

# The Only Joy in Town

Joni Mitchell

I want to paint a picture  
Botticelli style  
Instead of Venus on a clam  
I'd paint this flower child  
"You are the air my flowers breathe"  
He calls, and the ladies turn around  
On the first day of Spring  
I'm looking at the only joy around

He's the only joy around  
The only joy I found  
The only joy in town

The Spanish steps are crowded  
Bunch of bodies brooding there  
Dead pan side-walk vendors  
Hustling vacant stares  
Making all the more exceptional  
This fool in a flower crown  
On the first day of Spring  
I'm looking at the only joy in town

He's the only joy around  
The only joy I found  
The only joy in town

The Botticelli black boy  
With the fuchias in his hair  
Is breathing in women like oxygen  
On the Spanish stairs  
In my youth I would have followed him  
All through this terra-cotta town  
On the first day of Spring  
We'd dance and sing  
And be the only joy around

We'd be the only joy around  
The only joy in town  
He's the only joy I've found  
All day

At night these streets are empty  
Where does everybody go  
Where are the brash and tender rooms  
In Roman candle glow  
Where are Fellini's circus'  
La Dolce Vita clowns  
On the first day of Spring  
I'm looking  
At the only joy in town

He's the only joy around  
The only joy I found  
The only joy in town