

Paul Simon

"Old Friends"

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Old friends, old friends sat on their parkbench like
bookends
A newspaper blowin' through the grass
Falls on the round toes of the high shoes of the old
friends

Old friends, winter companions, the old men
Lost in their overcoats, waiting for the sun
The sounds of the city sifting through trees
Settles like dust on the shoulders of the old friends
Can you imagine us years from today, sharing a
parkbench quietly
How terribly strange to be seventy

Old friends, memory brushes the same years, silently
sharing the same fears

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