



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

# Amelia

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CGCEGC, 'Joni' Tuning: C75435

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Thanks to Jim Leahy for the initial clue of the tuning for this song. I'm just indicating chord shapes. If you have any corrections or suggestions, email at [sem8@cornell.edu](mailto:sem8@cornell.edu)

|||||||  
000000 = open strum  
|||||||

Intro:

|||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||  
000000    \*\*\*\*\*5    000000    \*\*\*\*\*5    \*\*\*|\*\*5  
|||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||\*||

|||||||  
\*\*\*\*\*5-slide-7  
|||||||

I was driving across the burning desert

          |||||||  
          \*\*\*\*\*7-slide-10  
          |||||||  
when I spotted six jet planes

          |||||||                    |||||||                    |||||||    |||||||  
          |||\*||8                    |||\*||10                    \*\*\*\*\*7    000000  
          \*\*\*|||                    \*\*\*|||                    |||||||    |||||||  
leaving six white vapor trails across the bleak terrain

  |||||||  
  |||\*||3  
  \*\*\*|||  
It was the hexagram of the heavens

          |||||||                    |||||||  
          |||\*||10                    |||\*||8  
          \*\*\*|||                    \*\*\*|||  
It was the strings of my guitar

|||||||    |||||||  
\*\*\*\*\*7    \*\*\*\*\*5  
|||||||    |||||||  
Amelia,

              |||||||    |||||||  
              \*\*\*|\*\*5    \*\*\*\*\*5  
              |||\*||    |||||||  
it was just a false alarm.

|||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||  
000000    \*\*\*\*\*5    000000    \*\*\*\*\*5    \*\*\*|\*\*5  
|||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||||||    |||\*||

The drone of flying engines  
is a song so wild and blue  
it scrambles time and seasons if it gets thru' to you  
Then your life becomes a travelogue  
of picture-post-card-charms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm.

People will tell you where they've gone  
They'll tell you where to go  
but till you get there yourself you never really know  
where some have found their paradise  
other's just come to harm  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I wish that he was here tonight  
It's so hard to obey  
His sad request of me to kindly stay away  
So this is how I hide the hurt  
As the road leads cursed and charmed  
I tell Amelia, it was just a false alarm

A ghost of aviation  
she was swallowed by the sky  
or by the sea, like me she had a dream to fly  
Like Icarus ascending  
on beautiful foolish arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

Maybe I've never really loved  
I guess that is the truth  
I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitude  
and looking down on everything  
I crashed into his arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I pulled into the Cactus Tree Motel  
to shower off the dust  
and I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust  
I dreamed of 747's  
over geometric farms  
dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms.