

# How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns

[Paul Simon](#)

In the blue light of the Belvedere Motel  
Wondering as the television burns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns  
In a fever I distinctly hear your voice  
Emerging from a dream, the dream returns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns  
After the rain on the interstate  
Headlights slide past the moon  
A bone weary traveler waits by the side of the road  
Where's he goin'?  
I dream we are lying on the top of a hill  
An' headlights slide past the moon  
I roll in your arms and your voice is the heat of the night  
I'm on fire  
In a phone booth in some local bar and grill  
Rehearsing what I'll say, my coin returns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns

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