

## Blue Boy

Joni Mitchell

Lady called the blue boy, love,  
She took him home  
Made himself an idol, yes,  
So he turned to stone  
Like a pilgrim she travelled  
Ta place her flowers  
Before his granite grace  
And she prayed aloud for love  
To waken in his face  
In his face, oh

Sometimes in the evening  
He would read to her  
Roll her in his arms  
And give his seed to her  
She would wake in the morning  
Without him  
And go to the window  
And look out thru the pane  
But the statue in her garden  
He always looked the same  
He looked the same, ah

Bring her boots of leather  
And she will dance for him  
Shyly from a feather fan  
She'll glance for him  
Here he comes after midnight  
To find her again  
He will come few times more  
Till he finds a lady statue  
Standing in a door  
In her door, oh