

Private Conversation

Lyle Lovett

And his hand it fell behind her
As his arm it reached around
And she looked at the window
And she watched the shade go down
It was a private conversation
No one heard her say
That the man she left behind her
Was two thousand miles away
Singing boy pick up that fiddle
And play that steel guitar
And find yourself a lady
And dance right where you are
There was a lonely girl from nowhere
With a smile all sweet with pain
And she never stopped to wonder
If she'd see him again
It was a private conversation
No one heard her say
That man that she was looking for
Was only twenty streets away
Singing boy pick up that fiddle
And play that steel guitar
And find yourself a lady
And dance right where you are
And the band it just kept playing
As she came walking in
And he never stopped to wonder
If he'd see her again
It was a private conversation
No one heard him say
That girl he left behind him
Was two thousand miles away
He just sang boy pick up that fiddle
And play that steel guitar
And find yourself a lady
And dance right where you are
And the moral of this story
Is I guess it's easier said than done
To look at what you've been through
And to see what you've become
It's a private conversation
No one hears you say
It's a private conversation
And his hand it fell behind her
As his arm it reached around
And she looked at the window
And she watched the shade go down
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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