

Art Garfunkel, Two Sleepy People

Here we are, out of cigarettes
Holding hands and yawning
Look how late it gets
Two sleepy people
By dawn's early light
And too much in love
To say, "Good night"
Here we are, in the cozy chair
Pickin' on a wishbone
From the Frigidaire
Two sleepy people with nothing to say
And too much in love to break away
Do you remember
The nights we used to linger in the hall?
Your father didn't like me at all
Do you remember
The reason why we married in the fall?
To rent this little nest and get a bit of rest, well
Here we are
Just about the same
Foggy little fella
Drowsy little dame
Two Sleepy People
With nothing to say
And too much in love to break away.
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