

## Favorite Colour

Joni Mitchell

I met a child a year ago  
Whose eyes would never see  
She asked me with a timid smile  
"What colour is a tree?"

"In summertime a tree is green;  
In autumn gold and red;  
In winter they are frosted white  
When all their leaves are shed."

"I know the sky is blue," she said  
"And silver is the sand;  
And apples are the brightest red  
What colour is a man?"

"Man is many colours child:  
Some are yellow, some are brown  
And some are black as sightlessness  
Some white as eiderdown."

She took her crayons from a box  
And placed them in my glove  
And said, "By mixing all of these  
Comes my favourite colour - love."