

# Joni Mitchell, Baran grill

Three waitresses all wearing  
Black diamond earrings  
Talking about zombies  
And Singapore slings  
No trouble in their faces  
Not one anxious voice  
None of the crazy you get  
From too much choice  
The thumb and the satchel  
Or the rented Rolls-Royce  
And you think she knows something  
By the second refill  
You think she's enlightened  
As she totals your bill  
You say "Show me the way  
To Baran grill";

Well some say it's in service  
They say "Humble Makes Pure";  
You're hoping it's near Folly  
'Cause you're headed that way for sure  
And you just have to laugh  
'Cause it's all so crazy  
Ah, her mind's on her boyfriend  
And eggs over easy  
It's just a trick on you  
Her mirrors and your will  
So you ask the truck driver  
On the way to the till  
But he's just a slave  
To Baran grill

The guy at the gas pumps  
He's got a lot of soul  
He sings Merry Christmas for you  
Just like Nat King Cole  
And he makes up his own tune  
Right on the spot  
About whitewalls and windshields  
And this job he's got  
And you want to get moving  
And you want to stay still  
But lost in the moment  
Some longing gets filled  
And you even forget to ask  
"Hey, Where's Baran grill?";