

# Joni Mitchell, Hunter

I was alone and sickly  
It was a quarter of a moonlit night  
I heard him cry through my window shade  
And it filled me so full of fright  
But I could not turn my back on him  
I put on the back porch light  
"Can I help you," said the Good Samaritan  
"Can I help you," said the Good Samaritan

I brought him bread and a blanket  
But I told him, "You can't come in"  
You can sleep outside in the tool shed  
Though a little rain comes in  
Oh, I don't know you, you're a stranger  
I don't know where you've been  
"You can't come in here," said the keeper of the inn  
"I don't want you in here," said the keeper of the inn.

But I couldn't sleep for the thinking  
You know my night got so insane  
I thought, maybe he was an angel  
And I left him out in the rain  
And what if he was the devil  
He'd be coming after me again  
But when I woke in the weary morning he was gone  
When I woke in the weary morning he was gone

I thought maybe he was an angel  
And I left him out in the rain  
And what if he was the devil  
He'd be coming after me again  
When I woke in the weary morning he was gone  
When I woke in the weary morning, Lord, he was gone