

# Song for Sharon

Joni Mitchell

I went to Staten Island.  
To buy myself a mandolin  
And I saw the long white dress of love  
On a storefront mannequin  
Big boat chuggin' back with a belly full of cars...  
All for something lacy  
Some girl's going to see that dress  
And crave that day like crazy

Little Indian kids on a bridge up in Canada  
They can balance and they can climb  
Like their fathers before them  
They'll walk the girders of the Manhattan skyline  
Shine your light on me Miss Liberty  
Because as soon as this ferry boat docks  
I'm headed to the church  
To play Bingo  
Fleece me with the gamblers' flocks

I can keep my cool at poker  
But I'm a fool when love's at stake  
Because I can't conceal emotion  
What I'm feeling's always written on my face  
There's a gypsy down on Bleecker Street  
I went in to see her as a kind of joke  
And she lit a candle for my love luck  
And eighteen bucks went up in smoke

Sharon, I left my man  
At a North Dakota junction  
And I came out to the "Big Apple" here  
To face the dream's malfunction  
Love's a repetitious danger  
You'd think I'd be accustomed to  
Well, I do accept the changes  
At least better than I used to do

A woman I knew just drowned herself  
The well was deep and muddy  
She was just shaking off futility  
Or punishing somebody  
My friends were calling up all day yesterday  
All emotions and abstractions  
It seems we all live so close to that line  
And so far from satisfaction

Dora says, "Have children!"  
Mama and Betsy say-"Find yourself a charity."  
Help the needy and the crippled or put some time into Ecology."  
Well, there's a wide wide world of noble causes  
And lovely landscapes to discover  
But all I really want right now  
Is...find another lover

When we were kids in Maidstone, Sharon  
I went to every wedding in that little town  
To see the tears and the kisses

And the pretty lady in the white lace wedding gown  
And walking home on the railroad tracks  
Or swinging on the playground swing  
Love stimulated my illusions  
More than anything

And when I went skating after Golden Reggie  
You know it was white lace I was chasing  
Chasing dreams  
Mama's nylons underneath my cowgirl jeans  
He showed me first you get the kisses  
And then you get the tears  
But the ceremony of the bells and lace  
Still veils this reckless fool here

Now there are 29 skaters on Wolmann rink  
Circling in singles and in pairs  
In this vigorous anonymity  
A blank face at the window stares and stares and stares and stares  
And the power of reason  
And the flowers of deep feeling  
Seem to serve me  
Only to deceive me

Sharon you've got a husband  
And a family and a farm  
I've got the apple of temptation  
And a diamond snake around my arm  
But you still have your music  
And I've still got my eyes on the land and the sky  
You sing for your friends and your family  
I'll walk green pastures by and by