

## Simon And Garfunkel "Old FriendsBookends"

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Old Friends

Old Friends

Sat on their park bench like bookends

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 thier 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

Narrowly brushes the same years

Silently sharing the same fear

(Musical Interlude)

A time it was

It was a time

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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