

## The Dangling Conversation (Simon & Garfunkel)

**C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **D**  
It's a still life water color, Of a now late afternoon,  
**C** **G** **D** **G**  
As the sun shines through the curtained lace, And shadows wash the room.  
**Em** **F**  
And we sit and drink our coffee, Couched in our indifference,  
**E** **D**  
Like shells upon the shore. You can hear the ocean roar,  
**C** **G** **D** **G** **D** **C** **G**  
In the dangling conversation, And the superficial sighs. The borders of our lives.

**C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **D**  
And you read your Emily Dickinson, And I my Robert Frost,  
**C** **G** **D** **G**  
And we note our place with bookmarkers, That measure what we've lost.  
**Em** **F**  
Like a poem poorly written, We are verses out of rhythm,  
**E** **D**  
Couplets out of rhyme, In syncopated time.  
**C** **G** **D** **G** **D** **C** **G**  
And the dangling conversation, And the superficial sighs, Are the borders of our lives.

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