

# Further To Fly

Paul Simon

There may come a time  
When you'll be tired  
As tired as a dream  
That wants to die And further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly Maybe you will find a love  
That you discover accidentally  
Who falls against you gently  
As a pickpocket brushes your thigh Further to fly Effortless music from the Cameroons  
The spinning darkness of her hair  
A conversation in a crowded room going nowhere  
The open palm of desire wants everything  
It wants everything, it wants everything Sometimes I'll be walking down  
The street and I'll be thinking  
Am I crazy  
Or is this some morbid little lie Further to fly  
Further to fly  
Further to fly A recent loss of memory  
A shadow in the family  
The baby waves bye-bye  
I'm trying, I'm flying There may come a time  
When I will lose you  
Lose you as I lose my light  
Days falling backward into velvet night The open palm of desire  
Wants everything, it wants everything  
It wants soil as soft as summer  
And the strength to push like spring A broken laugh, a broken fever  
Take it up with the great deceiver  
Who looks you in the eye  
And says baby don't cry Further to fly There may come a time  
When I will lose you  
Lose you as I lose my sight  
Days falling backward into velvet night The open palm of desire  
The rose of Jericho  
Soil as soft as summer  
The strength to let you go

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