# The Thread

## Art Garfunkel

At the corner of 53rd and the summer of '62
The first time I felt the tug of what I call the thread of youThere at the Lever House
Street map across our thighs tracing the gateway
Leaning in close I'm feeling your fingertipThis time, this place
This state of grace
The promise of tomorrow
Your thread runs through
Park Avenue
Street of dreams and sorrowSeven years up the road and two blocks south
On the run from a sudden rain with too much to talk about
On our knees we choose to end in St. Bartholomew'sThis time, this place
This state of grace
The promise of tomorrow
Your thread runs through
Park Avenue
Street of dreams and sorrowThis town is my every day but sometimes the grand design
Marries a common road to an uncommon timeBy the Waldorf Astoria at 49th and now
Out of the uptown flood
Your face appears somehow in a passing car
Wearing a tiny scarThis time, this place
This state of grace
The promise of tomorrow
Your thread runs through
Park Avenue
Street of dreams and sorrow

Songwriters
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