

Bookends/Old Friends by Paul Simon (1968)

Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 C C C F F C C

Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7
Time it was, and what a time it was, it was
C C C F F C
A time of innocence, A time of confidences

Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7
Long ago, it must be, I have a
C C F F C
Photograph, preserve your memories They're all that's left you

Fma7 Cma7 Fma7 Cma7

Fma7 Cma7 Fma7 Cma7 Dm7 G7 C Am
Old Friends. Old Friends. Sat on their park bench like bookends.
Dm7 Dm7 G G Am Am

A newspaper blown through the grass falls on the round toes of the
Cma7 Cma7 F C6
high shoes of the Old Friends.

Fma7 Cma7 Dm7 G7 Fma7 Em7 Dm7
Old Friends. Winter companions the old men. Lost in their
G7 C Dm7 Am Dm7 G7
overcoats waiting for the sunset. The sounds of the city,
Em7 Am Am G F F C6 C6
Sitting through trees, settle like dust on the shoulders of the Old Friends.

Dm7 G7 Cma7 Cma7 F Fm C C
Can you imagine us years from today, sharing a park bench quietly?
Dm7 G7 Am Am
How terribly strange to be seventy.

Fma7 Cma7 Dm7 G7 Fma7 Em7
Old Friends. Memory brushes the same years.
Dm7 G7 C6 Am
Silently sharing the same fears.

Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 C C C F F C C C6