

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, oh Sometimes 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, ah Bring her boots of leather and she will dance for him
Shyly from a feather fan, shell 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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