Little Conversations

Concrete Blonde

The little conversation
Is over very soon
And I watch in admiration
From my corner of the room.
They shine on you with starry eyes
They rain a friendly storm.
Like kids around a Christmas tree
And then you smile all nice and warmThe 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 spill it all. that's allThe little conversations
On me are very rough
They leave me all in pieces
You know there's never time enough
Like a book with missing pages
Like a story incomplete
Like a painting left unfinished
It feels like not enough to eat.
Starvin'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
And let the others speak for me.
Little conversations
Are we.

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