

In France They Kiss On Main Street

[Joni Mitchell](#)

Downtown, my darling dimestore thief
In the war of independence
Rock an' Roll rang sweet as victory
Under neon signs a girl was in bloom
And a woman was fading in a suburban room I said, take me to the dance
Do you want to dance? I love to dance
And I told him, they don't take chances
They seem so removed from romance
They've been broken in churches and schools
And molded to middle class circumstance And we were rolling, rolling, Rock 'n' Rolling Downtown the dance
halls and cafes
Feel so wild you could break somebody's heart
Just doing the latest dance craze
Gail and Louise in those push-up brassieres
Tight dresses and rhinestone rings
Drinking up the band's beers Young love was kissing under bridges
Kissing in cars, kissing in cafes
And we were walking down main street
Kisses like bright flags hung on holidays
In France they kiss on main street
Amour, mama, not cheap display And we were rolling, rolling, Rock 'n' Rolling Downtown in the Pinball Arcade
With his head full of pool hall pitches
And songs from the hit parade
He'd be singing bye, bye, love
While he's racking up his free play
Let those Rock 'n' Roll choir boys come and carry us away Sometimes Chickie had the car or Ron had a car
Or lead foot Melvin with his hot-wire head
We'd all go looking for a party
Looking to raise Jesus up from the dead
And I'd be kissing in the back seat
Thrilling to the Brando-like things that he said And we'd be rolling, rolling, Rock n' Rolling
Rolling, rolling, Rock n' Rolling
Rolling, rolling, Rock n' Rolling

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