

Paul Simon

Wild Rivers

I'll apologize but I'll try to make it unclear
And I love this city but I'm really not from here
Now I gotta leave this town as a washed up stuntman
In a beat up coupe I imagine is a mustang

There's a voice in my head singing out turn it around
But I'm on a highway honey tearing up the East bound
There's a man out there smiling like a dying king
Laughing at my soul, searching for anything

And I've got mine
I am a rock, I am an isle
And I got mine
I'm shaking ground, I'm faking found
In my little town

These days I'm searching for the great unknown
Wondering if Paul Simon ever had it good alone
Find me a place that can make a couple tables turn
That's warm all winter with a couple more bridges to burn

And I am a child yet I've got to let my spirit roam
A few more years before I'll hitch a ride home
I've got bones to break and miles to go alone
One day I'll start writing like I'm Leonard Cohen

And I've got mine
I am a rock, I am an isle
And I got mine
I'm shaking ground, I'm faking found
In my little town

I'm still tall and made of stone
But I still can't rest on my own

I'm still tall and made of stone
But I still can't rest on my own

I'm on my own