

# Simon And Garfunkel, Overs

Why don't we stop fooling ourselves?  
The game is over, over, over.  
No good times, no bad times  
No times at all, just the New York Times.  
Sitting in the windowsill  
Near the flowers.  
We might as well be apart  
It hardly matters, we sleep separately.  
And drop a smile passing in the hall.  
But there's no laughs left, 'cause we laughed them all  
And we laughed them all in a very short time.  
Time is tapping on my forehead  
Handing from my mirror  
Rattling the teacups.  
And I wonder how long can I delay  
We've just a habit, like saccharine  
And I'm habitually feelin' kind of blue.  
But each time I try on the thought of leaving you.  
I stop, I stop and think it over.