

## **Cold Chisel "Conversions"**

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Kneeling at the hotel reception  
Violin a-sobbing on his knee  
Twenty bright rozellas on his shoulder  
Coin from a wealthy Ceylonese  
Hungry people hangin' on the corner  
Other people cruisin' by in cars  
Feeding on the fiction and the porno  
Staring at the tattoos and the scars

Conversations, Conversations  
Icy nights and almighty patience

Well some of us are driven to ambition  
Some of us are trapped behind the wheel  
Some of us will break away, and build a marble  
yesterday

And live for every moment we can steal

Conversations, Conversations  
Shouting out across an empty station

Now it's just another Tuesday morning  
Billy's wrapped up tight against the chill  
The busker packs his birds beneath the awning  
Billy's got his eyes upon the till  
He could get a ticket out of here from a local easy  
lawyer  
The busker's halfway home, Billy's lounging round the  
foyer  
Love so easily dies when there's nothing left to  
conquer  
One small break is all he needs, and life ain't getting  
longer

Conversations, Conversations  
Breakfast show to a sleepy nation

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