Sunday Afternoon

Paul Simon

Salvador
The afternoon sunlight
Is folding around us
The dishes are doneThe buildings here
Tall as our mountains
Slice through the windows
And cut off the sunOn such days I find
I am longing for Puerto Rico
Though I never would return
'Til you are freeBut when I hear the Aguinaldo
My heart's a little lighter
And we dance together Aurea and meIn my life, I've been
Unlucky with two husbands
Gumersindo liked his
Rum and women friendsThen that hypocrite who beat you
And preached about repentance
Has gone and so another Sunday endsAnd tomorrow is another
Hard working Monday
I'm still hoping for
The raise they promised meThere's a job as operator
I would not have to wait for
If I could speak the language easilyBut I tell Aurea
The barrio's boundaries
Are our own little nation
Sometimes, I hear you run upstairsAnd I view my light with resignation
Keep your Bible near you
Time is an ocean of endless tears

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