

Song to a Seagull

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Fly silly seabird no dreams can possess you
No voices can blame you for sun on your wings
My gentle relations have names they must call me
For loving the freedom of all flying things
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach out of cry I came to the city and lived like old Crusoe
On an island of noise in a cobblestone sea
And the beaches were concrete and the stars paid a light bill
And the blossoms hung false on their store window trees
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach out of cry Out of the city and down to the seaside
To sun on my shoulders and wind in my hair
But sandcastles crumble and hunger is human
And humans are hungry for worlds they can't share
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach out of cry I call to a seagull, who dives to the waters
And catches his silver fine dinner alone
Crying where are the footprints that danced on these beaches
And the hands that cast wishes that sunk like a stone
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach out of cry

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