

# 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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