Quiet

Paul Simon

I am heading for a time of quiet
When my restlessness is past
And I can lie down on my blanket
And release my fists at lastI am heading for a time of solitude
Of peace without illusions
When the perfect circle marries all
Beginnings and conclusionsAnd when they say that youre not good enough
Well the answer is youre not
But who are they or what is it
That eats at what youve gotWith the hunger of ambition
For the change inside the purse
They are handcuffs on the soul, my friends
Handcuffs on the soul and worse

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