



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

Nathan La Franeer

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DGDGBD, 'Joni' Tuning: D57543

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TUNING: DGDGBD (open G)

INTRO:

```

||||*|3   ||||*|1   ||||*|3   ||||*|1
||||||    ||||||    ||||||    ||||||
|||*|*    |||*|*    |||*|*    |||*|*

```

```

||||*|3                               ||||*|1
||||||                               ||||||
|||*|*                               |||*|*

```

I hired a coach to take me from confusion to the plane

```

          ||||*|1           ||||*|1           |||||open
          |||*||           ||*||           ||||||
          ||||||           ||||||           ||||||

```

And though we shared a common space I know I'll never meet again

```

||||*|3                               ||||*|1
||||||                               ||||||
|||*|*                               |||*|*

```

The driver with his eyebrows furrowed in the rear-view mirror

```

          ||||*|1           ||||*|1           |||||1
          |||*||           ||*||           ||||*|
          ||||||           ||||||           ||||||

```

I read his name and it was plainly written Nathan La Franeer

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||*|*|8
||||||
||||||

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I asked him would he hurry

```

||*|*|7
||||||
||||||

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But we crawled the canyons slowly

```

||||*|3           ||||*|1
||**||           ||**||
||||||           ||||||

```

Thru the buyers and the sellers

*****5 |*|*|3 |*|*|1
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*| |*|*|*|
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*| |*|*|*|

Thru the burglar bells and the wishing wells

|*|*|*|8 *****8 *****7
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*|
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*|

With gangs and girly shows

|*|*|*|8 |*|*|*|*|open
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*|
|*|*|*|*| |*|*|*|*|

The ghostly garden grows

The cars and buses bustled thru the bedlam of the day
I looked thru window-glass at streets and Nathan
grumbled at the grey
I saw an aging cripple selling Superman balloons
The city grated thru chrome-plate
The clock struck slowly half-past-noon
Thru the tunnel tiled and turning
Into daylight once again I am escaping
Once again goodbye
To symphonies and dirty trees
With parks and plastic clothes
The ghostly garden grows

He asked me for a dollar more
He cursed me to my face
He hated everyone who paid to ride
And share his common space
I picked my bags up from the curb
And stumbled to the door
Another man reached out his hand
Another hand reached out for more
And I filled it full of silver
And I left the fingers counting
And the sky goes on forever
Without meter maids and peace parades

You feed it all your woes
The ghostly garden grows

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