

Off Night Backstreet

Joni Mitchell

Maybe I'm just kidding myself
When I say, "I love you", I don't know
Loving without trusting You get frostbite and sunstroke
I wish I felt nothing
You pimp laughing and strutting her to my chartered seat
Your old off night backstreet It's been stinger to stinger, darling
It's been heart to heart
You still keep me from finishing
Any new love I start Now she's moved in with you
She's keeping your house neat
And your sheets sweet
And I'm your off night backstreet I can feel your fingers
Feeling my face there are some lines
You put there and some you erase
Maybe I'm just dramatizing, I don't care It's home, it can be Heaven when we play fair
But these sentimental journeys
Late at night high in some back room
You're calling me to be your off night backstreet You give me such pleasure
You bring me such pain
Who left her long black hair
In our bathtub drain?

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