

# Joni Mitchell, The Gift Of The Magi

I remember Monday rising up to pack his lunch  
We kissed goodbye saying  
What a foolish girl was I  
Saying, what a fool was she  
Near the store where I go shopping  
On display there was a golden watch chain  
All that week it had me stopping  
What a fool was she.  
Almost Christmas, we were so poor  
Where there was will  
There were ways  
I was sure

In the paper written plain  
I saw an ad, I caught a train  
And sold my hair to buy the chain  
What a fool was she

(and he says:)

I remember Monday rising with her hair  
reflected in my eyes  
It caught the sun a million times  
What a fool was he  
In a window near the office was a comb  
of pearls and beads and tortoise  
Oh, the devil'd come to court us  
What a fool was he  
Almost Christmas, we were so poor  
Where there was will  
There were ways  
I was sure

In the pawnshop coming home  
I stopped inquiring for a loan  
And sold the watch to buy the comb  
What a fool was he

Christmas came up cold and glum  
There were no visions of sugar plums  
There were no joyous carols sung  
Oh, what fools were they  
He sat glaring at her bob  
As she lay weeping by a chain and fob  
And sadly burned the yule log  
And wise men lost their way  
Wisemen lose their way  
Merry Christmas Day