

Joni Mitchell, Night Of The Iguana

The tour bus came yesterday
The driver's a mess today
It's a dump of a destiny
But it's got a view...
Now the kid in the see-through blouse
Is moving in hard on his holy vows...
Since the preacher's not dead
Dead drunk will have to do!

Night of the iguana
The jasmine is so mercilessly sweet
Night of the iguana
Can you hear the castanets?
The widow is dancing
Down on the beach

The starlight is steaming
He'd like to be dreaming
His senses are screaming
Not to be denied...
But if the spell of the night should win
He could lose his bus
For the same sweet sin
That took his church from him
Then how will he survive?

Night of the iguana
The jasmine is so mercilessly sweet
Night of the iguana
Can you hear the castanets?
It's the widow and her lover-boys
Down on the beach

The night is so fragrant
These women so fragrant
They could make him a vagrant
With the flick of a shawl.
The devil's in sweet sixteen
The widow's good looking but she gets mean
He's burning like Augustine
With no help from God at all