

# Paul Simon, The Boy In The Bubble

(words by Paul Simon; music by Paul Simon and Forere Motlobeloa)

It was a slow day  
And the sun was beating  
On the soldiers by the side of the road  
There was a bright light  
A shattering of shop windows  
The bomb in the baby carriage  
Was wired to the radio

These are the days of miracle and wonder  
This is the long distance call  
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo  
The way we look to us all  
The way we look to a distant constellation  
That's dying in a corner of the sky  
These are the days of miracle and wonder  
And don't cry baby, don't cry  
Don't cry

It was a dry wind  
And it swept across the desert  
And it curled into the circle of birth  
And the dead sand  
Falling on the children  
The mothers and the fathers  
And the automatic earth  
These are the days of miracle and wonder  
This is the long distance call  
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo  
The way we look to us all  
The way we look to a distant constellation  
That's dying in a corner of the sky  
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It's a turn-around jump shot  
It's everybody jump start  
It's every generation throws a hero up the pop charts  
Medicine is magical and magical is art  
The Boy in the Bubble  
And the baby with the baboon heart

And I believe  
These are the days of lasers in the jungle  
Lasers in the jungle somewhere  
Staccato signals of constant information  
A loose affiliation of millionaires  
And billionaires and baby  
These are the days of miracle and wonder  
This is the long distance call  
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo  
The way we look to us all  
The way we look to a distant constellation  
That's dying in a corner of the sky  
These are the days of miracle and wonder  
And don't cry baby, don't cry  
Don't cry