

Simon And Garfunkel

"Old Friends"

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Old friends, old friends
Sat on their park bench 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 park bench quietly
How terribly strange to be seventy
Old friends
Memory brushes the same years
Quietly sharing the same fear
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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