

# Joni Mitchell, Cara's Castle

If you ever come to our town  
On a carousel crusade  
And you're tired of fighting windmills with a nail  
Cross the fence and join the dragons  
Who have never made the grade  
Cara's castle and the keepers of a most unholy grail.

Oh Cara, Queen of the losers, ruler of the weak  
Give the poet what he chooses till he's too dumb to speak

There's a clock upon the mantle  
But its hands forget the time  
And the windows turn their backs upon the day  
And the people in the shadows  
Could be all lost friends of mine  
Cara's courtiers need no light - need no light to lose their way

Oh Cara, Queen of the losers, ruler of the weak  
Give the poet what he chooses till he's too dumb to speak

From the end to the beginning  
Crippled minds retrace the steps  
From the burial to the birth they do retreat  
Wonderin' where and when and why  
Their souls were slaughtered while they slept  
Cara's courtiers know no victory - know no victory just defeat

Oh Cara, Queen of the losers, ruler of the weak  
Give the poet what he chooses till he's too dumb to speak

One by one the battered soldiers  
Go slowly cross the moat  
One by one they seek new castles somewhere else  
With their crutches and the cravens  
And I wonder is there hope  
Is there hope for Cara's courtiers - and the wars against themselves

Oh Cara, Queen of the losers, ruler of the weak  
Give the poet what he chooses till he's too dumb to speak