

Joni Mitchell, Go Tell The Drummer Man

Silver drums, rhythms that he hums
Waltzing dogs, that come when he calls
Plans for one he keeps in a coffer
What can I offer, I don't know
Can I bring him love words to sing him
Like some foolish magi
I'll be gone and words in a song
Won't even last till sunrise

Go tell the drummer man
The time glass is out of sand
Ask him to understand
And wait for me, and wait for me

Streets and parks
Waltzes in the dark
Lovers now, when time will allow
An afternoon, the kind to believe in
Why am I leaving? I don't know
Distant places, just empty spaces
Till we are together
What can I bring, time leaves me nothing
I wonder will it ever.

Go tell the drummer man
The time glass is out of sand
Ask him to understand
And wait for me, and wait for me

Silver birds fly away like words
In the wind, and soon I'll be in
Another world
The land of without him
What's it about, this other world

Go tell the drummer man
The time glass is out of sand
Ask him to understand
And wait for me, and wait for me