

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