

# Playing Possum

Carly Simon

We lived up here in Cambridge  
And browsed in the hippest newsstands  
The we started our own newspaper  
Gave the truth about Uncle Sam  
We loved to be so radical  
But like a ragged love affair  
Some became disenchanted  
And some of us just got scared  
Now are you playing possum  
Keeping a low profile  
Are you playing possum for a while  
Then you moved to the country  
Bought a farm and tilled the land  
Then you took your books to India  
And got hooked on a holy man  
But the wells they do run dry  
And the speeches turn to words  
And the woods are full of tigers  
And freedom's for the birds  
Now you run a bookstore  
And you've taken on a wife  
You wear patches on your elbows  
And you live an easy life  
But are you finally satisfied  
Is it what you were lookin' for  
Or does it sneak up on you  
that there might be something more

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