

## **Simon And Garfunkel** **"Bookends?Old Friends"**

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Old friends, old friends,  
Sat on their parkbench like bookends  
A newspaper blown 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 sunset  
The sounds of the city sifting through trees  
Settle 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

Time it was  
and what a  
time it was  
it was  
A time of innocence  
a time of confidences.

Long ago  
it must be  
I have a photograph  
preserve your memories  
they're all that's left you.

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