

# The Great Conversation

Charlie Winston

Guten Abend, Herr Beethoven  
With these words I've interwoven inspiration from Moonlight  
Since you parted much has changed but your melodies remain  
Like flamingos in full flight  
Please forgive me and be assured I'm only using all your chords  
To illustrate that nothing's ever new  
But it seems these days there's very little left that people have to say  
As they pay for emperor's new clothes

But I refuse to take my hat to an era near extinction  
Without question or complaint  
The dialogue is growing weak, some forgetting how to speak,  
Or stand up and show restraint  
They're all sick with common sense  
Riddled thick with complacency  
Where there's nothing left to push against

So, dear Ludwig, that is why I choose the great gig in the sky  
Where there are greater minds beyond mine

And I'll meet them all  
Yes, I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all  
Yes, I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Where time has no place, no, no

Is it me, or has humanity turned slave to the convenience  
Of this, so called, 'Techno Age'?  
I speak to you, Ludwig, because you represent a time so opposite,  
When music filled the page  
For example: this song here may be too much to please the ear  
Because it's wordy and demonstrative,  
But my might is not to entertain the plight of human thought,  
Though some may think I ought to

Well I'll meet them all  
Yes, I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all  
Yes, I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Where time has no place, no, no

Dare I say, as a landscape fades to grey  
That a sword of Damocles hangs heavy overhead  
Of all our voices great.

Well I'll meet them all  
Yes, I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all  
In the great conversation  
Where time has no place, no, no