

# Paul Simon, The Rhythm Of The Saints

(Paul Simon)

If I have weaknesses  
Don't let them blind me  
Or camouflage all I am wary of  
I could be sailing in seizures of laughter  
Or crawling out from under the heel of love  
Do my prayers remain unanswered  
Like a beggar at your sleeve  
Olodumare is smiling in heaven  
Smiling in heaven I do believe

Reach in the darkness  
A reach in the dark  
Reach in the darkness  
A reach in the dark  
To overcome an obstacle or an enemy  
To glide away from the razor or a knife  
To overcome an obstacle or an enemy  
To dominate the impossible in your life

Always a stranger when strange isn't fashionable  
And fashion is rich people waving at the door  
Or it's a dealer in drugs or in passion  
Lies of a nature we've heard before  
Do my prayers remain unanswered  
Like a beggar at your sleeve  
Balalu-aye spins on his crutches  
Says leave if you want  
If you want to leave

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