

# Paul Simon, Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall

Through the corridors of sleep  
Past the shadows dark and deep  
My mind dances and leaps in confusion.  
I don't know what is real,  
I can't touch what I feel  
And I hide behind the shield of my illusion.

So I'll continue to continue to pretend  
My life will never end,  
And Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall.

The mirror on my wall  
Casts an image dark and small  
But I'm not sure at all it's my reflection.  
I am blinded by the light  
Of God and truth and right  
And I wander in the night without direction.

So I'll continue to continue to pretend  
My life will never end,  
And Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall.

It's no matter if you're born  
To play the King or pawn  
For the line is thinly drawn 'tween joy and sorrow,  
So my fantasy  
Becomes reality,  
And I must be what I must be and face tomorrow.

So I'll continue to continue to pretend  
My life will never end,  
And Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall.