

Old Friends/Bookends

Simon & Garfunkel

Old friends

Old friends

Sat on their park bench like bookends

A newspaper blown through the grass

And lands 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 fear

Time it was and what a time it was

It was, a time of innocence

A time of confidences

Long ago it must be

I have a photograph

Preserve your memories

They're all that's left you.

Lyrics submitted by Donnie.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>