

# 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