Private Conversation

Lyle Lovett

And his hand it fell behind her
As his arm it reached around
And she looked out the window
And she watched the shade go downIt was a private conversation
No one heard her say
That the man she left behind her
Was two thousand miles awaySinging boy pick up that fiddle
We'll play that steel guitar
We'll find yourself a lady
And dance right where you areThere was a lonely girl from nowhere
With a smile all sweet with pain
Oh, and she never stopped to wonder
If she'd see him againIt was a private conversation
No one heard her say
That the man that she was looking for
Was only twenty streets awaySinging boy pick up that fiddle
And play that steel guitar
And find yourself a lady
And dance right where you areAnd the band it just kept playing
As she came walking in
And he never stopped to wonder
If he'd see her againIt was a private conversation
No one heard him say
That girl he left behind him
Was two thousand miles awayHe just sang boy pick up that fiddle
And play that steel guitar
And find yourself a lady
And dance right where you areAnd the moral of this story
Is I guess it's easier said than done
Look at what you've been through
And to see what you've becomeWell, it's a private conversation
No one hears you say
Well, it's a private conversationAnd his hand it fell behind her
As his arm it reached around
And she looked out the window
And she watched the shade go downIt was a private conversation
No one heard her say
It was a private conversation
No one heard him sayIt was a private conversation

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