

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