

# Paul Simon, I Don't Believe

Acts of kindness, like breadcrumbs in a fairytale forest  
Lead us past dangers as light melts the darkness  
But I don't believe, and I'm not consoled  
I lean closer to the fire, but I'm cold

The earth was born in a storm  
The waters receded, the mountains were formed  
"The universe loves a drama," you know  
And ladies and gentlemen this is the show

I got a call from my broker  
The broker informed me I'm broke  
I was dealing my last hand of poker  
My cards were useless as smoke

Oh, guardian angel  
Don't taunt me like this, on a clear summer evening as soft as a kiss  
My children are laughing, not a whisper of care  
My love is brushing her long chestnut hair  
I don't believe a heart can be filled to the brim  
Then vanish like mist as though life were a whim

Maybe the heart is part of the mist  
And that's all that there is or could ever exist  
Maybe and maybe and maybe some more  
Maybe's the exit that I'm looking for

I got a call from my broker  
The broker said he was mistaken  
Maybe some virus or brokerage joke  
And he hopes that my faith isn't shaken

Acts of kindness  
Like rain in a draught  
Release the spirit with a whoop and a shout  
I don't believe we were born to be sheep in a flock  
To pantomime prayers with the hands of a clock