

Joni Mitchell

"Turbulent Indigo"

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You wanna make Van Goghs

Raise 'em up like sheep

Make 'em out of Eskimos

And women if you please

Make 'em nice and normal

Make 'em nice and neat

You see him with his shotgun there?

Bloodied in the wheat?

Oh what do you know about

Living in Turbulent Indigo?

Brash fields, crude crows

In a scary sky ...

In a golden frame

Roped off

Tourists guided by ...

Tourists talking about the madhouse

Talking about the ear

The madman hangs in fancy homes

They wouldn't let him near!

He'd piss in their fireplace!

He'd drag them through Turbulent Indigo

"I'm a burning hearth," he said

"People see the smoke

But no one comes to warm themselves

Sloughing off a coat

And all my little landscapes

All my yellow afternoons

Stack up around this vacancy

Like dirty cups and spoons

No mercy Sweet Jesus!

No mercy from Turbulent Indigo."

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