

# Paul Simon, Hurricane Eye

Tell us all a story  
About how it used to be  
Make it up and write it down  
Just like history  
About goldilocks and the three bears  
Nature in the cross hairs  
And how we all ascended  
From the deep green sea  
When it's not too hot  
Not too cold  
Not too meek  
Not too bold  
When it's just right and you have sunlight  
Then we're home,  
Finally home  
Home in the land of the homeless  
Finally home

Oh what are we going to do  
I never did a thing to you  
Time peaceful as a hurricane eve  
Peaceful as a hurricane eye

A history of whispers  
A shadow of a horse  
Faces painted black in sorrow and remorse  
White cloud, black crow  
Crucifix and arrow  
The oldest silence speaks the loudest  
Under the deep green sea

When speech becomes a crime  
Silence leads the spirit  
Over the bridge of time

Over the bridge of time  
I'm walking with my family  
And the road begins to climb  
And it's oh lord how we going to pray  
With crazy angel voices  
All night  
Until it's a new day

Peaceful as a hurricane  
Peaceful as a hurricane  
Peaceful as a hurricane eye  
Peaceful as a hurricane  
Peaceful as a hurricane  
Peaceful as a hurricane eye  
Peaceful as a hurricane eye

You want to be a leader?  
You want to change the game?  
Turn your back on money  
Walk away from fame  
You want to be a missionary?  
Got that missionary zeal?  
Let a stranger change your life  
How does it make you feel?  
You want to be a writer  
But you don't know how or when  
Find a quiet place  
Use a humble pen

You want to talk talk talk about it  
All night squawk about  
The ocean and the atmosphere  
Well i've been away for a long time  
And it looks like a mess around here  
I'll be away for a long time  
So here's how the story goes  
There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe  
She was baking a cinnamon pie  
She fell asleep in a washing machine  
Woke up in a hurricane eye