

# The Cool, Cool River

Paul Simon

Moves like a fist through the traffic  
Anger and no one can heal it  
Shoves a little bump into the momentum  
It's just a little lump  
But you feel it  
In the creases and the shadows  
With a rattling deep emotion  
The cool, cool river  
Sweeps the wild, white ocean

Yes Boss. The government handshake  
Yes Boss. The crusher of language  
Yes Boss. Mr. Stillwater,  
The face at the edge of the banquet  
The cool, the cool river  
The cool, the cool river

I believe in the future  
I may live in my car  
My radio tuned to  
The voice of a star  
Song dogs barking at the break of dawn  
Lightning pushes the edge of a thunderstorm  
And these old hopes and fears  
Still at my side

Anger and no one can heal it  
Slides through the metal detector  
Lives like a mole in a motel  
A slide in a slide projector  
The cool, cool river  
Sweeps the wild, white ocean  
The rage of love turns inward  
To prayers of devotion  
And these prayers are  
The constant road across the wilderness  
These prayers are  
These prayers are the memory of God  
The memory of God

And I believe in the future  
We shall suffer no more  
Maybe not in my lifetime  
But in yours I feel sure  
Song dogs barking at the break of dawn  
Lightning pushes the edges of a thunderstorm  
And these streets  
Quiet as a sleeping army  
Send their battered dreams to heaven, to heaven  
For the mother's restless son  
Who is a witness to, who is a warrior  
Who denies his urge to break and run

Who says: Hard times?  
I'm used to them  
The speeding planet burns  
I'm used to that

My life's so common it disappears  
And sometimes even music  
Cannot substitute for tears