

The Great Lost Art of Conversation

[Rick Springfield](#)

I must be blind, I can't see why
We can't work this out
It gets so tangled
When we try to talk and sort it out There's people dying for what they believe
And I can't even choose, should I stay or leave?
And we're supposed to be in love And the great lost art of conversation
Is lost on this man tonight
And the late crossed heart of good intention
Is forgotten in the heat of the fight We count the scars to see who won
You wear them on your heart
It feels so strange, you feel so numb
I thought I'd fall apart I'll take my leave, you take your lace
Let's leave it now
With some semblance of grace
No point in trying to talk anymore And the great lost art of conversation
Is lost on this man tonight
And the late crossed heart of good intention
Is forgotten in the heat of the fight And know I won't keep holding on
I'm not that strong
End it, it's time we both moved on
No point in trying to talk anymore And the great lost art of conversation
Is forgotten in the heat of the fight
And the late crossed heart of good intention
Is lost on this man tonight

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