

Songs to Aging Children Come

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Through the windless wells of wonder
by the throbbing light machine
in a tea leaf trance or under
orders from the king and queen
Songs to aging children come
aging children, i am one
People hurry by so quickly
don't they hear the melodies
in the chiming and the clicking
and the laughing harmonies
Songs to aging children come
aging children, i am one
Some come dark and strange like dying
crows and ravens whistling
lines of weeping, strings of crying
so much said in listening
Songs to aging children come
aging children, i am one
Does the moon play only silver
when it strums the galaxy
dying roses will they will their
perfumed rhapsodies to me
Songs to aging children came
this is one

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