

# The Byrds, For Free

Written by Joni Mitchell

I slept last night in a good hotel  
I went shopping today for jewels  
The wind rushed around the dirty room  
And the children let out from their schools  
I was standing on a noisy corner  
Waiting for the walking green  
Across the street he stood  
And he played real good  
On his clarinet, for free

Now me I play for fortune  
And those velvet curtain calls  
I've got a black limousine  
And two ladies  
Escorting me to the halls  
And I play if you have the money  
Or if you're a friend to me  
But the one man band  
By the quick lunch stand  
He was playing real good, for free

Nobody stopped to hear him  
Though he played so sweet and high  
They knew he had never  
Been on the TV screen  
So they passed his music by  
I meant to go over and ask for a song  
Maybe put on a harmony  
I heard his refrain  
As the signal changed  
He was still playing real good, for free