

# Joni Mitchell, Not To Blame

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  
With 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 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."