

# The Sire of Sorrow (Job's Sad Song)

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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