

Joni Mitchell, A Strange Boy

A strange boy is weaving
A course of grace and havoc
On a yellow skateboard
Thru midday sidewalk traffic
Just when I think he's foolish and childish
And I want him to be manly
I catch my fool and my child
Needing love and understanding

What a strange, strange boy
He still lives with his family
Even the war and the navy
couldn't bring him to maturity

He keeps referring back to school days
And clinging to his child
Fidgeting and bullied
His crazy wisdom holding onto something wild
He asked me to be patient
Well I failed
"Grow up!" I cried
And as, the smoke was clearing he said
"Give me one good reason why!"

What a strange, strange boy
He sees the cars as sets of waves
Sequences of mass and space
He sees the damage in my face

We got high on travel
And we got drunk on alcohol
And on love the strongest poison and medicine of all
See how that feeling comes and goes
Like the pull of moon on tides
Now I am surf rising
Now parched ribs of sand at his side

What a strange, strange boy
I gave him clothes and jewelry
I gave him my warm body
I gave him power over me

A thousand glass eyes were staring
In a cellar full of antique dolls
I found an old piano
And sweet chords rose up in waxed New England halls
While the boarders were snoring
Under crisp white sheets of curfew
We were newly lovers then
We were fire in the stiff-blue-haired-house-rules