

# 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