

# 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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