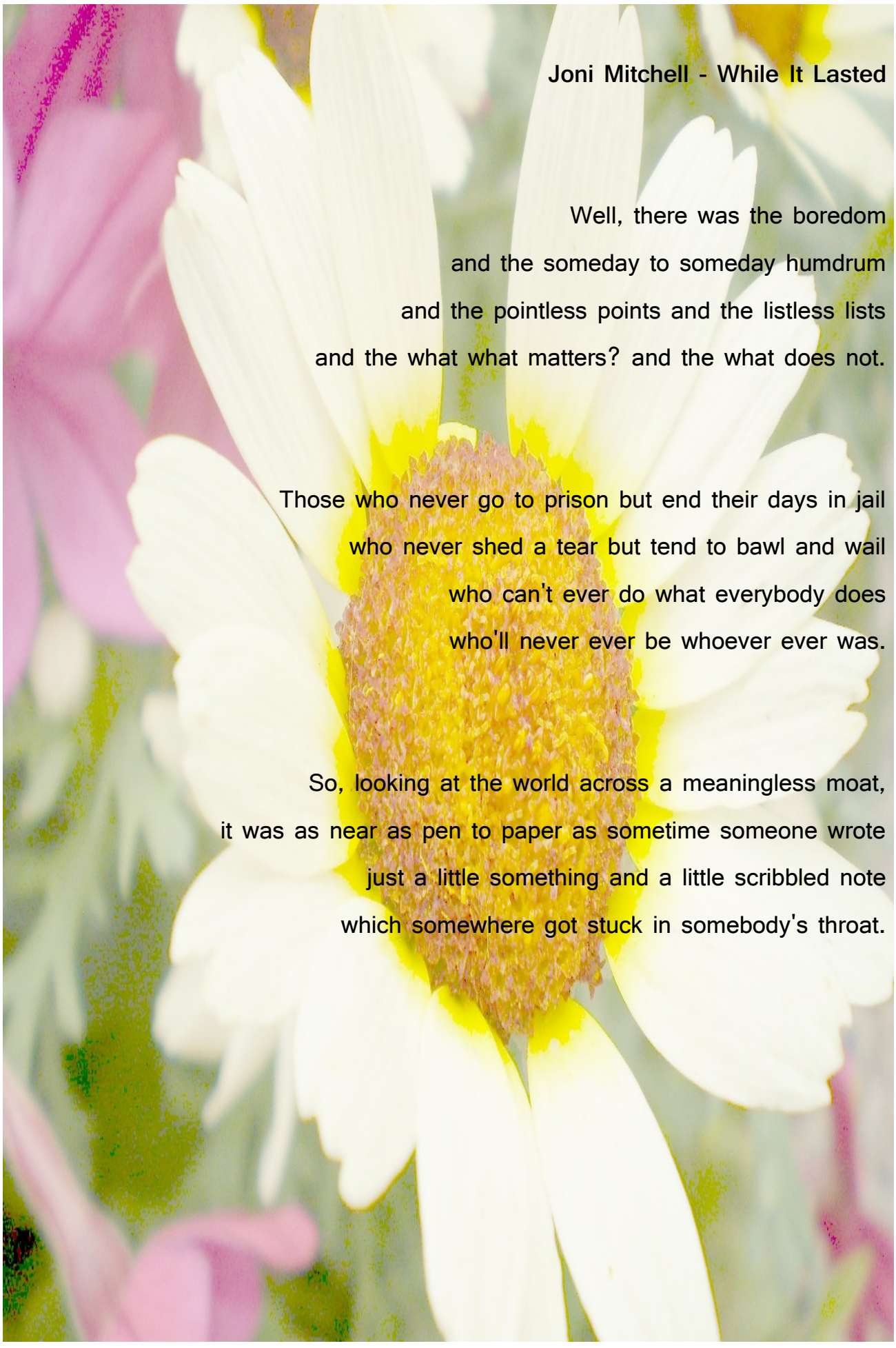

Joni Mitchell - While It Lasted

Well, there was the boredom
and the someday to someday humdrum
and the pointless points and the listless lists
and the what what matters? and the what does not.

Those who never go to prison but end their days in jail
who never shed a tear but tend to bawl and wail
who can't ever do what everybody does
who'll never ever be whoever ever was.

So, looking at the world across a meaningless moat,
it was as near as pen to paper as sometime someone wrote
just a little something and a little scribbled note
which somewhere got stuck in somebody's throat.