

Little Green

Joni Mitchell

Born with the moon in Cancer
Choose her a name she'll answer too
Call her green and the winters can not fade her
Call her green for the children who have made her
Little, green, be a gypsy dancer

He went to California
Hearing that everything's warmer there
So you write him a letter, say, "her eyes are blue"
He sends you a poem and she's lost to you
Little, green, he's a non-comformer

Just a little green
Like the color when the spring is born
There'll be crocuses to bring to school tomorrow
Just a little green
Like the night's when the Northern lights perform
There'll be icicles and birthday clothes
And sometimes there'll be sorrow

Child with a child pretending
Weary of lies you're sending home
So you sign all the papers in the family name
You're sad and you're sorry but you're not ashamed
Little green, have a happy ending

Just a little green
Like the color when the spring is born
There'll be crocuses to bring to school tomorrow
Just a little green
Like the night's when the Northern lights perform
There'll be icicles and birthday clothes
And sometimes there'll be sorrow