Blue Boy

Joni Mitchell

Lady called the blue boy, love
She took him home
Made himself an idol, yes
So he turned to stone
Like a pilgrim she traveled
To place her flowers
Before his granite grace
And she prayed aloud for love
To waken in his face
In his face, ohSometimes in the evening
He would read to her
Roll her in his arms
And give his seed to her
She would wake in the morning
Without him
And go to the window
And look out through the pain
But the statue in her garden
He always looked the same
He looked the same, ahBring her boots of leather
And she will dance for him
Shyly from a feather fan
She'll glance for him
Here he comes after midnight
To find her again
He will come a few times more
'Till he finds a lady statue
Standing in a door
In her door, oh

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