

# Joni Mitchell, Little David

Play, Little David  
Play Little David, play

David he would sit in some dark corner  
Seemed to melt the shadows with his eyes  
And the song that he was playing  
Was nothing less than prayin'  
And nothing more than sayin' 'I'm alive.'  
Won't you play, Little David  
Play Little David, play

David he would send them notes a-flyin'  
Some that laughed and some that felt like tears  
He would play them fast or slowly  
Play them high or lowly  
But they always come out holy to my ear  
Won't you play, Little David, play Little David, play

I don't need no Sunday sermon  
Need no Sunday shoes  
When I hear Little David playing  
I got religion through and through

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