

# Joni Mitchell, Roses Blue

I think of tears, I think of rain on shingles  
I think of rain, I think of roses blue  
I think of Rose, my heart begins to tremble  
To see the place she's lately gotten to  
Gotten to, gotten to

She's gotten to mysterious devotions  
She's gotten to the zodiac and Zen  
She's gotten into tarot cards and potions  
She's laying her religion on her friends  
On her friends, on her friends

Friends who come to ask her for their future  
Friends who come to find they can't be friends  
Because of signs and seasons that don't suit her  
She'll prophesy your death, she won't say when  
Won't say when, won't say when

When all the black cards come you cannot barter  
No, when all your stars are stacked you cannot win  
She'll shake her head and treat you like a martyr  
It is her blackest spell she puts you in  
Puts you in, puts you in

In sorrow she can lure you where she wants you  
Inside your own self-pity there you swim  
In sinking down to drown her voice still haunts you  
And only with your laughter can you win  
Can you win, can you win

You win the lasting laurels with your laughter  
It reaches like an arm before you sink  
To win the solitary truth you're after  
You dare not ask the priestess how to think  
How to think, how to think

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