

# Moscow On Hollywood Boulevard

## Joan Baez

Look at young Natasha fly  
Got gold medals in her starry eyes  
Di Di Di  
She's a family jewel and a national prize  
Tiny in her leotard, every day upon the double bars  
Di Di Di  
She's gonna be a superstar  
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard  
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

Born with wings upon his feet  
Number one in every major meet  
Di Di Di  
And he's racing toward a phantom heat  
And maybe in Volodya's dreams, Disneyland and a pair of new west jeans  
Di Di Di  
And a sequined shirt of Norma Jean  
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard  
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

Oh, how they dream  
Oh, how they dream  
Li Li Li Li Li Li

She was 5 and he was 6  
They stole the family crucifix  
From the icons  
She was 6 and he was 7  
And they had their own idea of heaven  
To dream on  
Now they're in the bloom of youth  
And they were heading out to bring the gold  
And the glory to the motherland  
When all at once their names were banned  
From Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

First the eagle, then the bear  
You both had an equal share of blame  
Di Di Di  
Blaspheming the sacred flame

Natasha and Volodya might take the pieces of their broken wings

Di Di Di

And send them off with the icon

To Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

When the flame will burn in Strawberry Fields forever and ever

Li Li Li Li Li Li

Oh, how they dream

Oh, how they dream

Li Li Li Li Li Li

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