Through Here Quite Often

Crosby & Nash

I come through here quite often
And I think about you
I come through here quite often
And I wonder what you doA wrong turn at the corner
I could say I got lost
A confusion of memories
Where two streets crossedThe vision I remember
Is eyes through the steam
Coming off the coffee
And rising off the creamAnd I don't even know you
And I don't mean to stare
But I know what you're thinking
I can see that you dare toCare about people
And look into their lives
As you hand them a spoon
As you polish the knivesYou reach out and touch one
Every once in a while
With off handed wisdom
Or a lop-sided smileNow they say don't talk to strangers
I say "why the hell not"
If you don't talk to strangers
Tell me what have you got?A world without wisdom
A life without laughs
A season of loneliness
And friendships in half'sDo you care about strangers
And look into their lives
Their sons and their daughters
Their husbands and wivesSo I come here for coffee
And I watch your face
To see secret kindness
And watch quiet grace

Songwriters
CROSBY/PARKSPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/