

# Joni Mitchell, Talk To Me

There was a moon and a street lamp  
I didn't know I drank such a lot  
'Till I pissed a tequila-anaconda  
The full length of the parking lot!  
Oh, I talk too loose  
Again I talk too open and free  
I pay a high price for my open talking  
Like you do for your silent mystery

Come and talk to me  
Please talk to me  
Talk to me, talk to me  
Mr. Mystery

We could talk about Martha  
We could talk about landscapes  
I'm not above gossip  
But I'll sit on a secret where honor is at stake!  
Or we could talk about power  
About Jesus and Hitler and Howard Hughes  
Or Charlie Chaplin's movies  
Or Bergman's nordic blues  
Please just talk to me  
Any old theme you choose  
Just come and talk to me  
Mr. Mystery, talk to me

You could talk like a fool-I'd listen  
You could talk like a sage  
Anyway the best of my mind  
All goes down on the strings and the page  
That mind picks up all these pictures  
It still gets my feet up to dance  
Even though it's covered with keyloids  
From the "slings and arrows of outrageous romance"  
I stole that from Willy the Shake!  
You know-"Neither a borrower nor a lender be"  
Romeo, Romeo talk to me!

Is your silence that golden?  
Are you comfortable in it?  
Is it the key to your freedom  
Or is it the bars on your prison?  
Are you gagged by your ribbons?  
Are you really exclusive or just miserly?  
You spend every sentence as if it was marked currency!  
Come and spend some on me-  
Shut me up and talk to me!  
I'm always talking!  
Chicken squawking!  
Please talk to me