

# Joni Mitchell, Conversation

He comes for conversation  
I comfort him sometimes  
Comfort and consultation  
He knows that's what he'll find  
I bring him grapes 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?

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