Joni Mitchell, Blonde In The Bleachers

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 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"