

Hejira

Joni Mitchell

I'm traveling in some vehicle
I'm sitting in some cafe
A defector from these petty wars
That shell shock love away There's comfort in melancholy
When there's no need to explain
It's just as natural as the weather
In this moody sky today In our possessive coupling
So much cannot be expressed
So now I'm returning to myself
These things that you and I suppressed I see something of myself in everyone
Right at this moment of the world
As snow gathers like bolts of lace
Waltzing on a bridal girl You know it never has been easy
Whether you do or you do not resign
Whether you travel the breadth of extremities
Or you stick to some straighter line Look here's a man and a woman sittin' on a rock
They're either going to thaw out or freeze
Listen, sounds like Benny Goodman
Floating through the snowy trees I'm porous with travel fever
But I'm so glad to be on my own
Still the slightest touch of a stranger
Sets up a trembling in my bones But I know, no one's going to show me everything
We come and go unknown
Each so deep and so superficial
Between the forceps and the stone I looked at the granite markers
Those tribute to finality, to eternity
And I looked at myself here
Chicken scratching for a peice of immortality In the church they light the candles
And the wax rolls down like tears
There is the hope and the hopelessness
I've witnessed all these years We're only particles of change I know
We're just orbiting around the sun
But how can I have that point of view
When I'm bound and tied to someone? White flags of winter chimneys
Waving truce against the moon
In the mirrors of a modern bank
From the window of my hotel room I'm traveling in some vehicle
I'm sitting in some cafe
A defector from the petty wars

Until love sucks me back that way

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