

# Sunday Afternoon

Paul Simon

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

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