Little Conversations

Concrete Blonde

The little conversation, well is over very soon
And I watch in admiration from my corner of the room
And they shine on you with starry eyes and they rain a friendly storm
They're like kids around a Christmas tree
And then you smile all nice and warmThese little conversations if I tried my very best
You know I never could say anything in twenty words or less
Somewhere, sometime, down the line
Someday I may confess and tell you all, well that's allThe little conversations well on me are very rough
Well they leave me all in pieces as you know there's never time enough
It's like a book with missing pages, a story incomplete
It's like a painting left unfinished
It feels like not enough to eat, starvin'You know these little conversations, well for me they'll never do
Now what am I supposed to do with broken sentences of you?
I'll stay in my corner 'cause that's all that I can do
Let the others speak for meLittle conversations are we?
Are we? Are we?

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