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Joni Mitchell "Slouching Towards Bethlehem (Based On A Poem By W."

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Turning and turning Within the widening gyre The falcon cannot hear the falconer Things fall apart The centre cannot hold And a blood dimmed tide Is loosed upon the world

Nothing is sacred The ceremony sinks Innocence is drowned In anarchy The best lack conviction Given some time to think And the worst are full of passion Without mercy

Surely some revelation is at hand Surely it's the second coming And the wrath has finally taken form For what is this rough beast Its hour come at last Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born

Hoping and hoping As if with my weak faith The spirit of this world Would heal and rise Vast are the shadows That straddle and strafe And struggle in the darkness Troubling my eyes

Shaped like a lion It has the head of a man With a gaze as black And pitiless as the sun As it's moving its slow thigs Across the desert sands Through dark indignant

Reeling falcons

Surely some revelation is at hand Surely it's the second coming And the wrath has finally taken form For what is this rough beast Its hour come at last Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born (Head of a man, shape of a lion)

Raging and raging It rises from the deep Opening its eyes After twenty centuries Vexed to a nightmare Out of a stony sleep By a rocking cradle By the Sea of Galilee

Surely some revelation is at hand Surely it's the second coming And the wrath has finally taken form For what is this rough beast Its hour come at last Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born (Head of a man, shape of a lion)

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