

## Turbulent Indigo

Joni Mitchell

You wanna make Van Goghs  
Raise 'em up like sheep  
Make 'em out of Eskimos  
And women if you please  
Make 'em nice and normal  
Make 'em nice and neat  
You see him with his shotgun there?  
Bloodied in the wheat?  
Oh what do you know about  
Living in Turbulent Indigo?

Brash fields, crude crows  
In a scary sky ...  
In a golden frame  
Roped off  
Tourists guided by ...  
Tourists talking about the madhouse  
Talking about the ear  
The madman hangs in fancy homes  
They wouldn't let him near!  
He'd piss in their fireplace!  
He'd drag them through Turbulent Indigo

"I'm a burning hearth," he said  
"People see the smoke  
But no one comes to warm themselves  
Sloughing off a coat  
And all my little landscapes  
All my yellow afternoons  
Stack up around this vacancy  
Like dirty cups and spoons  
No mercy Sweet Jesus!  
No mercy from Turbulent Indigo."