

# Conversations

## Cold Chisel

Kneeling at the hotel reception  
Violin a-sobbing on his knee  
Twenty bright rozellas on his shoulder  
Coin from a wealthy Ceylonese  
Hungry people hangin on the corner  
Other people cruisin by in cars  
Feeding on the fiction and the porno  
Staring at the tattoos and the scarsConversations, Conversations  
Icy nights and almighty patienceWell some of us are driven to ambition  
Some of us are trapped behind the wheel  
Some of us will break away, and build a marble yesterday  
And live for every moment we can stealConversations, Conversations  
Shouting out across an empty stationNow its just another Tuesday morning  
Billys wrapped up tight against the chill  
The busker packs his birds beneath the awning  
Billys got his eyes upon the till  
He could get a ticket out of here from a local easy lawyer  
The buskers halfway home, Billys lounging round the foyer  
Love so easily dies when theres nothing left to conquer  
One small break is all he needs, and life aint getting longerConversations, Conversations  
Breakfast show to a sleepy nation

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>