Not to Blame

Joni Mitchell

The story hit the news
From coast to coast
They said you beat the girl
You loved the most
Your charitable acts
Seemed out of place
With the beauty
With your fist marks on her face
Your buddies all stood by
They bet their fortunes
And their fame
That she was out of line
And you were not to blame

Six hundred thousand doctors
Are putting on rubber gloves
And they're poking
At the miseries made of love
They say they're learning
How to spot
The battered wives
Among all the women
They see bleeding through their lives
I bleed for your perversity
These red words that make a stain
On your white-washed claim that
She was out of line
And you were not to blame

I heard your baby say
When he was only three
"Daddy let's get some girls
One for you and one for me"
His mother had the frailty you despise
And the looks you love to drive to suicide
Not one wet eye around
Her lonely little grave
Said "He was out of line girl
You were not to blame"