

# Cherokee Louise

Joni Mitchell

Cherokee Louise is hiding in this tunnel  
in the Broadway bridge  
we are crawling on our knees  
we've got flashlights and batteries  
we got cold cuts from the fridge

Last year about this time  
we used to climb up in the branches  
just to sway there in some breeze  
now the cops on the street  
they want Cherokee Louise

People like to talk  
tongues are waggin' over fences  
they're waggin' on the phones  
all their doors are locked  
God she can't even come to our house  
But I know where she'll go

To the place where you can stand  
and press your hands like it was bubble bath  
in dust piled high as me  
down under the street  
my friend Cherokee Louise

Ever since we turned 13  
it's like a minefield  
walking to the door  
going out to get your 3rd degree  
and comin' in you get the 3rd world war

Tuesday after school  
we put our pennies on the rails  
and when the train rolled by  
we were jumpin' round like fools  
going "Look no heads or tails"  
going "Look my lucky prize"

Then she runs home to her foster dad  
he open up his zipper  
and he yanks her to her knees  
Oh please be here - please  
my friend Cherokee Louise

Cherokee Louise is hiding in this tunnel  
in the Broadway bridge  
we're crawling on our knees  
I've got Archie and Silver Screen  
I know where she is

She's in the place where you can stand  
and press your hands like it was bubble bath  
in dust piled high as me  
down under the street  
my friend Cherokee Louise

Oh Cherokee Louise, poor Cherokee Louise

Cherokee Louise, Cherokee Louise