Conversation

Joni Mitchell

He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation
He knows that's what he'll find
I bring him apples and cheeses
He brings me songs to play
He sees me when he pleases
I see him in cafes
And I only say, hello
And turn away before his lady knows
How much I want to see him
She removes him, like a ring
To wash her hands
She only brings him out to show her friends
I want to free him
Secrets and sharing soda
That's how our time began
Love is a story told to a friend
It's second hand
But I'll listen to his questions
I'll give my answers when they're found
He says she keeps him guessing
But I know she keeps him down
She speaks in sorry sentences
Miraculous repentances
I don't believe her
Tomorrow he will come to me
And he'll speak his sorrow endlessly
And he'll ask me why
Why can't I leave her?
He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation
He knows that's what he'll find
He knows that's what he'll find

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