

# For The Roses

[Joni Mitchell](#)

I heard it in the wind last night, sounded like applause  
Did you get a round resounding for you way up here?  
It seems like many dim years ago  
Since I heard that face to face or seen you face to face  
Though tonight I can feel you here  
I get these notes on butterflies and lilac sprays  
From girls who just have to tell me they saw you somewhere  
In some office sits a poet and he trembles as he  
sings  
And he asks some guy to circulate his soul around  
On your mark red ribbon runner, the caressing rev of motors  
Finely tuned like fancy women in thirties evening gowns  
Up the charts, off to the airport  
Your name's in the news, everything's first class  
The lights go down and it's just you up there  
Getting them to feel like that  
Remember the days when you used to sit and make up  
Your tunes for love and pour your simple sorrow  
To the sound hole and your knee and now you're seen on giant screens  
And at parties for the press and for people who have slices of you  
From the company, they toss around your latest golden egg  
Speculation, well, who's to know  
If the next one in the nest will glitter for them so I guess I seem ungrateful with my teeth sunk in the hand  
That brings me things I really can't give up just yet  
Now I sit up here, the critic, and they introduce some band  
But they seem so much confetti looking at them on my TV set  
Oh, the power and the glory just when you're getting a taste for worship  
They start bringing out the hammers and the boards and the nails  
I heard it in the wind last night, sounded like  
applause  
Chilly now, end of summer, no more shiny hot nights  
It was just the arbutus rustling and the bumping of the logs  
And the moon swept down black water like an empty spotlight

Lyrics provided by

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