

# Simon & Garfunkel - The Dangling Conversation

Tom: **Bb**  
Intro: .: **Eb Gm F, Gm F Eb, Eb Bb Bb Bb7 Bb**

It's a still life watercolor  
Of a now late afternoon  
As the sun shines through the curtain lace  
And shadows wash the room

And we sit and drink our coffee  
Couched in our indifference  
Like shells upon the shore  
You can hear the ocean roar

In the dangling conversation  
And the superficial sighs  
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

## Acordes

