

Houston Davis Jones

"Course Of Conversation"

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What are your friends other than
Just some people you've known?
There's all this weight on history
But what the hell has it shown?

What are these words that we share?
Why do they mean so much to me?
All these anecdotes and jokes,
Stories told won't set me free.

They want a face that looks and sounds sincere,
A mouth that talks (at times) and ears that hear.
With all the factors met and out of the way,
"How 'bout the weather, man?" and "How was your day?"

I hear your voice it's got that tone
Selling me 'you're my best friend'
I ain't buying nothin' no
There ain't no time now to pretend.

I wouldn't mind if you spoke to me
With me too in mind
But these monologues you spin
Just reveal how truly blind you are

You just want me to humor you
Ask you questions while we eat our food
But it's the same thing it's all been said
Good conversations have all been bled.

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