

## Private Conversation

Lyle Lovett

And his hand it fell behind her  
As his arm it reached around  
And she looked at the window  
And she watched the shade go down

It was a private conversation  
No one heard her say  
That the man she left behind her  
Was two thousand miles away

Singing boy pick up that fiddle  
And play that steel guitar  
And find yourself a lady  
And dance right where you are

There was a lonely girl from nowhere  
With a smile all sweet with pain  
And she never stopped to wonder  
If she'd see him again

It was a private conversation  
No one heard her say  
That man that she was looking for  
Was only twenty streets away

Singing boy pick up that fiddle  
And play that steel guitar  
And find yourself a lady  
And dance right where you are

And the band it just kept playing  
As she came walking in  
And he never stopped to wonder  
If he'd see her again

It was a private conversation  
No one heard him say  
That girl he left behind him  
Was two thousand miles away

He just sang boy pick up that fiddle  
And play that steel guitar  
And find yourself a lady  
And dance right where you are

And the moral of this story  
Is I guess it's easier said than done  
To look at what you've been through  
And to see what you've become

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No one hears you say  
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