

# Joni Mitchell, Bad Dreams

The cats are in the flower bed  
A red hawk rides the sky  
I guess I should be happy  
Just to be alive...  
But we have poisoned everything  
And oblivious to it all  
The cell phone zombies babble  
Through the shopping malls  
While condors fall from Indian skies  
Whales beach and die in sand...  
Bad dreams are good  
In the great plan.

You cannot be trusted  
Do you even know you're lying  
It's dangerous to kid yourself  
You go deaf and dumb and blind.  
You take with such entitlement.  
You give bad attitude.  
You have no grace  
No empathy  
No gratitude

You have no sense of consequence  
Oh my head is in my hands...  
Bad dreams are good  
In the great plan.

Before that altering apple  
We were one with everything  
No sense of self and other  
No self-consciousness.  
But now we have to grapple  
With our man-made world backfiring  
Keeping one eye on our brother's deadly selfishness.

And everyone's a victim!  
Nobody's hands are clean.  
There's so very little left of wild Eden Earth  
So near the jaws of our machines.  
We live in these electric scabs.  
These lesions once were lakes.  
No one knows how to shoulder the blame  
Or learn from past mistakes...  
So who will come to save the day?  
Mighty Mouse?  
Superman?  
Bad dreams are good in the great plan.