

# Joni Mitchell, Song To A Seagull

Fly silly seabird  
No dreams can possess you  
No voices can blame you  
For sun on your wings  
My gentle relations  
Have names they must call me  
For loving the freedom  
Of all flying things  
My dreams with the seagulls fly  
Out of reach out of cry

I came to the city  
And lived like old Crusoe  
On an island of noise  
In a cobblestone sea  
And the beaches were concrete  
And the stars paid a light bill  
And the blossoms hung false  
On their store window trees  
My dreams with the seagulls fly  
Out of reach out of cry

Out of the city  
And down to the seaside  
To sun on my shoulders  
And wind in my hair  
But sandcastles crumble  
And hunger is human  
And humans are hungry  
For worlds they can't share  
My dreams with the seagulls fly  
Out of reach out of cry

I call to a seagull  
Who dives to the waters  
And catches his silver-fine  
Dinner alone  
Crying where are the footprints  
That danced on these beaches  
And the hands that cast wishes  
That sunk like a stone  
My dreams with the seagulls fly  
Out of reach Out of cry