

Talk to Me

Joni Mitchell

There was a moon and a street lamp
I didn't know I drank such a lot
'Till I pissed a tequila-anaconda
The full length of the parking lot Oh, I talk too loose
Again I talk too open and free
I pay a high price for my open talking
Like you do for your silent mystery Come and talk to me
Please talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me
Mr. Mystery We could talk about Martha
We could talk about landscapes
I'm not above gossip
But I'll sit on a secret where honor is at stake Or we could talk about power
About Jesus and Hitler and Howard Hughes
Or Charlie Chaplin's movies
Or Bergman's Nordic Blues Please just talk to me
Any old theme you choose
Just come and talk to me
Mr. Mystery, talk to me You could talk like a fool, I'd listen
You could talk like a sage
Anyway the best of my mind
All goes down on the strings and the page That mind picks up all these pictures
It still gets my feet up to dance
Even though it's covered with keyholes
From the slings and arrows of outrageous romance I stole that from Willy the Shake
You know, neither a borrower
Nor a lender be
Romeo, Romeo talk to me Is your silence that golden?
Are you comfortable in it?
Is it the key to your freedom
Or is it the bars on your prison? Are you gagged by your ribbons?
Are you really exclusive or just miserly?
You spend every sentence
As if it was marked currency Come and spend some on me
Shut me up and talk to me
I'm always talking
Chicken squawking
Please talk to me Ooh, talk to me, ooh

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