

Night Of The Iguana

Joni Mitchell

Tour bus came yesterday
The driver's a mess today
It's a dump of a destiny
But it's got a view
Now the kid in the see through blouse
Is moving in hard on his holy vows
Since the preacher's not dead
Dead drunk will have to do
Oh, night of iguana
The jasmine is so mysteriously sweet
Ooh, night of iguana
Can you hear the castanets?
The widow is dancing down on the beach
The starlight is steaming
He'd like to be dreaming
His senses are screaming
Not to be denied
But if the spell of the night should win

He could lose his bus for the same sweet sin
Took his church from him
Then how will he survive?
Ooh, night of iguana
The jasmine is so mercilessly sweet
Ooh, night of iguana
Can you hear the castanets?
It's the widow and her lover boys down on the beach
Oh, the night is so fragrant
These women so flagrant
They could make him a vagrant
With the flick of a shawl
The devil's in sweet sixteen
The widow's good looking but she gets mean
He's burning like Augustine
With no help from God at all
Oh, night of iguana

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