

THE DANGLING CONVERSATION

D A E E E E D A E E E E
 IT'S A STILL LIFE WATER COLOR OF A NOW LATE AFTERNOON
 D A E E E E
 AS THE SUN SHINES THROUGH THE CURTAINED LACE
 A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6
 AND SHADOWS WASH THE ROOM
 A6 F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m
 AND WE SIT AND DRINK OUR COFFEE
 G G G F# F# F# F#
 COUCHED IN OUR INDIFFERENCE, LIKE SHELLS UPON THE SHORE
 E E E E E E
 YOU CAN HEAR THE OCEAN ROAR
 D A E E E E A E D D D D
 IN THE DANGLING CONVERSATION AND THE SUPERFICIAL SIGHS
 D D A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6 A6
 THE BORDERS OF OUR LIVES.

D A E E E E D A E E E E
 AND YOU READ YOUR EM'LY DICKINSON AND I MY ROBERT FROST
 D A E E E E
 AND WE NOTE OUR PLACE WITH BOOK MARKERS
 A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6
 THAT MEASURE WHAT WE'VE LOST
 A6 F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m G G G G
 LIKE A POEM POORLY WRITTEN WE ARE VERSES OUT OF RHYTHM
 F# F# F# F# E E E E E E
 COUPLETS OUT OF RHYME IN SYNCOPATED TIME
 D A E E E E A E D D D D
 AND THE DANGLING CONVERSATION AND THE SUPERFICIAL SIGHS ARE THE
 D D A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6 A6
 THE BORDERS OF OUR LIVES.

D A E E E E D A E E E E
 SPEAK OF THINGS THAT MATTER WITH WORDS THAT MUST BE SAID
 D A E E E E A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6
 CAN ANALYSIS BE WORTHWHILE? IS THE THEATER REALLY DEAD?
 A6 F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m F#m G G G G
 NOW THE ROOM IS SOFTLY FADED AND I ONLY KISS YOUR SHADOW
 F# F# F# F# E E E E E E
 I CANNOT FEEL YOUR HAND YOU'RE A STRANGER NOW UNTO ME
 D A E E E E A E D D D D
 LOST IN THE DANGLING CONVERSATION AND THE SUPERFICIAL SIGHS IN
 D D A A A6 A6 AM7 AM7 A6 A6
 THE BORDERS OF OUR LIVES.