



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

# For The Roses

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GGDGBD 'Joni' Tuning: G 12 7543 Capo 3rd

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## INTRO:

```

x0xxxx  x xxxx  x xxxx  xx0xxx
||| | | | 4 | * | | | 7 | * | | | 8 | | | | | 4 | | | | * | 6 | | | | * | 6
||| | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | * |  | | | * |
||| | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | * |  | | | * |

```

```

          000000          000000
||| | | | 4 | | * * | 4 | | | | | 4 | | | * | 4 | | | | | 4
| * * |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | * | |  | | | | |
| | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |

```

```

x0xxxx  x xxxx  x xxxx  xx0xxx
||| | | | 4 | * | | | 7 | * | | | 8 | | | | | 4
||| | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |
||| | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |  | | | | |

```

## Verse:

```

||| | * | 6          ||| | * | 6
||| | | |          ||| | * |
|| * * |          || * | |
I heard it in the wind last night

```

```

||| | | | 4
| * * |
||| | | |
It sounded like applause

```

```

|| * * | 4
||| | | |
||| | | |
Did you get a round resounding for you

```

```
000000      000000
||| | | | 4  ||| | * | 4  ||| | | | 4
||| | | |   ||| | * |   ||| | | |
||| | | |   ||| | * |   ||| | | |
||| | | |   ||| | * |   ||| | | |
```

Way up here?

```
x0xxxx  x xxxx  x xxxx  xx0xxx
||| | | | 4  |*| | | 7  |*| | | 8  ||| | | | 4
||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |
||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |
```

```
||| | * | 6      ||| | * | 6
||| | | |   ||| | * |
||| | * | *     ||| | * |
```

It seems like many dim years ago

```
||| | | | 4
||| | * | * |
||| | | |
```

Since I heard that face to face

```
||| | * | * | 4
||| | | |
||| | | |
```

Or seen you face to face

```
000000      000000
||| | | | 4  ||| | * | 4  ||| | | | 4
||| | | |   ||| | * |   ||| | | |
||| | | |   ||| | * |   ||| | | |
```

Though tonight I can feel you here

```
000000  x0xxxx  x0xxxx  x0xxxx  xx0xxx
||| | * | 4  ||| | | | 4  ||| | | | 4  |*| | | 6  |*| | | 8  ||| | | | 4
||| | * |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |
||| | * |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |   ||| | | |
```

```
||| | * | 4
||| | | |
||| | * | *
```

I get these notes

```
||| | * | 6
||| | | |
||| | * | *
```

On butterflies and lilac sprays

```
000000
||| | | | 4
||| | | |
||| | | |
||| | | |   ||| | * | 4
||| | | |   ||| | * |
||| | | |   ||| | | |
```

From girls who just have to tell me

|||\*|4 |||||4 |||\*|4 |||||4  
|||\*| ||||| |||\*| |||||  
||\*| |||\*| |||\*| |||\*|

They saw you somewhere

|||\*|4 |||||4 |||\*|4 |||||4  
|||\*| ||||| |||\*| |||||  
||\*| |||\*| |||\*| |||\*|

REPEAT INTRO BEFORE EACH VERSE:

In some office sits a poet  
And he trembles as he sings  
And he asks some guy  
To circulate his soul around  
On your mark red ribbon runner  
The caressing rev of motors  
Finely tuned like fancy women  
In thirties evening gowns  
Up the charts  
Off to the airport-  
Your name's in the news  
Everything's first class-  
The lights go down-  
And it's just you up there  
Getting them to feel like that

Remember the days when you used to sit  
And make up your tunes for love  
And pour your simple sorrow  
To the sound hole and your knee  
And now you're seen  
On giant screens  
And at parties for the press  
And for people who have slices of you  
From the company  
They toss around your latest golden egg  
Speculation-well, who's to know  
If the next one in the nest  
Will glitter for them so

I guess I seem ungrateful  
With my teeth sunk in the hand  
That brings me things  
I really can't give up just yet  
Now I sit up here  
The critic!  
And they introduce some band  
But they seem so much confetti  
Looking at them on my TV set  
Oh the power and the glory  
Just when you're getting a taste for worship  
They start bringing out the hammers

And the boards  
And the nails

I heard it in the wind last night  
It sounded like applause  
Chilly now  
End of summer  
No more shiny hot nights  
It was just the arbutus rustling  
And the bumping of the logs

```
||*|*|4  
|||  
|||  
|||
```

And the moon swept down black water

```
000000  
|||  
|||
```

Like an empty spotlight

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