

Not To Blame

[Joni Mitchell](#)

The story hit the news from coast to coast
They said you beat the girl you loved the most
Your charitable acts seemed out of place
And the beauty with your fist marks on her face
Your buddies all stood by
They bet their fortunes and their fame
That she was out of line
And you were not to blame
Six hundred thousand doctors are putting on rubber gloves
And they're poking at the miseries made of love
They say they're learning how to spot the battered wives
Among all the women they see bleeding through their lives
I'd bleed for your perversity
These red words that make a stain
On your white-washed claim that
She was out of line
And you were not to blame
I heard your baby say when he was only three
"Daddy, let's get some girls one for you and one for me"
His mother had the frailty you despise
And the looks you love to drive to suicide
Not one wet eye around
Her lonely little grave
Said, "He was out of line girl
You were not to blame"

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