

# Joni Mitchell, My Old Man

My old man  
He's a singer in the park  
He's a walker in the rain  
He's a dancer in the dark  
We don't need no piece of paper  
From the city hall  
Keeping us tied and true  
My old man  
Keeping away my blues

He's my sunshine in the morning  
He's my fireworks at the end of the day  
He's the warmest chord I ever heard  
Play that warm chord, play and stay baby  
We don't need no piece of paper  
From the city hall  
Keeping us tied and true  
My old man  
Keeping away my blues

But when he's gone  
Me and them lonesome blues collide  
The bed's too big  
The frying pan's too wide

Then he comes home  
And he takes me in his loving arms  
And he tells me all his troubles  
And he tells me all my charms  
We don't need no piece of paper  
From the city hall  
Keeping us tied and true  
No, my old man  
Keeping away my blues

But when he's gone  
Me and them lonesome blues collide  
The bed's too big  
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From the city hall  
Keeping us tied and true  
No, my old man  
Keeping away my lonesome blues