

## Art Garfunkel "Watermark"

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How delicate the tracery of her fine lines  
Like the moonlight lacetops of the evening pines  
Like a song half heard through a closed door  
Like an old book when you cannot read the writing  
anymore

How innocent her visage as my child lover lies  
Pressed against the rainswept windy windows of my  
eyes  
Like an antique etching glass design  
That somehow turned out wrong  
I keep looking through old varnish  
At my late lover's body  
Caught on ancient canvas  
And decaying...disappearing  
Even as I sing this song

How secretly and silently my sorrow disappears  
You can't see it with your eyes or hear it with your ears  
It's like a Watermark that's never there and never really  
gone  
I keep looking through old varnish  
At my late lover's body  
Caught on ancient canvas  
And decaying...disappearing  
Even as I sing this song  
Even as I sing this song  
Even as I sing this song

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