

The Dangling Conversation

Words & Music:
Paul Simon

Eb Bb/D F/C Bb/D F/C Eb/Bb
Eb Eb/F Eb/G Bb Gm7 Bb7 Gm7 Bb

Eb Bb F Eb Bb F
It's a still life watercolor of a now late afternoon.

Eb Bb F Bb Bb6 BbM7
As the sun shines through the curtain lace and shadows wash the room.

Gm
And we sit and drink our coffee

Ab G
Couched in our indifference, like shells upon the shore.

F
You can hear the ocean roar.

Eb Bb F Bb F Eb
In the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs

Bb Bb6 BbM7 Bb6
The borders of our lives.

And you read your Emily Dickinson and I my Robert Frost.
And we note our place with bookmarkers that measure what we lost.
Like a poem poorly written,
We are verses out of rhythm, couplets out of rhyme,
In syncopated time
And the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs
Are the borders of our lives.

Yes, we speak of things that matter with words that must be said.
Can analysis be worthwhile? Is the theater really dead?
Now the room is softly faded.
And I only kiss your shadow, I cannot feel your hand.
You're a stranger now unto me.
Lost in the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs
In the borders of our lives.