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