

Mitchell Joni "Sisotowbell Lane"

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Sisotowbell Lane

Noah is fixing the pump in the rain

He brings us no shame

We always knew that he always knew

Up over the hill

Jovial neighbors come down when they will

With stories to tell

Sometimes they do

Yes sometimes we do

We have a rocking chair

Each of us rocks his share

Eating muffin buns and berries

By the steamy kitchen window

Sometimes we do

Our tongues turn blue

Sisotowbell Lane

Anywhere else now would seem very strange

The seasons are changing

Everyday in everyway

Sometimes it is spring

Sometimes it is not anything

A poet can sing

Sometimes we try

Yes we always try

We have a rocking chair

Somedays we rock and stare

At the woodlands and the grasslands and the badlands

'cross the river

Sometimes we do

We like the view

Sisotowbell Lane

Go to the city you'll come back again

To wade thru the grain

You always do

Yes we always do

Come back to the stars

Sweet well water and pickling jars

We'll lend you the car

We always do

Yes sometimes we do

We have a rocking chair

Someone is always there

Rocking rhythms while they're waiting with the candle in the window
Sometimes we do
We wait for you
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