Simon & Garfunkel, Bleeker Street

Fog's rollin' in off the East River bank
Like a shroud it covers Bleeker Street
Fills the alleys where men sleep
Hides the shepherd from the sheep

Voices leaking from a sad cafe
Smiling faces try to understand
I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand
On Bleeker Street

A poet reads his crooked rhyme
Holy, holy is his sacrament
Thirty dollars pays your rent
On Bleeker Street

I head a church bell softly chime
In a melody sustainin'
It's a long road to Caanan
On Bleeker Street
Bleeker Street