

God Must Be a Boogie Man

Joni Mitchell

He is three
One's in the middle unmoved
Waiting
To show what he sees To the other two
To the one attacking, so afraid
And the one that keeps trying to love and trust
And getting himself betrayed In the plan, oh the divine plan
God must be a boogie man One's so sweet
So overly loving and gentle
He lets people in
To his innermost sacred temple Blind faith to care
Blind rage to kill
Why'd he let them talk him down
To cheap work and cheap thrills In the plan, oh the insulting plan
God must be a boogie man Which would it be
Mingus one or two or three
Which one do you think
He'd want the world to see Well, world opinion's not a lot of help
When a man's only trying to find out
How to feel about himself In the plan, oh the cockeyed plan
God must be a boogie man

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