

# This Place

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Sparkle on the ocean  
Eagle at the top of a tree  
Those crazy crows always making a commotion  
This land is home to me  
I was talking to my neighbor  
He said, "When I get to heaven, if it is not like this  
I'll just hop a cloud and I'm coming right back down here  
Back to this heavenly bliss"  
You see those lovely hills  
They won't be there for long  
They're gonna tear 'em down  
And sell them to California  
Here come the toxic spills  
Miners poking all around  
When this place looks like a moonscape  
Don't say I didn't warn ya  
Money, money, money  
Money makes the trees come down  
It makes mountains into molehills  
Big money kicks the wide, wide world around  
Black bear in the orchard  
At night he's in my garbage cans  
He's getting so bold but no one wants to shoot him  
He's got a right to roam this land  
I feel like Geronimo  
Used to be as trusting as Cochise  
But the white eyes lies  
He's out of whack with nature  
And look how far his weapons reach  
Spirit of the water  
Give us all the courage and the grace  
To make genius of this tragedy unfolding  
The genius to save this place

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