

# Let the Wind Carry Me

Joni Mitchell

Papa's faith is people  
Mama she believes in cleaning  
Papa's faith is in people  
Mama she's always cleaning  
Papa brought home the sugar  
Mama taught me the deeper meaning

She don't like my kick pleat skirt  
She don't like my eyelids painted green  
She don't like me staying up late  
In my high-heeled shoes  
Living for that rock 'n' roll dancing scene  
Papa says "Leave the girl alone, mother  
She's looking like a movie queen"

Mama thinks she spoilt me  
Papa knows somehow he set me free  
Mama thinks she spoilt me rotten  
She blames herself  
But papa he blesses me  
It's a rough road to travel  
Mama let go now  
It's always called for me

Sometimes I get that feeling  
And I want to settle  
And raise a child up with somebody  
I get that strong longing  
And I want to settle  
And raise a child up with somebody  
But it passes like the summer  
I'm a wild seed again  
Let the wind carry me