

Belle Of The Blues

Janis Ian

I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see
If I win or I lose, it's all one to me
I was born on a shelf in the rare books library
I reside by myself with my books and my T.V.

I'm an old age pension for the fossilized routine
Anybody for nostalgia, put a record on and see
Here's a memory of olden days
And a heartbreak grown cold
All that glitters isn't gold
You get no love for free

You live and you die
And I'll probably throw it away
But in the end it's mine
And nobody has a right to say
"Go down lightly - go down silently"
I'll go down screaming
"Give it back - it belongs to me"

I'm the belle of the blues - I'm used to mingling
With the crème de la crème of higher society
I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me
But when the party's over
They're all too glad to leave

Their children sing of sorrow
It's the same old routine
They've begged and they've borrowed
Someone else's misery

It's an easy act to follow
At least, an easy one for me
Give me my tomorrows
You can have my memories

Souvenirs from an old-fashioned school
Plays coquette on the pillow
Like an old-fashioned fool
Go down lightly
Go down silently
You go down lonely
You go down like me