

The Great Conversation

Charlie Winston

Guten Abend, Herr Beethoven
With these words I've interwoven inspiration from Moonlight
Since you parted much has changed but your melodies remain
Like flamingos in full flight
Please forgive me and be assured I'm only using all your chords
To illustrate that nothing's ever new
But it seems these days there's very little left that people have to say
As they pay for emperor's new clothes

But I refuse to take my hat to an era near extinction
Without question or complaint
The dialogue is growing weak, some forgetting how to speak,
Or stand up and show restraint
They're all sick with common sense
Riddled thick with complacency
Where there's nothing left to push against

So, dear Ludwig, that is why I choose the great gig in the sky
Where there are greater minds beyond mine

And I'll meet them all
Yes, I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all
Yes, I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Where time has no place, no, no

Is it me, or has humanity turned slave to the convenience
Of this, so called, 'Techno Age'?
I speak to you, Ludwig, because you represent a time so opposite,
When music filled the page
For example: this song here may be too much to please the ear
Because it's wordy and demonstrative,
But my might is not to entertain the plight of human thought,
Though some may think I ought to

Well I'll meet them all
Yes, I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all
Yes, I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Where time has no place, no, no

Dare I say, as a landscape fades to grey
That a sword of Damocles hangs heavy overhead
Of all our voices great.

Well I'll meet them all
Yes, I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Without time, without reason

I'll meet you all
In the great conversation
Where time has no place, no, no