Silent Eyes

Paul Simon

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

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