

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 you
There at the Lever House
 Street map across our thighs tracing the gateway
 Leaning in close I'm feeling your fingertip
 This time, this place
 This state of grace
 The promise of tomorrow
 Your thread runs through
 Park Avenue
 Street of dreams and sorrow
 Seven 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's
 This time, this place
 This state of grace
 The promise of tomorrow
 Your thread runs through
 Park Avenue
 Street of dreams and sorrow
 This town is my every day but sometimes the grand design
 Marries a common road to an uncommon time
 By the Waldorf Astoria at 49th and now
 Out of the uptown flood
 Your face appears somehow in a passing car
 Wearing a tiny scar
 This 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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