joni mitchell hits

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Urge For Going

I awoke today and found the frost perched on the town It howered in a frosen 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 make to the Large for going
When the meadow grass was turning brown
Summertime was falling down and winter was closing in

How 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 rany got the wings so they can go They get the urge for going When the meadow grass is turning brown Summertime is felling 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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Chelman Morning

Woke up, it was a Chelsen 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 ourtains, and a rainbow on the wall Elue, red, green and gold to welcome you, orimson crystal beads to becken

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 homey and a bowl of oranges, too And the sun poured in like buttersootch 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 If only you will stay Pretty baby, won't you Woke up, it's a Chelsea morning C1967, Copyright Removed, Ormsy Grow Music (RMI)

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 Don't it always seem to go

That you don't know what you've got fill 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! Please!
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gome
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

And yot up a parking lov

Late last night
I heard the soreen 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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Voodstook

I came upon a child of God
He was walking along the road
and I saked him, where are you going
and this he told me
I'm going on down to Yasgur's farm
I'm going to join in a
rook 'n' roll band
I'm roing to going to go to the land rook 'n' rell band I'n going to camp out on the land I'n 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

Dack 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 Woodstoo We were half a million strong And everywhere there was song and celebration
And I dreamed I saw the bombers And I ground I see the conserva Riding shetgum 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 C1969 Signest Publishing Corp. (MII)

The Circle Co.

Testerday 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

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 Then the child moved ten times round the seasons Skated over ten clear frosen 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, Gtr. tuning:

BIG YELLOW TAXI

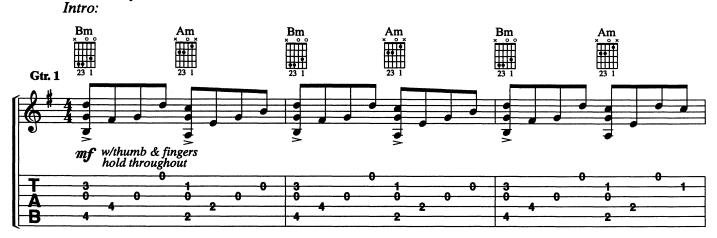
6 = E = 3 = G $\mathbf{5} = \mathbf{B} \ \mathbf{2} = \mathbf{B}$ Words and Music by JONI MITCHELL (4) = E (1) = EModerately fast J = 172Intro: **A6** В **B6** 5fr. 5fr. 7fr. 5fr. A(9)/E**B**6 par- a- dise, put up a park-ing lot,_ 1.They paved 2.3.4. See additional lyrics **A6** 5fr. with a tel,___ pink ho E7sus A(9)/E swing bou-tique, and a ing hot___ spot.___

THE CIRCLE GAME

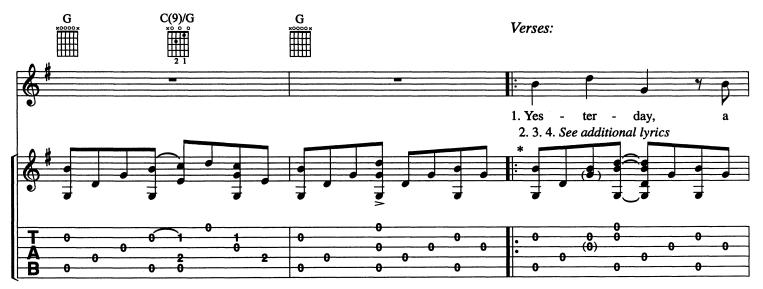
Words and Music by JONI MITCHELL

Gtr. 1 tune to and capo 4th fret:

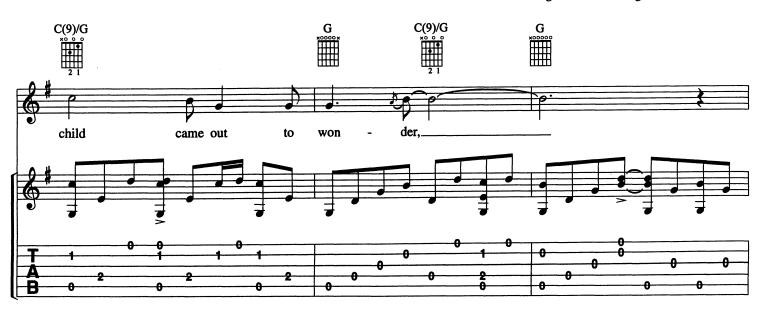
 $\circledast = D$ $\circledast = D$ Moderately fast J = 120



*Basic harmony.



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



The Circle Game - 5 - 1 PG9666