

Old Friends

(Original Simon and Garfunkel (1968))

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

Silently sharing the same fears