

# Paul Simon, That's Me

Well I'll just skip the boring parts chapters one, two, three  
And get to the place where you can read my face and my biography

Here I am, I'm eleven months old, dangling from my daddy's knee  
There I go, it's my graduation  
I'm picking up a bogus degree  
That's me  
Early me. That's me

Well I never cared much for the money  
And money never cared for me  
I was more like a land-locked sailor  
Searching for the emerald sea  
Just searching for the emerald sea, boys, searching for the sea

Oh my God  
First love opens like a flower  
A black bear running through the forest light holds me in her sight and her power  
But tricky skies, your eyes are true  
The future is beauty and sorrow  
Still, I wish that we could run away and live the life we used to  
If just for tonight and tomorrow

I am walking up the face of the mountain  
Counting every step I climb  
Remembering the names of the constellations  
Forgotten is a long, long time  
That's me  
I'm in the valley of twilight  
Now I'm on the continental shelf  
That's me  
I'm answering a question I am asking of myself