

Joni Mitchell, The Silky Veils Of Ardor

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through all these highs and lows
I heard there was no sickness
And no toil or danger
Just mercy and plenty
Where peaceful waters flow
Where peaceful waters flow

Come all you fair and tender school girls
Be careful now-when you court young men
They are like the stars
On a summer morning
They sparkle up the night
And they're gone again
Daybreak-gone again

If I'd only seen through the silky veils of ardor
What a killing crime this love can be
I would have locked up my heart
In a golden sheath of armor
And kept its crazy beating
Under strictest secrecy
High security

I wish I had the wings
Of Noah's pretty little white dove
So I could fly this raging river
To reach the one I love
But I have no wings
And the water is so wide
We'll have to row a little harder
It's just in dreams we fly
In my dreams we fly!