

The Sire of Sorrow

Joni Mitchell

Let me speak
Let me spit out my bitterness
Born of grief and nights without sleep
And festering flesh
Do you have eyes?
Can you see like mankind sees?
Why have you soured and curdled me?
Oh, you tireless watcher
What have I done to you?
That you make everything I dread and everything I fear
Come true Once I was blessed
I was awaited like the rain
Like eyes for the blind
Like feet for the lame
Kings heard my words
And they sought out my company
But now the janitors of Shadowland
Flick their brooms at me
Oh, you tireless watcher
What have I done to you?
That you make everything I dread and everything I fear
Come true? (Man is the sire of sorrow) I've lost all taste for life
I'm all complaints
Tell me why do you starve the faithful?
Why do you crucify the saints?
And you let the wicked prosper
You let their children frisk like deer
And my loves are dead or dying
Or they don't come near
(We don't despise your chastening
God is correcting you) Oh, and look who comes
To counsel my deep distress
Oh, these pompous physicians
What carelessness!
(Oh all this ranting, all this wind
Filling our ears with trash)
Breathtaking ignorance
Adding insult to injury!
They come blaming and shaming (Evil doer)

And shattering me
(This vain man wishes to seem wise
A man born of asses)
Oh you tireless watcher!
What have I done to you?
That you make everything I dread and everything I fear
Come true?(We don't despise your chastening)Already on a bed of sighs and screams
And still you torture me with visions
You give me terrifying dreams!
Better I was carried from the womb straight to the grave
I see the diggers waiting, they're leaning on their spades(Man is the sire of sorrow
Sure as the sparks ascend)
Where is hope?
While you're wondering what went wrong?
Why give me light and then this dark without a dawn?
(Evil is sweet in your mouth
Hiding under your tongue)
Show your face!
(What a long fall from grace)
Help me understand!
What is the reason for your heavy hand?
(You're stumbling in shadows
You have no name now)
Was it the sins of my youth?
What have I done to you?
That you make everything I dread and everything I fear
Come true?
(Oh your guilt must weigh so greatly)
Everything I dread and everything I fear come true
(Man is the sire of sorrow)
Oh, you make everything I dread and everything I fear come true

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