

Joni Mitchell, Love Or Money

The firmament of Tinsel Town
Is strung with tungsten stars
Lots of forty watt successes
He says where's my own shining hour
He's the well kept secret of the underground
He's in debt to the company store
Because his only channelled aspiration
Was getting back that girl he had before
He's got stacks and stacks of words that rhyme
Describing what it is to lose
He's got some just for laughs
He's got some for love
That mainline to his blues
Some to shed a little light on you and on me
Some to shed a little light on the human story

The wars of pride and property
The rebel Irish and the promised land Jew
Fighting behind his eyes and over seas
Wounded in action and no ceasefire in view
Brave reporters bring the battles home
But tonight inside that box
Just more bang bang ketchup color to him
Just more Twentieth Century Fox
All because that ghostly girl comes haunting
Just out of reach-outside his bed
And she kicks the covers off his sleep
For the clumsy things he said
She commands his head-She tries his sanity
She demands his head-Tonight unknowingly

Vaguely she floats and lacelike
Blown in like a curtain on the night wind
She's nebulous and naked
He wonders where she's been
He grabs at the air because there's nothing there
Her evasiveness stings him
With long legs-long lonely legs
Bruised from banging into things
One day he was standing just outside her door
He was carrying an armload of bright balloons
She just laughed
She said she heard him knocking
And she teased him for the moon
"Is one the moon, dear clown,
Tied to a string for me?"
He tried but he could not get it down
For truth or for mystery
He tried but he could not get it down
For love or money