

Joni Mitchell, The Gift Of The Magi

I remember Monday rising up to pack his lunch
We kissed goodbye saying
What a foolish girl was I
Saying, what a fool was she
Near the store where I go shopping
On display there was a golden watch chain
All that week it had me stopping
What a fool was she.
Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the paper written plain
I saw an ad, I caught a train
And sold my hair to buy the chain
What a fool was she

(and he says:)

I remember Monday rising with her hair
reflected in my eyes
It caught the sun a million times
What a fool was he
In a window near the office was a comb
of pearls and beads and tortoise
Oh, the devil'd come to court us
What a fool was he
Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the pawnshop coming home
I stopped inquiring for a loan
And sold the watch to buy the comb
What a fool was he

Christmas came up cold and glum
There were no visions of sugar plums
There were no joyous carols sung
Oh, what fools were they
He sat glaring at her bob
As she lay weeping by a chain and fob
And sadly burned the yule log
And wise men lost their way
Wisemen lose their way
Merry Christmas Day