

## Shades of Scarlett Conquering

Joni Mitchell

Out of the fire like catholic saints  
Comes scarlett and her deep complaint  
Mimicking tenderness she sees  
In sentimental movies  
A celluloid rider comes to town  
Cinematic lovers sway  
Plantations and sweeping ballroom gowns  
Take her breath away

Out in the wind in crinolines  
Chasing the ghosts of gable and flynn  
Through stand-in boys and extra players  
Magnolias hopeful in her auburn hair  
She comes from a school of southern charm  
She likes to have things her way  
Any man in the world holding out his arm  
Would soon be made to pay

Friends have told her not so proud  
Neighbors trying to sleep and yelling "not so loud"

Lovers in anger "block of ice"  
Harder and harder just to be nice  
Given in the night to dark dreams  
From the dark things she feels  
She covers her eyes in the x-rated scenes  
Running from the reels

Beauty and madness to be praised  
'cause it is not easy to be brave  
To walk around in so much need  
To carry the weight of all that greed  
Dressed in stolen clothes she stands  
Cast iron and frail  
With her impossibly gentle hands  
And her blood-red fingernails

Out of the fire and still smoldering  
She says "a woman must have everything"  
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