

Off Night Backstreet

Joni Mitchell

Maybe I'm just kidding myself when I say I love you
I don't know
Loving without trusting
You get frostbite and sunstroke
I wish I felt nothing
You pimp - laughing and strutting her to my chartered seat
Your old off night back street

It's been stinger to stinger darling
It's been heart to heart
You still keep me from finishing
Any new love I start
Now she's moved in with you
She's keeping your house neat
And your sheets sweet
And I'm your off night back street

I can feel your fingers
Feeling my face
There are some lines you put there
And some you erase
Maybe I'm just dramatizing
I don't care
It's home it can be heaven
When we play fair
But these sentimental journeys
Late at night
High in some back room you're calling me
To be your off night back street

You give me such pleasure
You bring me such pain
Who left her long black hair
In our bathtub drain?