

# Paul Simon, Further To Fly

(Paul Simon)

There may come a time  
When you'll be tired  
As tired as a dream that wants to die  
And further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly

Maybe you will find a love  
That you discover accidentally  
Who falls against you gently  
As a pickpocket  
Brushes your thigh  
Further to fly

Effortless music from the Cameroons  
The spinning darkness of her hair  
A conversation in a crowded room going nowhere  
The open palm of desire  
Wants everything  
It wants everything  
It wants everything

Sometimes I'll be walking down  
The street and I'll be thinking  
Am I crazy  
Or is this some morbid little lie  
Further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly

A recent loss of memory  
A shadow in the family  
The baby waves bye-bye  
I'm trying, I'm flying

There may come a time  
When I will lose you  
Lose you as I lose my light  
Days falling backward into velvet night  
The open palm of desire  
Wants everything  
It wants everything  
It wants soil as soft as summer  
And the strength to push like spring

A broken laugh a broken fever  
Take it up with the great deceiver  
Who looks you in the eye  
And says baby don't cry  
Further to fly

There may come a time  
When I will lose you  
Lose you as I lose my sight  
Days falling backward into velvet night  
The open palm of desire  
The rose of Jericho  
Soal as soft as summer  
The strength to let you go