

Further To Fly

Paul Simon

There may come a time
When you'll be tired
As tired as a dream that wants to die
And further to fly
Further to fly
Further to fly
Further to fly

Maybe you will find a love
That you discover accidentally
Who falls against you gently
As a pickpocket
Brushes your thigh
Further to fly

Effortless music from the Cameroons
The spinning darkness of her hair
A conversation in a crowded room going nowhere
The open palm of desire
Wants everything
It wants everything
It wants everything

Sometimes I'll be walking down
The street and I'll be thinking
Am I crazy
Or is this some morbid little lie
Further to fly
Further to fly
Further to fly

A recent loss of memory
A shadow in the family
The baby waves bye-bye
I'm trying, I'm flying

There may come a time
When I will lose you
Lose you as I lose my light
Days falling backward into velvet night
The open palm of desire
Wants everything
It wants everything
It wants soil as soft as summer
And the strength to push like spring

A broken laugh a broken fever
Take it up with the great deceiver
Who looks you in the eye
And says baby don't cry
Further to fly

There may come a time
When I will lose you
Lose you as I lose my sight
Days falling backward into velvet night
The open palm of desire

The rose of Jericho
Soal as soft as summer
The strength to let you go