

# Joni Mitchell, Rainy Night House

It was a rainy night  
We took a taxi to your mother's home  
She went to Florida and left you  
With your father's gun, alone  
Upon her small white bed  
I fell into a dream  
You sat up all the night and watched me  
To see, who in the world I might be

I am from the Sunday school  
I sing soprano in the upstairs choir  
You are a holy man  
On the F.M. radio  
I sat up all the night and watched thee  
To see, who in the world you might be.

You called me beautiful  
You called your mother-she was very tanned  
So you packed your tent and you went  
To live out in the Arizona sand  
You are a refugee  
From a wealthy family  
You gave up all the golden factories  
To see, who in the world you might be