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 wasteShe 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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