

# Joni Mitchell, Judgement Of The Moon And Stars

No tongue in the bell  
And the fishwives yell  
But they might as well be mute  
So you get to keep the pictures  
That don't seem like much  
Cold white keys under your fingers  
Now you're thinking  
"That's no substitute  
It just don't do it  
Like the song of a warm, warm body  
Loving your touch"

In the court they carve your legend  
With an apple in its jaw  
And the women that you wanted  
They get their laughs  
Long silk stockings  
On the bedposts of refinement  
You're too raw  
They think you're too raw  
It's the judgement of the moon and stars  
Your solitary path  
Draw yourself a bath  
Think what you'd like to have  
For supper  
Or take a walk  
A park  
A bridge  
A tree  
A river  
Revoked but not yet cancelled  
The gift goes on  
In silence  
In a bell jar  
Still a song ...  
You've got to shake your fists at lightning now  
You've got to roar like forest fire  
You've got to spread your light like blazes  
All across the sky  
They're going to aim the hoses on you  
Show 'em you won't expire  
Not till you burn up every passion  
Not even when you die  
Come on now  
You've got to try  
If you're feeling contempt  
Well then you tell it  
If you're tired of the silent night  
Jesus, well then you yell it  
Condemned to wires and hammers  
Strike every chord that you feel  
That broken trees  
And elephant ivories  
Conceal