

# Joni Mitchell, The Fiddle And The Drum

And so once again  
My dear Johnny my dear friend  
And so once again you are fightin' us all  
And when I ask you why  
You raise your sticks and cry, and I fall  
Oh, my friend  
How did you come  
To trade the fiddle for the drum

You say I have turned  
Like the enemies you've earned  
But I can remember  
All the good things you are  
And so I ask you please  
Can I help you find the peace and the star  
Oh, my friend  
What time is this  
To trade the handshake for the fist

And so once again  
Oh, America my friend  
And so once again  
You are fighting us all  
And when we ask you why  
You raise your sticks and cry and we fall  
Oh, my friend  
How did you come  
To trade the fiddle for the drum

You say we have turned  
Like the enemies you've earned  
But we can remember  
All the good things you are  
And so we ask you please  
Can we help you find the peace and the star  
Oh my friend  
We have all come  
To fear the beating of your drum