

Joan Armatrading, Conversation

To you it's just another day
When you see the sun you say
That's the way the day begins
And promises you make
Do you really mean to keep
Or are they words you say to fill the silent space

And when there's an empty moment
Won't you dedicate it to me
Or is it spent on burning incense
Or painting rooms in white
Lord won't you call me today just to say hello

Conversation is the name of the game
We got phone calls and letters
And brown paper parcels to my baby
To my baby, to my baby
With all my love

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