

# Crosby & Nash, Through Here Quite Often

written by David Crosby and Dean Parks

I come through here quite often  
and I think about you  
I come through here quite often  
and I wonder what you do

a wrong turn at the corner  
I could say I got lost  
a confusion of memories  
where two streets crossed

the vision I remember  
is eyes through the steam  
coming off the coffee  
and rising off the cream

and I don't even know you  
and I don't mean to stare  
but I know what you're thinking  
I can see that you dare to

care about people  
and look into their lives  
as you hand them a spoon  
as you polish the knives  
you reach out and touch one  
every once in a while  
with off handed wisdom  
or a lop-sided smile

now they say don't talk to strangers  
I say, "why the hell not"  
if you don't talk to strangers  
tell me what have you got?  
a world without wisdom  
a life without laughs  
a season of loneliness  
and friendships in halves

do you care about strangers  
and look into their lives  
their sons and their daughters  
their husbands and wives

so I come here for coffee  
and I watch your face  
to see secret kindness  
and watch quiet grace