

# The Gallery

Joni Mitchell

When I first saw your gallery  
I liked the ones of ladies  
Then you began to hang up me  
You studied to portray me  
In ice and greens  
And old blue jeans  
And naked in the roses  
Then you got into funny scenes  
That all your work discloses

"Lady, don't love me now I am dead  
I am a saint, turn down your bed  
I have no heart," that's what you said  
You said, "I can be cruel  
But let me be gentle with you"

Somewhere in a magazine  
I found a page about you  
I see that now it's Josephine  
Who cannot be without you  
I keep your house in fit repair  
I dust the portraits daily  
Your mail comes here from everywhere  
The writing looks like ladies'

"Lady, please love me now, I am dead  
I am a saint, turn down your bed  
I have no heart," that's what you said  
You said, "I can be cruel  
But let me be gentle with you"

I gave you all my pretty years  
Then we began to weather  
And I was left to winter here  
While you went west for pleasure  
And now you're flying back this way  
Like some lost homing pigeon  
They've monitored your brain, you say  
And changed you with religion

"Lady, please love me now I was dead  
I am no saint, turn down your bed  
Lady, have you no heart," that's what you said  
Well, I can be cruel  
But let me be gentle with you

When I first saw your gallery  
I liked the ones of ladies  
But now their faces follow me  
And all their eyes look shady