

# Joni Mitchell, Same Situation

Again and again the same situation  
For so many years  
Tethered to a ringing telephone  
In a room full of mirrors  
A pretty girl in your bathroom  
Checking out her sex appeal  
I asked myself when you said you loved me  
Do you think this can be real?

Still I sent up my prayer  
Wondering where it had to go  
With heaven full of astronauts  
And the Lord on death row  
While the millions of his lost and lonely ones  
Call out and clamour to be found  
Caught in their struggle for higher positions  
And their search for love that sticks around

You've had lots of lovely women  
Now you turn your gaze to me  
Weighing the beauty and the imperfection  
To see if I'm worthy  
Like the church  
Like a cop  
Like a mother  
You want me to be truthful  
Sometimes you turn it on me like a weapon though  
And I need your approval

Still I sent up my prayer  
Wondering who was there to hear  
I said Send me somebody  
Who's strong and somewhat sincere  
With the millions of the lost and lonely ones  
I called out to be released  
Caught in my struggle for higher achievements  
And my search for love  
That don't seem to cease