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Mitchell Joni "For The Roses"

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I heard it in the wind last night It sounded like applause Did you get a round resounding for you Way up here It seems like many dim years ago Since I heard that face to face Or seen you face to face Thought tonight I can feel you here I get these notes On butterflies and lilac sprays From girls who just have to tell me They saw you somewhere In some office sits a poet And he trembles as he sings And he asks some guy to circulate his soul around On your mark red ribbon runner The caressing rev of motors Finely tuned like fancy women In thirties evening gowns Up the charts Off to the airport--Your name's in the news Everything's first class--The lights go down--And its just you up there Getting them to feel like that Remember the days when you used to sit And make up your tunes for love And pour your simple sorrow To the soundhole and your knee And now you're seen on giant screens And at parties for the press And for people who have slices of you From the company They toss around your latest golden egg Speculation--well, who's to know If the next one in the nest Will glitter for them so I guess I seem ungrateful With my teeth sunk in the hand That brings me things I really can't give up just yet

Now I sit up here The critic! And they introduce some band But they seem so much confetti Looking at them on my T.V. set Oh the power and the glory Just when you're getting a taste for worship They start bringing out the hammers And the boards And the nails I heard it in the wind last night It sounded like applause Chilly now End of summer No more shiny hot nights It was just the arbutus rustling And the bumping of the logs And the moon swept down like water Like an empty spotlight

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