

# Joni Mitchell, The Priest

The priest sat in the airport bar  
He was wearing his father's tie  
And his eyes looked into my eyes so far  
Whenever the words ran dry  
Behind the lash and the circles blue  
He looked as only a priest can, thru  
And his eyes said me and his eyes said you  
And my eyes said, let us try

He said, "You wouldn't like it here  
No it's no place you should share  
The roof is ripped with hurricanes  
And the room is always bare  
I need the wind and I seek the cold"  
He reached post the wine for my hand to hold  
And he saw me young and he saw me old  
And he saw me sitting there

Then he took his contradictions out  
And he splashed them on my brow  
So which words was I then to doubt  
When choosing what to vow  
Should I choose them all-should I make them mine  
The sermons, the hymns and the valentines  
And he asked for truth and he asked for time  
And he asked for only now  
Now the trials are trumpet scored  
Oh will we pass the test  
Or just as one loves more and more  
Will one love less and less  
Oh come let's run from this ring we're in  
Where the Christians clap and the Germans grin  
Saying let them lose, crying let them win  
Oh make them both confess