

joni mitchell

hits

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Urge For Going

I awoke today and found the frost
perched on the town
It hovered in a frozen sky, then it
gobbled summer down
When the sun turns traitor cold and all
the trees are shivering in a naked row

I get the urge for going
But I never seem to go
I get the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
Summertime is falling down and winter
is closing in

I had me a man in summertime
He had summer-colored skin
And not another girl in town
My darling's heart could win
But when the leaves fell on the ground
Bully winds came around, pushed them face down in the snow

He got the urge for going
And I had to let him go
He got the urge for going
When the meadow grass was turning brown
Summertime was falling down and winter was closing in

Now the warriors of winter they gave a cold triumphant shout
And all that stays is dying and all that lives is getting out
See the geese in chevron flight flapping and racing on before the snow

They got the urge for going
And they got the wings so they can go
They get the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
Summertime is falling down and winter
is closing in

Apply the fire with kindling now
I'll pull the blankets up to my chin
I'll look the vagrant winter out and I'll fold my wandering in
I'd like to call back summertime
Have her stay for just another
month or so

But she's got the urge for going
So I guess she'll have to go
She gets the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
All her empire's falling down
And winter's closing in
And I get the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
And summertime is falling down

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Chelsea Morning

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I heard
Was a song outside my window, and the traffic wrote the words
It came ringing up like Christmas bells, and rapping up
like pipes and drums

Oh, won't you stay
We'll put on the day
And we'll wear it till the night comes

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I saw
Was the sun through yellow curtains, and a rainbow on the wall
Blue, red, green and gold to welcome you, crimson crystal
beads to beckon

Oh, won't you stay
We'll put on the day
There's a sun show every second

Now the curtain opens on a
portrait of today
And the streets are paved with passersby
And pigeons fly
And papers lie
Waiting to blow away

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I knew
There was milk and toast and honey and a bowl of oranges, too
And the sun poured in like butterscotch and stuck to all my senses

Oh, won't you stay
We'll put on the day
And we'll talk in present tenses

When the curtain closes and the
rainbow runs away
I will bring you incense owls by night
By candlelight
By jewel-light
If only you will stay
Pretty baby, won't you
Woke up, it's a Chelsea morning

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Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique
And a swinging hot spot
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got

Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
They took all the trees
And put them in a tree museum

And they charged the people
A dollar and a half just to see 'em
Don't it always seem to go

That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

Hey farmer farmer
Put away that D.D.T. now
Give me spots on my apples
But leave me the birds and the bees
Please!
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

Late last night
I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi
Took away my old man
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

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Woodstock

I came upon a child of God
He was walking along the road
And I asked him, where are you going
And this he told me
I'm going on down to Yagur's farm
I'm going to join in a
rock 'n' roll band
I'm going to camp out on the land
I'm going to try an' get my soul free
We are stardust
We are golden
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden

Then can I walk beside you
I have come here to lose the smog
And I feel to be a cog in
something turning
Well maybe it is just the time of year
Or maybe it's the time of man
I don't know who I am
But life is for learning
We are stardust
We are golden
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden

By the time we got to Woodstock
We were half a million strong
And everywhere there was song
and celebration
And I dreamed I saw the bombers
Riding shotgun in the sky
And they were turning into butterflies
Above our nation
We are stardust
We are golden
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden

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The Circle Game

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star

chorus:
And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game

Then the child moved ten times
round the seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like "when you're older"
must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams

chorus

Sixteen springs and sixteen
summers gone now
Cartwheels turn to car wheels
through the town
And they tell him, "take your time,

BIG YELLOW TAXI

Gtr. tuning:
 ⑥ = E ③ = G#
 ⑤ = B ② = B
 ④ = E ① = E

Words and Music by
 JONI MITCHELL

Moderately fast ♩ = 172

Intro:

Gtr. 1

1. They paved par-a-dise, put up a park-ing lot,
 2.3.4. See additional lyrics

with a pink ho - tel, a

bou-tique, and a swing - ing hot spot.

THE CIRCLE GAME

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Gtr. 1 tune to and capo 4th fret:

- ⊙ = D ⊕ = G
- ⊕ = G ⊙ = B
- ⊙ = D ⊙ = D

Moderately fast ♩ = 120
Intro:

Gtr. 1

mf w/thumb & fingers hold throughout

T 3 0 1 0 3 0 1 3 0 1 3 0 1
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1
B 4 4 2 2 4 4 2 2 4 4 2 2

*Basic harmony.

Verses:

1. Yes - ter - day, a
2. 3. 4. See additional lyrics

* (0)

T 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
B 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

*Gtr. 1 dbl. by 2nd acoustic gtr., arranged here for one gtr.

child came out to won - der,

T 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0
B 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0