

# Joni Mitchell, The Boho Dance

Down in the cellar in the Boho zone  
I went looking for some sweet inspiration, oh well  
Just another hard-time band  
With Negro affectations  
I was a hopeful in rooms like this  
When I was working cheap  
It's an old romance-the Boho dance  
It hasn't gone to sleep

But even on the scuffle  
The cleaner's press was in my jeans  
And any eye for detail  
Caught a little lace along the seams

And you were in the parking lot  
Subterranean by your own design  
The virtue of your style inscribed  
On your contempt for mine  
Jesus was a beggar, he was rich in grace  
And Solomon kept his head in all his glory  
It's just that some steps outside the Boho dance  
Have a fascination for me

A camera pans the cocktail hour  
Behind a blind of potted palms  
And finds a lady in a Paris dress  
With runs in her nylons

You read those books where luxury  
Comes as a guest to take a slave  
Books where artists in noble poverty  
Go like virgins to the grave  
Don't you get sensitive on me  
'Cause I know you're just too proud  
You couldn't step outside the Boho dance now  
Even if good fortune allowed

Like a priest with a pornographic watch  
Looking and longing on the sly  
Sure it's stricken from your uniform  
But you can't get it out of your eyes

Nothing is capsulized in me  
On either side of town  
The streets were never really mine  
Not mine these glamour gowns