# American Tune

## Paul Simon

A passenger traveling quietly conceals himself
With a magazine and a sleepless pillow
Over the crest of the mountains the moon
Begins its climbAnd he wakes to find he's in rolling farm landThe farmer sleeps against his wife
He wonders what their life must be
A trailways bus is heading south into
Washington, D.C.A mother and child, the baby maybe two
Months old
Prepare themselves for sleep and feeding
The shadow of the capitol dome
Slides across his face
And his heart is racing with the urge to
Freedom
The father motionless as stone
A shepherd resting with his flock
The trailways bus is turning west
Dallas via Little RockOh my darling darling Sal
The desert moon is my witness
I've no money to come east
But I know you'll soon be hereWe pull into downtown Dallas by the
Sight of the grassy knoll
Where the leader fell and a town was broken
Away from the feel and flow of life for so many years
He hears music playing and Spanish spokenThe border patrol outside of Tucson boarded the bus
Any aliens here you better check with us
How about you son you like you've got
Spanish blood
Do you habla inglese? Am I understoodYes I am an alien from Mars
I come to earth from outer space
And if I traveled my whole life
You guys would still be on my case
You guys would still be on my caseBut he can't leave his fears behind
He recalls each fatal thrust
The screams are carried by the wind
Phantom figures in the dust
Phantom figures in the dust
Phantom figures in the dust

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