Paul Simon, Quiet

I am heading for a time of quiet
When my restlessness is past
And I can lie down on my blanket
And release my fists at last

I am heading for a time of solitude
Of peace without illusions
When the perfect circle
Marries all beginnings and conclusions

And when they say
That you're not good enough
Well the answer is
You're hot
But who are they
Or what is it
That eats at what you've got
With the hunger of ambition
For the change inside the purse
They are handcuffs on the soul, my friends
Handcuffs on the soul
And worse

I am heading for a place of quiet
Where the sage and sweetgrass grow
By a lake of sacred water
From the mountain's melted snow