Joni Mitchell, Sunny Sunday

She pulls the shade;
It's just another sunny Sunday
She dodges the light like Blanche DuBois
Bright colors fade away on such a sunny Sunday;
She waits for the night to fall
Then she points a pistol through the door
And she aims at the streetlight
While the freeway hisses
Dogs bark as the gun falls to the floor
The streetlight's still burning;
She always misses
But the day she hits
That's the day she'll leave
That one little victory, that's all she needs!
She pulls the shade;
It's just another sunny Monday
She waits for the night to fall