

Joni Mitchell, Poor Sad Baby

Goodbye. I'm bound away
On the morning plane.
I'll fly around the world,
Then I'll fly around again.
And when I've been from Egypt
To the snows of Nome,
Poor sad baby, that's when
I'll be coming home.
Rose gardens in the rain
And castles in the snow,
Post cards from distant places
Are poor company I know,
But when old gay Paree
Is just another town,
Poor sad baby, I'll
Come home and settle down.
When I've felt the friendship
Of a thousand hands,
When I'm drunk with the music
From a thousand bands,
A thousand bands,
I'll dance the streets by moonlight
And the fields by day.
Perchance my jeans won't jingle
But the mem'ry coins will stay.
I'll be a pauper queen,
A poorhouse millionaire.
Poor sad baby, I'll
Bring you home a dream to share