

THE DANGLING CONVERSATION (PAUL SIMON)

(Intro in E)

 D A E D A E
It's a still life water color, Of a now late after - noon
And you read your Emily Dickenson And I my Robert Frost
Yes we speak of things that matter, With words that must be said

 D A E A F#m
As the sun shines through the curtained lace, And shadows wash the room
And we note our place with bookmarks, that measure what we've lost
Can an-al - y - sis be worthwhile, Is the theatre really dead

(F#m) G
And we sit and drink our coffee, couched in our indifference,
Like a poem poorly written, we are verses out of rhythm,
Now the room is softly faded, And I only kiss your shadow,

 F# E
Like shells upon the shore, You can hear the ocean roar,
Couplets out of rhyme, In syncopated time,
I cannot feel your hand. You're a stranger now unto me,

 D A E A E D
In the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs
And the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs
Lost in the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs

 A F#m
The borders of our lives
Are the borders of our lives
In the borders of our lives