

Blonde Concrete

"Little%conversations"

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The Little Conversation
Is Over Very Soon
And I watch in admiration
From my corner of the room.
They shine on you with starry eyes...
They rain a friendly storm.
Like kids around a Christmas tree
And then you smile all nice and warm

The Little Conversations
If I tried my very best
you know I never could say anything
In twenty words or less.
Somewhere, sometime, down the line
someday I may confess,
and spill it all. that's all

The Little Conversations
On me are very rough
They leave me all in pieces
You know there's never time enough
like a book with missing pages
like a story incomplete
like a painting left unfinished
it feels like not enough to eat.
Starvin'

these little conversations
well for me they'll never do
now what am I supposed to do with
broken sentences of you?
i'll stay in my corner 'cause
that's all that i can do
and let the others speak for me.
Little Conversations
Are We.

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