

# Joni Mitchell, King In A Tenement Castle

I had a king in a tenement castle  
Lately he's taken to painting the pastel walls brown  
He's taken the curtains down  
He's swept with the broom of contempt  
And the rooms have an empty ring  
He's cleaned with the tears  
Of an actor who fears for the laughter's sting

I can't go back there anymore  
You know my keys won't fit the door  
You know my thoughts don't fit the man  
They never can they never can

I had a king dressed in drip-dry and paisley  
Lately he's taken to saying I'm crazy and blind  
He lives in another time  
Ladies in gingham still blush  
While he sings them of wars and wine  
But I in my leather and lace  
I can never become that kind

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You know my keys won't fit the door  
You know my thoughts don't fit the man  
They never can they never can

I had a king in a salt-rusted carriage  
Who carried me off to his country for marriage too soon  
Beware of the power of moons  
There's no one to blame  
No there's no one to name as a traitor here  
The king's on the road  
And the queen's in the grove till the end of the year

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They never can they never can