

# Joni Mitchell, Off Night Backstreet

Maybe I'm just kidding myself when I say I love you  
I don't know-  
Loving without trusting  
You get-frostbite and sunstroke  
I wish I felt nothing!  
You pimp-laughing and strutting her to my chartered seat  
Your old off night back street

It's been stinger to stinger, darling  
It's been heart to heart  
You still keep me from finishing  
Any new love I start  
Now she's moved in with you  
She's keeping your house neat  
And your sheets sweet  
And I'm your off night back street

I can feel your fingers  
Feeling my face  
There are some lines you put there  
And some you erase  
Maybe I'm just dramatizing  
I don't care  
It's home-it can be heaven  
When we play fair  
But these sentimental journeys  
Late at night-  
High in some back room you're calling me  
To be your off night back street

You give me such pleasure  
You bring me such pain  
Who left her long black hair  
In our bathtub drain?