

# Joni Mitchell, The Silky Veils Of Ardor

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through all these highs and lows  
I heard there was no sickness  
And no toil or danger  
Just mercy and plenty  
Where peaceful waters flow  
Where peaceful waters flow

Come all you fair and tender school girls  
Be careful now-when you court young men  
They are like the stars  
On a summer morning  
They sparkle up the night  
And they're gone again  
Daybreak-gone again

If I'd only seen through the silky veils of ardor  
What a killing crime this love can be  
I would have locked up my heart  
In a golden sheath of armor  
And kept its crazy beating  
Under strictest secrecy  
High security

I wish I had the wings  
Of Noah's pretty little white dove  
So I could fly this raging river  
To reach the one I love  
But I have no wings  
And the water is so wide  
We'll have to row a little harder  
It's just in dreams we fly  
In my dreams we fly!