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 une 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 loudmouth 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 left bare
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"

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