

Joni Mitchell

"The Hissing Of Summer Lawns"

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He bought her a diamond for her throat
He put her in a ranch house on a hill
She could see the valley barbecues
From her window sill

See the blue pools in the squinting sun
Hear the hissing of summer lawns

He put up a barbed wire fence
To keep out the unknown
And on every metal thorn
Just a little blood of his own

She patrols that fence of his to a Latin drum
And the hissing of summer lawns

Darkness, wonder makes it easy
Darkness, with a joyful mask
Darkness, tube's gone
Darkness, darkness, darkness
No color, no contrast

A diamond dog, carrying a cup and a cane
Looking through a double glass
Looking at too much pride
And too much shame

There's a black fly buzzing
There's a heat wave
Burning in her master's voice
Hissing summer lawns

He gave her his darkness to regret
And good reason to quit him
He gave her a roomful of Chippendale
That nobody sits in

Still she stays with a love of some kind
It's the lady's choice
The hissing of summer lawns

Darkness, darkness

Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness
Darkness, darkness

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