

# Art Garfunkel, The Thread

At the corner of 53rd and the summer of '62  
The first time I felt the tug of what I call the thread of you

There at the Lever House  
Street map across our thighs tracing the gateway  
Leaning in close I'm feeling your fingertip

This time, this place  
This state of grace  
The promise of tomorrow  
Your thread runs through  
Park Avenue  
Street of dreams and sorrow

Seven years up the road and two blocks south  
On the run from a sudden rain with too much to talk about  
On our knees we choose to end in St. Bartholomew's

This time, this place  
This state of grace  
The promise of tomorrow  
Your thread runs through  
Park Avenue  
Street of dreams and sorrow

This town is my every day but sometimes the grand design  
Marries a common road to an uncommon time

By the Waldorf Astoria at 49th and now  
Out of the uptown flood  
Your face appears somehow in a passing car  
Wearing a tiny scar

This time, this place  
This state of grace  
The promise of tomorrow  
Your thread runs through  
Park Avenue  
Street of dreams and sorrow