

Michael from Mountains by Joni Mitchell (1967)

D *D*
Michael wakes you up with sweets, he takes you up
Gm6 *D*
streets, and the rain comes down.
D *D*
Sidewalk markets locked up tight and umbrellas
Gm6 *D*
bright on a gray background.
C *C* *B* *B*
There's oil in the puddles in taffeta patterns that run down the drain
Bb *A*
In colored arrangements that Michael will change with a
D(½) *Em7(¼)* *D(¼)* *D(½)* *Em7(¼)* *D(¼)*
stick that he found.

Am *Am*
Michael from mountains,
G *G*
Go where you will go to,
F#m *F#m*
Know that I will know you.
G(½) *Bm(½)* *Em7(½)* *F6(½)* *D* *D* *D*
Some day I may know you very well.

Michael brings you to a park, he sings and it's dark when the clouds come by.
Yellow slickers up on swings, like puppets on strings hanging in the sky.
They'll splash home to suppers in wall-papered kitchens; their mothers will scold.
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold, till the sidewalks are dry.

Michael leads you up the stairs, he needs you to care, and you know you do.
Cats come crying to the key, and dry you will be in a towel or two.
There's rain in the window and sun in the painting that smiles on the wall,
You want to know all, but his mountains have called, so you never do