goddess
With an ancient crown to fight Truth goes up in vapors, the steeples lean
Winds of change Patriarchs
Snug in your Bible belt dreams
God goes up the chimney
Like childhood Santa Claus
The good slaves love the good book, a rebel loves a cause I'm leaving on the 1:15, you're darn right
Since I was seventeen
I've had no one over me
He says "Anima rising, so what
Petrified wood process
Tall timber down to rock" Don't interrupt the sorrow, darn right
He says "We walked on the moon
You be polite", don't let up the sorrow
Death and birth and death and birth and death and birth
He says "Bring that bottle kindly and I'll pad your purse
I've got a head full of quandary and a mighty, mighty, thirst" Seventeen glasses, Rhine wine
Milk of the Madonna, Clandestine
He don't let up the sorrow
He lies and he cheats
It takes a heart like Mary's these days
When your man gets weak

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