

Joni Mitchell, Hunter

I was alone and sickly
It was a quarter of a moonlit night
I heard him cry through my window shade
And it filled me so full of fright
But I could not turn my back on him
I put on the back porch light
"Can I help you," said the Good Samaritan
"Can I help you," said the Good Samaritan

I brought him bread and a blanket
But I told him, "You can't come in"
You can sleep outside in the tool shed
Though a little rain comes in
Oh, I don't know you, you're a stranger
I don't know where you've been
"You can't come in here," said the keeper of the inn
"I don't want you in here," said the keeper of the inn.

But I couldn't sleep for the thinking
You know my night got so insane
I thought, maybe he was an angel
And I left him out in the rain
And what if he was the devil
He'd be coming after me again
But when I woke in the weary morning he was gone
When I woke in the weary morning he was gone

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And I left him out in the rain
And what if he was the devil
He'd be coming after me again
When I woke in the weary morning he was gone
When I woke in the weary morning, Lord, he was gone