

Joni Mitchell

"The Last Time I Saw Richard 2"

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The last time I saw Richard, it was Detroit in '68 and he told me

"All romantics meet the same fate someday,
Cynical and drunk and boring someone in some dark
cafe"

"You laugh," he said, "you think you're immune.
Go look at your eyes, their full of the moon.
You like roses, and kisses and pretty men to tell you all
those pretty lies.

Pretty Lies

When you going to realize their only pretty lies

Only pretty lies

Just pretty lies

I put a quarter in the Wurlitzer

And I push three buttons and the thing began to wurr
And a bar maid came by in a pair of stockings and a
bow tie

And she said "Drink up now, it's getting on time to
close"

"Richard, you haven't really changed," I said

"It's just that, now you're romanticizing some pain
that's in you head.

You've got tombs in your eyes, but the songs you
punched are dreamin'.

They sing of a love so sweet

Love so sweet

When you goin' to get your self back on your feet

Oh love can be so sweet

Love so sweet

Richard got married to a figure skater

And he bought her a dishwasher and a coffee
percolator

And drinks at home now most nights

With all the house lights left up bright

I'm going to blow this damn candle out

I don't want nobody coming to my table

I got nothing to talk to anybody about

All good dreamers pass this way someday

Hiding in bottles in dark cafes

Dark cafes
Only a dark cocoon before I get my gorgeous wings
and fly away
Only a phase
These dark, cafe days

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