

Dangling Conversation

by Paul Simon (1966)

*D*_(½) *A/C#*_(½) *E/B* *E*
It's a still life water color
*D*_(½) *A/C#*_(½) *E/B* *E*
Of a now late after noon
*D*_(½) *A/C#*_(½) *E* *E*
As the sun shines through the curtain lace
A *A* *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
And shadows wash the room

F#m *F#m* *F#m*
And we sit and drink our coffee
G *G*
Couched in our indifference
F# *F#*
Like shells upon the shore
E *E* *E*
You can hear the ocean roar

*D*_(½) *A/C#*_(½) *E/B* *E*
In the dangling conversation
*A/C#*_(½) *E*_(½) *D* *D*
And the superficial sighs
D *A* *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
The borders of our lives

And you read your Emily Dickinson
And I my Robert Frost
And we note our place with bookmarks
That measure what we've 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 theatre really dead?

And how the room has 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