

Old Friends

Simon & Garfunkel

Old friends old friends
sat on their park bench like bookends.
a newspaper blown through the grass
falls on the round toes
on 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 ...