

Lyle Lovett, 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

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No one hears you say
It's a private conversation

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