

# God Must Be a Boogie Man

[Joni Mitchell](#)

He is three  
One's in the middle unmoved  
Waiting  
To show what he sees To the other two  
To the one attacking, so afraid  
And the one that keeps trying to love and trust  
And getting himself betrayed In the plan, oh the divine plan  
God must be a boogie man One's so sweet  
So overly loving and gentle  
He lets people in  
To his innermost sacred temple Blind faith to care  
Blind rage to kill  
Why'd he let them talk him down  
To cheap work and cheap thrills In the plan, oh the insulting plan  
God must be a boogie man Which would it be  
Mingus one or two or three  
Which one do you think  
He'd want the world to see Well, world opinion's not a lot of help  
When a man's only trying to find out  
How to feel about himself In the plan, oh the cockeyed plan  
God must be a boogie man

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