

Joni Mitchell

"The Gift of The Magi"

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I remember Monday rising up to pack his lunch
We kissed goodbye
Saying what a foolish girl was I
Saying, what a fool was she

Near the store where I go shopping
On display there was a golden watch chain
All that week it had me stopping
What a fool was she

Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the paper written plain
I saw an ad, I caught a train
And sold my hair to buy the chain
What a fool was she

And he says I remember Monday rising with her hair
Reflected in my eyes
It caught the sun a million times
What a fool was he

In a window near the office was a comb
Of pearls and beads and tortoise
Oh, the devil'd come to court us
What a fool was he

Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the pawnshop coming home
I stopped inquiring for a loan
And sold the watch to buy the comb
What a fool was he

Christmas came up cold and glum
There were no visions of sugar plums

There were no joyous carols sung
Oh, what fools were they

He sat glaring at her bob
As she lay weeping
By a chain and fob
And sadly burned the yule log

And wise men lost their way
Wise men lose their way
Merry Christmas Day

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