Joni

Rita Wilson

Driving the canyon
Knowing you're up there
Strumming, singing a sad song on your guitar
Life had already shown you
with roses there come thorns who
knew your melody could fill my broken heart
You kicked off the hinges of that rusty kitchen door
Your piano and words were your weapons and your flowers oh
You're the clouds above Every red dirt road On the way to California
Icy cold and blue And a case of you Skating down the river To ya
Joni, Joni
Dreaming down sunset in a yellow taxi
Missing the sidewalk strangers playing songs for free
Now they're all raised on shortcuts and robbery
There's so many hills to climb just to make a little green
You're the clouds above Every red dirt road
On the way to California
Icy cold and blue
With a case of you
Skating down the river
To ya Joni you are the song in me
Because of you I'm still on my feet
You're the clouds above Every red dirt road
On the way to California
Icy cold and blue With a case of you
Skating down the river To ya
Joni, Joni
end

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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