

## Nathan La Franeer

Joni Mitchell

I hired a coach to take me from confusion to the plane  
And though we shared a common space I know I'll never meet again

The driver with his eyebrows furrowed in the rear-view mirror  
I read his name and it was plainly written Nathan La Franeer  
I asked him would he hurry  
But we crawled the canyons slowly  
Thru the buyers and the sellers  
Thru the burglar bells and the wishing wells  
With gangs and girly shows  
The ghostly garden grows

The cars and buses bustled thru the bedlam of the day  
I looked thru window-  
glass at streets and Nathan grumbled at the grey  
I saw an aging cripple selling Superman balloons  
The city grated thru chrome-plate  
The clock struck slowly half-past-noon  
Thru the tunnel tiled and turning  
Into daylight once again I am escaping  
Once again goodbye  
To symphonies and dirty trees  
With parks and plastic clothes  
The ghostly garden grows

He asked me for a dollar more  
He cursed me to my face  
He hated everyone who paid to ride  
And share his common space  
I picked my bags up from the curb  
And stumbled to the door  
Another man reached out his hand  
Another hand reached out for more  
And I filled it full of silver  
And I left the fingers counting  
And the sky goes on forever  
Without meter maids and peace parades

You feed it all your woes  
The ghostly garden grows