

# Joni Mitchell, Ladies Of The Canyon

Trina wears her wampum beads  
She fills her drawing book with line  
Sewing lace on widows' weeds  
And filigree on leaf and vine  
Vine and leaf are filigree  
And her coat's a secondhand one  
Trimmed with antique luxury  
She is a lady of the canyon

Annie sits you down to eat  
She always makes you welcome in  
Cats and babies 'round her feet  
And all are fat and none are thin  
None are thin and all are fat  
She may bake some brownies today  
Saying, you are welcome back  
She is another canyon lady

Estrella circus girl  
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls  
Songs like tiny hammers hurled  
At beveled mirrors in empty halls  
Empty halls and beveled mirrors  
Sailing seas and climbing banyans  
Come out for a visit here  
To be a lady of the canyon

Trina takes her paints and her threads  
And she weaves a pattern all her own  
Annie bakes her cakes and her breads  
And she gathers flowers for her home  
For her home she gathers flowers  
And Estrella, dear companion  
Colors up the sunshine hours  
Pouring music down the canyon-  
Coloring the sunshine hours  
They are the ladies of the canyon