

# Joni Mitchell, Banquet

Come to the dinner gong  
The table is laden high  
Fat bellies and hungry little ones  
Tuck your napkins in  
And take your share  
Some get the gravy  
And some get the gristle  
Some get the marrow bone  
And some get nothing  
Though there's plenty to spare

I took my share down by the sea  
Paper plates and Javex bottles on the tide  
Seagulls come down  
And they squawk at me  
Down where the water-skiers glide

Some turn to Jesus  
And some turn to heroin  
Some turn to rambling round  
Looking for a clean sky  
And a drinking stream  
Some watch the paint peel off  
Some watch their kids grow up  
Some watch their stocks and bonds  
Waiting for that big deal  
American Dream

I took my dream down by the sea  
Yankee yachts and lobster pots and sunshine  
And logs and sails  
And Shell Oil pails  
Dogs and tugs and summertime  
Back in the banquet line  
Angry young people crying

Who let the greedy in  
And who left the needy out  
Who made this salty soup  
Tell him we're very hungry now  
For a sweeter fare  
In the cookie I read  
"Some get the gravy  
And some get the gristle  
Some get the marrow bone  
And some get nothing  
Though there's plenty to spare"