

# Blonde In The Bleachers

[Joni Mitchell](#)

The blond 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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