

# The Hissing Of Summer Lawns

[Joni Mitchell](#)

He bought her a diamond for her throat  
He put her in a ranch house on a hill  
She could see the valley barbecues  
From her window sill  
See the blue pools in the squinting sun  
Hear the hissing of summer lawns  
He put up a barbed wire fence  
To keep out the unknown  
And on every metal thorn  
Just a little blood of his own  
She patrols that fence of his  
To a Latin drum  
And the hissing of summer lawns  
Darkness  
Wonder makes it easy  
Darkness  
With a joyful mask  
Darkness  
Tube's gone, darkness, darkness, darkness  
No color no contrast  
A diamond dog  
Carrying a cup and a cane  
Looking through a double glass  
Looking at too much pride and too much shame  
There's a black fly buzzing  
There's a heat wave burning in her master's voice  
Hissing summer lawns  
He gave her his darkness to regret  
And good reason to quit him  
He gave her a roomful of Chippendale  
That nobody sits in  
Still she stays with a love of some kind  
It's the lady's choice  
The hissing of summer lawns

Songwriters

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