

Joan Baez

"Moscow On Hollywood Boulevard"

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(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

Look at young Natasha fly
Got gold medals in her starry eyes
Di Di Di
She's a family jewel and a national prize
Tiny in her leotard, every day upon the double bars
Di Di Di
She's gonna be a superstar
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

Born with wings upon his feet
Number one in every major meet
Di Di Di
And he's racing toward a phantom heat
And maybe in Valodya's dreams, Disneyland and a pair
of new west jeans
Di Di Di
And a sequined shirt of Norma Jean
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard
In Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

Oh, how they dream
Oh, how they dream
Li Li Li Li Li Li

She was 5 and he was 6
They stole the family crucifix
From the icons
She was 6 and he was 7
And they had their own idea of heaven
To dream on
Now they're in the bloom of youth
And they were heading out to bring the gold
And the glory to the motherland
When all at once their names were banned
From Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard

First the eagle, then the bear
You both had an equal share of blame
Di Di Di

Blaspheming the sacred flame
Natash and Valodya might take the pieces of their
broken wings
Di Di Di
And send them off with the icon
To Moscow on Hollywood Boulevard
When the flame will burn in Strawberry Fields forever
and ever
Li Li Li Li Li Li

Oh, how they dream
Oh, how they dream
Li Li Li Li Li Li

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