

# Don Juan's Reckless Daughter

Joni Mitchell

I'm Don Juan's reckless daughter  
I came out two days on your tail  
Those two bald-headed days in November  
Before the first snowflakes sail  
Out on the vast and subtle plains of mystery  
A split tongue spirit talks  
Noble as a nickel chief  
Striking up an old juke box  
And he says:  
"Snakes along the railroad tracks"  
He says, "Eagles in jet trails"  
He says, "Coils around feathers and talons on scales  
Gravel under the belly plates"  
He says, "Wind in the Wings"  
He says, "Big bird dragging its tail in the dust  
Snake kite flying on a string"

I come from open prairie  
Given some wisdom and a lot of jive  
Last night the ghosts of my old ideas  
Reran on channel five  
And it howled so spooky for its eagle soul  
I nearly broke down and cried  
But the split tongue spirit laughed at me  
He says, "Your serpent cannot be denied"  
Our serpents love the whisky bars  
They love the romance of the crime  
But didn't I see a neon sign  
Fester on your hotel blind  
And a country road come off the wall  
And swoop down at the crowd at the bar  
And put me at the top of your danger list  
Just for being so much like you are

You're a coward against the altitude  
You're a coward against the flesh  
Coward caught between yes and no  
Reckless this time on the line for yes, yes, yes!  
Reckless brazen in the play  
Of your changing traffic lights  
Coward slinking down the hall  
To another restless night  
As we center behind the eight ball  
As we rock between the sheets  
As we siphon the colored language  
Off the farms and the streets  
Here in Good-Old-God-Save-America  
the home of the brave and the free  
We are all hopelessly oppressed cowards  
Of some duality  
Of restless multiplicity  
(Oh say can you see)

Restless for streets and honky tonks  
Restless for home and routine  
Restless for country safety and her  
Restless for the likes of reckless me

Restless sweeps like fire and rain  
Over virgin wilderness  
It prowls like hookers and thieves  
Through bolt locked tenements  
Behind my bolt locked door  
The eagle and the serpent are at war in me  
The serpent fighting for blind desire  
The eagle for clarity  
What strange prizes these battles bring  
These hectic joys these weary blues  
Puffed up and strutting when I think I win  
Down and shaken when I think I lose  
There are rivets up here in this eagle  
There are box cars down there on your snake  
And we are twins of spirit  
No matter which route home we take  
Or what we forsake  
We're going to come up to the eyes of clarity  
And we'll go down to the beads of guile  
There is danger and education  
In living out such a reckless life style  
I touched you on the central plains  
It was plane to train my twin  
It was just plane shadow to train shadow  
But to me it was skin to skin  
The spirit talks in spectrums  
He talks to mother earth to father sky  
Self indulgence to self denial  
Man to woman  
Scales to feathers  
You and I  
Eagles in the sky  
You and I  
Snakes in the grass  
You and I  
Crawl and fly  
You and I