

# Cherokee Louise

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Cherokee Louise is hiding in this tunnel  
In the Broadway Bridge  
We're crawling on our knees  
We've got flashlights and batteries  
We've got cold cuts from the fridge  
Last year about this time  
We used to climb up in the branches  
Just to sway there in some breeze  
Now the cops on the street  
They want Cherokee Louise  
People like to talk  
Tongues are waggin' over fences  
Waggin' over phones  
All their doors are locked  
God she can't even come to our own house  
But I know where she'll go  
To the place where you can stand  
And press your hands like it was bubble bath  
In dust piled high as me, down under the street  
My friend poor Cherokee Louise  
Ever since we turned 13  
It's like a minefield walking to the door  
Going out you get the 3rd degree  
And comin' in you get the 3rd World War  
Tuesday after school  
We put our pennies on the rails  
And when the train went by  
We were jumpin' 'round like fools  
Goin', "Look, no heads or tails"  
Goin', "Look, my lucky prize"  
She runs home to her foster dad  
He opens up a zipper  
And he yanks her to her knees  
Oh please be here, please  
My friend poor Cherokee Louise  
Cherokee Louise is hiding in this tunnel  
In the Broadway Bridge  
We're crawling on our knees  
I've got Archie and Silver Screen

I know where she is  
The place where you can stand  
And press your hands like it was bubble bath  
In dust piled high as me, down under the street  
My friend poor Cherokee Louise, oh Cherokee Louise  
Cherokee Louise  
Cherokee Louise  
Cherokee Louise

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