

Joni Mitchell, Straw-Flower Me

Look at me. Won't you tell me
What you see behind the tinsel
Flower lady that you made
Me feel I must be.
Don't you know even tinsel flowers
Grow uneasy shining all the time.
Sometimes they find they can't even glow.
Could you love a blue straw-flower
With no mystic magic power?
Would you miss the glitter
Of your fantasy?
You know she isn't really me, baby.
Just to please you maybe
I can be a silver rose, but
Don't you know it's only straw-flower me?
Could you love a blue straw-flower
With no mystic magic power?
Would you miss the glitter
Of your fantasy?
You know she isn't really me, baby,
Baby, baby.