

# Blonde In The Bleachers

[Joni Mitchell](#)

The blonde in the bleachers  
She flips her hair for you above the loudspeakers  
You start to fall, she follows you home but you miss living alone  
You can still hear sweet mysteries calling you The bands and the roadies lovin' 'em and leavin' 'em  
It's pleasure to try 'em, it's trouble to keep 'em 'Cause it seems like you've gotta give up  
Such a piece of your soul when you give up the chase  
Feeling it hot and cold you're in rock n' roll  
It's the nature of the race It's the unknown child so sweet and wild  
It's youth it's too good to waste She tapes her regrets to the microphone stand  
She says, "You can't hold the hand  
Of a rock n' roll man very long  
Or count on your plans with a rock n' roll man very long Compete with the fans  
For your rock n' roll man for very long  
The girls and the bands  
And the rock n' roll man"

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