

# Yvette In English

## Joni Mitchell

He met her in a French cafe  
She slipped in sideways like a cat  
Sidelong glances what a wary little stray  
She sticks in his mind like that  
Saying, "Avez vous un allumette?"  
With her lips wrapped around a cigarette  
Yvette in English saying  
"Please have this, little bit of instant bliss"  
He's fumbling with her foreign tongue  
Reaching for words and drawing blanks  
A loud mouth is stricken deaf and dumb  
In a bistro on the left bank  
"If I were a painter," Picasso said  
"I'd paint this girl from toe to head"  
Yvette in English saying  
"Please have this, little bit of instant bliss"  
Burgundy, nocturne tips and spills  
They trot along nicely in the spreading stain  
New chills, new thrills, for the old uphill battle  
How did he wind up here again?  
Walking and talking, touched and scared  
Uninsulated wires laid bare  
And Yvette in English going  
"Please have this, little bit of instant bliss"  
What blew her like a leaf his way?  
Up in the air and down to Earth  
First she flusters then she frays  
So quick to question her own worth  
Her cigarette burns her fingertips  
As it falls like fireworks she curses it  
Then sweetly in English she says  
"Please have this, little bit of instant bliss"  
He sees her turn and walk away  
Skittering like a cat on stone  
Her high heels clicking what a wary little stray  
She leaves him by the Seine alone  
With the black water and the amber lights  
And the bony bridge between left and right  
Yvette in English saying

"Please have this, little bit of instant bliss"

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>