

Conversations

Cold Chisel

Kneeling at the hotel reception
Violin a-sobbing on his knee
Twenty bright rozellas on his shoulder
Coin from a wealthy Ceylonese
Hungry people hangin on the corner
Other people cruisin by in cars
Feeding on the fiction and the porno
Staring at the tattoos and the scars Conversations, Conversations
Icy nights and almighty patience Well some of us are driven to ambition
Some of us are trapped behind the wheel
Some of us will break away, and build a marble yesterday
And live for every moment we can steal Conversations, Conversations
Shouting out across an empty station Now its just another Tuesday morning
Billys wrapped up tight against the chill
The busker packs his birds beneath the awning
Billys got his eyes upon the till
He could get a ticket out of here from a local easy lawyer
The buskers halfway home, Billys lounging round the foyer
Love so easily dies when theres nothing left to conquer
One small break is all he needs, and life aint getting longer Conversations, Conversations
Breakfast show to a sleepy nation

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