

Joni Mitchell, A Melody In Your Name

Can you still remember how it all began?
With clipper ships and pink electric trees,
Dawnlight on a skyline bridges' span,
Street light on a rooftop memory.
Then it was me and spring came,
Playing a song of spring rain,
A melody in your name.

Night now comes much bluer than it used to be.
The pink nun sings much sadder than before.
She sings that sometimes things aren't what they
Seem to be, like moons reflected on the sixteenth floor.

Love is no more, it's ended.
Paper and pins won't mend it;
Even the moon pretended.

There must be a reason, oh, there must be one.
Keep your answers, let me find my own.
Where do pretty stories get their endings from
If loving always leaves you all alone?
Kisses have shown me sorrow;
Love is a throne to borrow;
Pay for the loan tomorrow