

Joni Mitchell

"Judgement Of The Moon & Stars"

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No tongue in the bell
And the fishwives yell
But they might as well be mute
So you get to keep the pictures
That dont seem like much
Cold white keys under your fingers
Now youre thinking
Thats no substitute
It just dont do it
Like the song of a warm, warm body
Loving your touch

In the court they carve your legend
With an apple in its jaw
And the women that you wanted
They get their laughs
Long silk stockings
On the bedposts of refinement
Youre too raw
They think youre too raw
Its the judgement of the moon and stars
Your solitary path
Draw yourself a bath
Think what youd like to have
For supper
Or take a walk
A park
A bridge
A tree
A river
Revoked but not yet cancelled
The gift goes on
In silence
In a bell jar
Still a song ...
Youve got to shake your fists at lightning now
Youve got to roar like forest fire
Youve got to spread your light like blazes
All across the sky
Theyre going to aim the hoses on you
Show em you wont expire
Not till you burn up every passion

Not even when you die
Come on now
Youve got to try
If youre feeling contempt
Well then you tell it
If youre tired of the silent night
Jesus, well then you yell it
Condemned to wires and hammers
Strike every chord that you feel
That broken trees
And elephant ivories
Conceal

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