

# Hejira

Joni Mitchell

I'm traveling in some vehicle  
I'm sitting in some cafe  
A defector from the petty wars  
That shell shock love away  
There's comfort in melancholy  
When there's no need to explain  
It's just as natural as the weather  
In this moody sky today  
In our possessive coupling  
So much could not be expressed  
So now I'm returning to myself  
These things that you and I suppressed  
I see something of myself in everyone  
Just at this moment of the world  
As snow gathers like bolts of lace  
Waltzing on a ballroom girl

You know it never has been easy  
Whether you do or you do not resign  
Whether you travel the breadth of extremities  
Or stick to some straighter line  
Now here's a man and a woman sitting on a rock  
They're either going to thaw out or freeze  
Listen...  
Strains of Benny Goodman  
Coming thru' the snow and the pinewood trees  
I'm porous with travel fever  
But you know I'm so glad to be on my own  
Still somehow the slightest touch of a stranger  
Can set up trembling in my bones  
I know - no one's going to show me everything  
We all come and go unknown  
Each so deep and superficial  
Between the forceps and the stone

Well I looked at the granite markers  
Those tribute to finality - to eternity  
And then I looked at myself here  
Chicken scratching for my immortality  
In the church they light the candles  
And the wax rolls down like tears  
There's the hope and the hopelessness  
I've witnessed thirty years  
We're only particles of change I know, I know  
Orbiting around the sun  
But how can I have that point of view  
When I'm always bound and tied to someone  
White flags of winter chimneys  
Waving truce against the moon  
In the mirrors of a modern bank  
>From the window of a hotel room

I'm traveling in some vehicle  
I'm sitting in some cafe  
A defector from the petty wars  
Until love sucks me back that way