

Michael From Mountains
Joni Mitchell

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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#072
{title:Michael from Mountains}
{st:Joni Mitchell}
{define: Gm6 1 3 3 3 2 -1 3}
[D]Michael wakes you up with sweets,
He takes you up [Gm6]streets, and the rain comes [D]down.
Sidewalk markets locked up tight
And umbrellas [Gm6]bright on a gray backgr[D]ound.
There s [C]oil in the puddles in taffeta patens
That [B]run down the drain
In [Bb]colored arrangements that [A]Michael will change
With a st[D]ick that he [Em7]found.[D]

{C:Chorus:}
[Am]Michael from mountains,
[G]Go where you will go to,
[F#m]Know that I will know you.
[G]Some[Bm]day [Gm]I may k[F]now you [D]very well.

Michael brings you to a park,
He sings and it s dark when the clouds come by.
Yellow slickers up on swings,
Like puppets on strings hanging in the sky.
They ll splash home to suppers in wall-papered kitchens;
Their mothers will scold.
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold
Till the sidewalks are dry.

{C:Chorus.}

Michael leads you up the stairs,
He needs you to care, and you know you do.
Cats come crying to the key,
And dry you will be in a towel or two.
There s rain in the window and sun in the painting
That smiles on the wall,
You want to know all, but his mountains have called,
So you never do.

{C:Chorus.}

Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives

by Steve Putz
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