

Cold Chisel, Conversations

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 scars

Conversations, Conversations
Icy nights and almighty patience

Well 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 steal

Conversations, Conversations
Shouting out across an empty station

Now it's just another Tuesday morning
Billy's wrapped up tight against the chill
The busker packs his birds beneath the awning
Billy's got his eyes upon the till
He could get a ticket out of here from a local easy lawyer
The busker's halfway home, Billy's lounging round the foyer
Love so easily dies when there's nothing left to conquer
One small break is all he needs, and life ain't getting longer

Conversations, Conversations
Breakfast show to a sleepy nation