

# Joni Mitchell, Yvette In English

He met her in a French cafe  
She slipped in sideways like a cat  
Sidelong glances  
What a wary little stray!  
She sticks in his mind like that  
Saying, "Avez-vous un allumette?"  
With her lips wrapped around a cigarette  
Yvette in English saying,  
"Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss."

He's fumbling with her foreign tongue;  
Reaching for words and drawing blanks  
A loud mouth is stricken deaf and dumb  
In a bistro on the left bank  
"If I were a painter," Picasso said,  
"I'd paint this girl from toe to head!"  
Yvette in English saying,  
"Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss."

Burgundy nocturne tips and spills  
They trot along nicely in the spreading stain  
New chills, new thrills  
For the old uphill battle  
How did he wind up here again?  
Walking and talking  
Touched and scared  
Uninsulated wires left bare  
Yvette in English going,  
"Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss."

What blew her like a leaf his way?  
(Up in the air and down to Earth)  
First she flusters  
Then she frays  
So quick to question her own worth  
Her cigarette burns her fingertips  
As it falls like fireworks she curses it  
Then sweetly in English she says,  
"Please have this,  
Little bit of instant bliss."

He sees her turn and walk away  
Skittering like a cat on stone-  
Her high heels clicking-  
What a wary little stray!  
She leaves him by the Seine alone  
With the black water and the amber lights  
And the bony bridge between left and right  
Yvette in English saying,  
"Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss."