

Joni Mitchell

"Bad Dreams"

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The cats are in the flower bed
A red hawk rides the sky
I guess I should be happy
Just to be alive

But we have poisoned everything
And oblivious to it all
The cell phone zombies babble
Through the shopping malls

While condors fall from Indian skies
Whales beach and die in sand
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan

You cannot be trusted
Do you even know you're lying
It's dangerous to kid yourself
You go deaf and dumb and blind

You take with such entitlement
You give bad attitude
You have no grace
No empathy, no gratitude

You have no sense of consequence
Oh, my head is in my hands
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan

Before that altering apple
We were one with everything
No sense of self and other
No self-consciousness

But now we have to grapple
With our man-made world backfiring
Keeping one eye on our brother's
Deadly selfishness

Everyone's a victim
Nobody's hands are clean

There's so very little left of wild Eden Earth
So near the jaws of our machines

We live in these electric scabs
These lesions once were lakes
No one knows how to shoulder the blame
Or learn from past mistakes

So who will come to save the day
Mighty Mouse, Superman?
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan

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