

Paul Simon, Silent Eyes

(Paul Simon)

Silent Eyes
Watching
Jerusalem
Make her bed of stones

Silent Eyes
No one will comfort her
Jerusalem
Weeps alone

She is sorrow
Sorrow
She burns like aflame
And she calls my name

Silent Eyes
Burning
In the desert sun
Halfway to Jerusalem
And we shall all be called as witnesses
Each and every one
To stand before the eyes of God
And speak what was done