# Blonde In The Bleachers

## Joni Mitchell

The blonde 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 youThe 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 raceIt'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 longCompete 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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