



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

Refuge Of The Roads

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CACFAC, 'Joni' Tuning: C93543

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Intro:

7776	1010109	777777	999999

555555	555775	555555	555775

5554	7776

I met a friend of spirit

1010109	777777

He drank and womanized

1010109	777777

And I sat before his sanity

555555	555775

I was holding back from crying

5554	7776

He saw my complications

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1010109|| 777777
| | | ||| |||||
And he mirrored me back simplified

| | | ||| |||||
1010109|| 777777
| | | ||| |||||
And we laughed how our perfection

 ||| ||| ||| |||
 555555 555775 555555 555775
 ||| ||| ||| |||
Would always be denied

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777777
|||
Heart and humor and humility

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 1010109|| 777777
 | | | ||| |||||
He said will lighten up your heavy load

||| ||| ||| ||| |||
7776|| 555555 5554|| 777777 999999
||| ||| ||| ||| |||
I left him then for the refuge of the roads

||| ||| ||| |||
555555 555775 555555 555775
||| ||| ||| |||

(Repeat same chord structure for next verses)

I fell in with some drifters
Cast upon a beachtown
Winn Dixie cold cuts and highway hand me downs
And I wound up fixing dinner
For them and Boston Jim
I well up with affection
Thinking back down the roads to then
The nets were overflowing
In the Gulf of Mexico
They were overflowing in the refuge of the roads

There was spring along the ditches
There were good times in the cities
Oh, radiant happiness
It was all so light and easy
Till I started analyzing
And I brought on my old ways
A thunderhead of judgment was
Gathering in my gaze
And it made most people nervous
They just didn't want to know
What I was seeing in the refuge of the roads

I pulled off into a forest
Crickets clicking in the fern
Like a wheel of fortune
I heard my fate turn, turn turn
And I went running down a white sand road
I was running like a white-assed deer
Running to lose the blues
To the innocence in here
These are the clouds of Michelangelo
Muscular with gods and sungold
Shine on your witness in the refuge of the roads.

In a highway service station
Over the month of June
Was a photograph of the earth
Taken coming back from the moon
And you couldn't see a city
On that marbled bowling ball
Or a forest or a highway
Or me here least of all
You couldn't see these cold water restrooms
Or this baggage overload
Westbound and rolling taking refuge in the roads.