

# Simon & Garfunkel, Somewhere They Can't Find

(P. Simon)

I can hear the soft breathing of the girl that I love,  
As she lies here beside me asleep with the night.  
Her hair in a fine mist floats on my pillow,  
Reflecting the glow of the winter moonlight.

But I've got to creep down the alley way,  
Fly down the highway,  
Before they come to catch me I'll be gone.  
Somewhere they can't find me.

Oh baby, you don't know what I've done,  
I've committed a crime, I've broken the law.  
While you were here sleeping and just dreaming of me,  
I held up and robbed a liquor store.

But I've got to creep down the alley way,  
Fly down the highway,  
Before they come to catch me I'll be gone.  
Somewhere they can't find me.

Oh my life seems unreal, my crime an illusion,  
A scene badly written in which I must play.  
And thought it puts me up tight to leave you,  
I know it's not right to leave you,  
When morning is just a few hours away.

But I've got to creep down the alley way,  
Fly down the highway,  
Before they come to catch me I'll be gone.  
Somewhere they can't find me.