

# Silent Eyes

**Paul Simon**

Silent eyes  
Watching Jerusalem  
Make her bed of stones Silent eyes  
No one will comfort her  
Jerusalem weeps alone She is sorrow, sorrow  
She burns like a flame  
And she calls my name Silent eyes  
Burning in the desert sun halfway to Jerusalem  
And we shall all be called as witnesses Each and everyone  
To stand before the eyes of God  
And speak what was done

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