

# Joni Mitchell, Michael From Mountains

Michael wakes you up with sweets  
He takes you up streets and the rain comes down  
Sidewalk markets locked up tight  
And umbrellas bright on a grey background  
There's oil on the puddles in taffeta patterns  
That run down the drain  
In colored arrangements  
That Michael will change with a stick that he found

[Chorus:]  
Michael from mountains  
Go where you will go to  
Know that I will know you  
Someday I may know you very well

Michael brings you to a park  
He sings and it's dark when the clouds come by  
Yellow slickers up on swings  
Like puppets on strings hanging in the sky  
They'll splash home to suppers in wallpapered kitchens  
Their mothers will scold  
But Michael will hold you  
To keep away cold till the sidewalks are dry-

[Chorus]

Michael leads you up the stairs  
He needs you to care and you know you do  
Cats come crying to the key  
And dry you will be in a towel or two  
There's rain in the window  
There's sun in the painting that smiles on the wall  
You want to know all  
But his mountains have called so you never do-

[Chorus]