

Joni Mitchell

"Same Situation"

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Again & again the same situation
For so many years
Tethered to a ringing telephone
In a room full of mirrors
A pretty girl in your bathroom
Checking out her sex appeal
I asked myself when you said you loved me
Do you think this can be real

Still I send up my prayer
Wondering where it had to go
With heaven full of astronauts
& the Lord on death row
While the millions of his lost & lonely ones
Call out & clamour to be found
Caught in the struggle for higher position
In the search for love that sticks around

You've had lots of lovely women
Now you turn your gaze to me
Weighing the beauty & the imperfection
To see if I'm worthy
Like the church
Like a cop
Like a mother - you want to be truthful
Sometimes you turn it on me like a weapon though
& I need your approval

Still I send up my prayer
Wondering who's there to hear
I said, "Send me somebody
Who's strong
And somewhat sincere"
With the millions of the lost & lonely ones
I call out to be released
Caught in my struggle for higher achievements
And my search for love
That don't seem to cease

