

# Joni Mitchell, Sweet Bird

Out on some borderline  
Some mark of inbetween  
I lay down golden-in time  
And woke up vanishing

Sweet bird you are  
Briefer than a falling star  
All these vain promises on beauty jars  
Somewhere with your wings on time  
You must be laughing  
Behind our eyes  
Calendars of our lives  
Circled with compromise  
Sweet bird of time and change  
You must be laughing  
Up on your feathers laughing

Golden in time  
Cities under the sand  
Power, ideals and beauty  
Fading in everyone's hand

Give me some time  
I feel like I'm losing mine  
Out here on this horizon line  
With the earth spinning  
And the sky forever rushing  
No one knows  
They can never get that close  
Guesses at most  
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching  
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