

# 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