

**Yvette In English**  
**Joni Mitchell**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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#  
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Yvette in English  
by  
Joni Mitchell and David Crosby,  
from her album, Turbulent Indigo

First time posting, please forgive any inaccuracies.  
Having forgotten what little music theory I ever knew,  
I have no idea what the chords are really called, but here  
are their shapes, and the tuning, as I hear it. This is the  
barest skeleton of what joni plays, but by using this tuning, the  
shapes and by listening to the album, you can get pretty close.

Tuning  
(tune each string down,  
to the nearest correct note)

**E=C**  
**A=G**  
**D=D**  
**G=E**  
**B=G**  
**E=C**

(same tuning for God must be a boogie man ,  
also by joni, album=mingus)

Chord shapes

Aflat=888800  
**Am** =999800  
**F** =555500  
**G=** =777700  
**Am(2)**=022000  
**Dm** =222100  
**C** =000000  
Criff=000777  
000000

Yvette in English  
^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

Aflat, **Am**, Aflat, **Am**

**F**        **G**                    **Am**  
He met her in a french cafe

**F**            **G**                    **Am**  
She slipped in sideways like a cat

**F**                    **G**                    **Am**  
Sidelong glances, what a wary little stray

**F**        **G**                    **Criff**  
She sticks in his mind like that

**C**                    **Am(2)**  
Saying avez vous un alumette

**Dm**                    **F**  
With her lips wrapped around a cigarette

**F**            **G**                    **Am**  
Yvette in english saying please have this

**F**        **G**        Aflat  
Little bit of instant bliss...

Am, Aflat, Am, Aflat, next verse

He s fumbling with her foreign tongue  
Reaching for words and drawing blanks,  
A loud mouth is stricken deaf and dumb  
In a bistro on the left bank  
If I was a painter, Picasso said  
i d paint this girl from toe to head  
Yvette in English, saying please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss

Burgundy nocturne tips and spills  
They trot along nicely in the spreading stain  
new chills, new thrills  
for the old uphill battle  
How did he wind up here again?  
Walking and talking, touched and scared  
Uninsulated wires laid bare  
Yvette in English, saying please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss

What blew her like a leaf his way  
up in the air and down to earth  
First she flusters, then she frays  
So quick to question her own worth  
Her cigarette burns her finger tips  
As it falls like fireworks, she curses it  
Yvette in English, saying please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss

He sees her turn and walk away  
Skittering like a cat on stone  
Her high heels clicking, what a wary little stray  
She leaves him by the Seine,  
alone.

With the black water and the amber lights  
And the bony bridge between left and right  
Yvette in English, saying please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss