

# The Last Time I Saw Richard

[Joni Mitchell](#)

The last time I saw Richard was Detroit in '68  
And he told me all romantics meet the same fate someday  
Cynical and drunk and boring someone in some dark cafe  
You laugh, he said you think you're immune  
Go look at your eyes  
They're full in moon You like roses and kisses and pretty men to tell you  
All those pretty lies, pretty lies  
When you gonna realize they're only pretty lies  
Only pretty lies, just pretty lies He put a quarter in the Wurlitzer, and he pushed  
Three buttons and the thing began to whirr  
And a bar maid came by in fishnet stockings and a bow tie  
And she said, "Drink up now it's gettin' on time to close"  
"Richard, you haven't really changed", I said  
It's just that now you're romanticizing some pain that's in your head You got tombs in your eyes, but the songs  
you punched are dreaming  
Listen, they sing of love so sweet, love so sweet  
When you gonna get yourself back on your feet?  
Oh and love can be so sweet, love so sweet Richard got married to a figure skater  
And he bought her a dishwasher and a coffee percolator  
And he drinks at home now most nights with the TV on  
And all the house lights left up bright I'm gonna blow this damn candle out  
I don't want Nobody comin' over to my table  
I got nothing to talk to anybody about  
All good dreamers pass this way some day Hidin' behind bottles in dark cafes  
Dark cafes  
Only a dark cocoon before I get my gorgeous wings  
And fly away  
Only a phase, these dark cafe days

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