

# Joni Mitchell, The Midnight Cowboy Song

I was in an all night movie  
When I heard the usher say  
Here comes the midnight cowboy  
Got his gun hired out for pay;  
You were walking kind of faded  
From the Netherlands Hotel  
With your hat tipped off to ladies  
Really looking well.

Aw Joe, why don't you go back home?  
Really hate to see you falling down  
Get out of town.

Well you came to New York City With a calendar full of gold  
Now they locked it up in the bedroom  
And they kicked you out in the cold;  
Now you can't afford a little blanket  
You can get one from a friend  
You can trick one off the corner  
You can even keep the change - to spend.

Hey Joe, why don't you go back home?  
Really hate to see you come falling down  
Get out of town.

There's a soldier in the depot  
He's a fighting nightingale  
Wearing western boots and buckskin on  
Reading fortunes from the penny scale;  
Now today he's got a a quarter  
For the photograph machine  
But tomorrow he'll be lonely lonely  
That's the way it's always been.

Poor Joe, why don't you go back home?  
Really hate to see you falling down  
Get out of town.

I was in an all night movie  
When I heard the usher say  
Here comes the midnight cowboy again  
Got his gun hired out for pay;  
You were walking kind of faded  
From the Netherlands hotel  
Hat tipped off to ladies  
Tipped off to gentlemen as well.

Well Joe, why don't you go back home?  
Find yourself a girl and settle down  
Get out of town  
Get out of town  
Find yourself a girl, go and settle down  
Hey Joe, looking more lost than found  
Get out of town.