

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"