

Ladies of the Canyon

Joni Mitchell

Trinna wears her wampum beads
She fills her drawing book with lines
Sweing lace on widows weeds
And filagree on leaf and vine
Vine and leave are filagree
And her coats a second hand one
Trimmed in antique luxury
She is a lady of the canyon

Annie sits you down to eat
She always makes you welcome in
Cats and babies round her feet
And all are fat and none are thin
None are thin and all are fat
She may bake some brownies today
Saying, you are welcome back
She is another canyon lady

Estrella circus girl
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shalws
Songs like tiny hammers hurled
At bevelled mirrors in empty halls
Empty halles and bevelled mirrors
Sailing seas and climbing banyans
Come out for a visit here
To be a lady of the canyon

Trinna takes her pains and her threads
And she weaves a pattern all her own
Annie bakes her cakes and her breads
And she gathers flowers for her home
For her home she gathers flowers
And Estrella, dear companion
Colors up the sunshine hours
Pouring music down the canyon
Coloring the sunshine hours
They are the ladies of the canyon