

# Paul Simon, God Bless The Absentee

(Paul Simon)

Lord, I'm a working man  
And music is my trade  
I'm travelin' with this five-piece band  
And I play the ace of spades  
I have a wife and family  
Who don't see much of me  
God bless the absentee

Lord, I am a surgeon  
And music is my knife  
It cuts away my sorrow  
And purifies my life  
But if I could release my heart  
And veins and arteries  
I'd say God bless the absentee

I miss my woman so  
I miss my bed  
I miss those soft places  
I used to lay my head

My son don't need me yet  
His bones are soft  
He flies a silver airplane  
He wears a golden cross  
God bless the absentee

Lord, this country's changed so fast  
The future is the present  
The present's in the past  
Highways are in litigation  
The airports disagree  
God bless the absentee  
God bless the absentee