

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