

Through Here Quite Often

David Crosby

I come through here quite often
And I think about you
I come through here quite often
And I wonder what you do

A wrong turn at the corner
I could say I got lost
A confusion of memories
Where two streets crossed

The vision I remember
Is eyes through the steam
Coming off the coffee
And rising off the cream

And I don't even know you
And I don't mean to stare
But I know what you're thinking
I can see that you dare to

Care about people
And look into their lives
As you hand them a spoon
As you polish the knives

You reach out and touch one
Every once in a while
With off handed wisdom
Or a lop-sided smile

Now they say don't talk to strangers
I say "why the hell not"
If you don't talk to strangers
Tell me what have you got?

A world without wisdom
A life without laughs
A season of loneliness
And friendships in half's

Do you care about strangers
And look into their lives
Their sons and their daughters
Their husbands and wives

So I come here for coffee
And I watch your face
To see secret kindness
And watch quiet grace