

Paprika Plains

[Joni Mitchell](#)

It fell from midnight skies
It drummed on the galvanized
In the washroom, women tracked the rain
Up to the make up mirror
Liquid soap and grass
And jungle gardenia crash
On pine sol and beer
It's stifling in here
I've got to get some air
I'm going outside to get some air
Back in my hometown
They would have cleared the floor
Just to watch the rain come down
They're such sky oriented people
Geared to changing weather
I'm floating off in time
I'm floating off, I'm floating off in time
When I was three feet tall
And wide eyed open to it all
With their tasseled teams they came
To McGee's general store
All in their beaded leathers
I would tie on colored feathers
And I'd beat the drum like war
I would beat the drum like war
I'd beat the drum, I'd beat the drum like war
But when the church got through
They traded their beads for bottles
Smashed on Railway Avenue
And they cut off their braids
And lost some link with nature
I'm floating into dreams
I'm floating off, I'm floating into my dreams
I dream Paprika plains
Vast and bleak and god forsaken
Paprika plains and a turquoise river snaking
The rain retreats like troops to
Fall on other fields and streets
Meanwhile they're sweet

Talking and name calling
And brawling on the fringes of the floor
I spot you through the smoke
With your eyes on fire
From J and B and coke
As I'm coming through the door
I'm coming back, I'm coming back for more
The band plugs in again you see that mirrored ball
Begin to sputter lights and spin
Dizzy on the dancers
Geared to changing rhythms
No matter what you do
I'm floating back, I'm floating back to you

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