

# Joni Mitchell, A Strange Boy

A strange boy is weaving  
A course of grace and havoc  
On a yellow skateboard  
Thru midday sidewalk traffic  
Just when I think he's foolish and childish  
And I want him to be manly  
I catch my fool and my child  
Needing love and understanding

What a strange, strange boy  
He still lives with his family  
Even the war and the navy  
couldn't bring him to maturity

He keeps referring back to school days  
And clinging to his child  
Fidgeting and bullied  
His crazy wisdom holding onto something wild  
He asked me to be patient  
Well I failed  
"Grow up!" I cried  
And as, the smoke was clearing he said  
"Give me one good reason why!"

What a strange, strange boy  
He sees the cars as sets of waves  
Sequences of mass and space  
He sees the damage in my face

We got high on travel  
And we got drunk on alcohol  
And on love the strongest poison and medicine of all  
See how that feeling comes and goes  
Like the pull of moon on tides  
Now I am surf rising  
Now parched ribs of sand at his side

What a strange, strange boy  
I gave him clothes and jewelry  
I gave him my warm body  
I gave him power over me

A thousand glass eyes were staring  
In a cellar full of antique dolls  
I found an old piano  
And sweet chords rose up in waxed New England halls  
While the boarders were snoring  
Under crisp white sheets of curfew  
We were newly lovers then  
We were fire in the stiff-blue-haired-house-rules