

Paul Simon, How The Heart Approaches What It

(Paul Simon)

In the blue light
Of the belvedere Motel
Wondering as the television burns
How the heart approaches what it yearns

In a fever
I distinctly hear your voice
Emerging from a dream, the dream returns
How the heart approaches what it yearns

After the rain on the Interstate
The headlights slide past the moon
A bone-weary traveler
Waits by the side of the road
Where's he goin'?

I dream we are lying on the top of a hill
And headlights slide past the moon
I fold in your arms
And your voice is the heat of the night
I'm on fire

In a phone booth
In some local bar and grill
Rehearsing what I'll say, my coin returns
How the heart approaches what it yearns
How the heart approaches what it yearns