

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