

# Amelia

## Joni Mitchell

I was driving across the burning desert  
When I spotted six jet planes  
Leaving six white vapor trails  
Across the bleak terrain Like the hexagram of the heavens  
Like the strings of my guitar  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm The drone of flying engines  
Is a song so wild and blue  
It scrambles time and seasons  
If it gets through to you Then your life becomes a travelogue  
For the picture post card charms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm People will tell you where they've gone  
They'll tell you where to go  
But till you get there yourself  
You never really know Where some have found their paradise  
Others just come to harm  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm I wish that he was here tonight  
It's so hard to obey  
His sad request of me to kindly stay away So this is how I hide the hurt  
As the road leads cursed and charmed  
I tell Amelia, it was just a false alarm The ghost of aviation  
She was swallowed by the sky  
Or by the sea  
Like me she had a dream to fly Like Icarus ascending  
On beautiful foolish arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm Maybe I've never really loved  
I guess that is the truth  
I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitudes And looking down on everything  
I crashed into his arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm I pulled into the cactus tree motel  
To shower off the dust  
And I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust I dreamed of seven forty sevens  
Over geometric farms  
Dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms

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