Peter Hammill, Call That A Conversation?

Oh, spit it out, there's no way we'll see eye to eye
my simple truth is your warped confusion;
as off different planets we spin eccentric jive.

I don't remember what I said
I don't think you do either.

Slippery of tongue though you claim my speech may be
all of the words you've been putting in my mouth just flatter to deceive.

I never said the half of that
you're utterly mistaken
call that a conversation?

Yeah, you said it,
all my meaning, quite misread it...
this conversation let's forget it now.

I can't believe what you just said
call this a conversation?

Let's call it quits,
let's just say it's
a measure of the distance between our worlds.

I don't remember what I said,
I don't think you do either;
you make what you will of meaning
call that a conversation?

More likely just the space between words
when the meanings have all changed.