

Love and Hard Times

[Paul Simon](#)

God and His only Son
Paid a courtesy call on Earth, one Sunday morning
Orange blossoms opened their fragrant lips
Songbirds sang from the tips of Cottonwoods
Old folks wept for His love in these hard times "Well, we gotta get going", said the restless Lord to the Son
"There are galaxies yet to be born, creation is never done
Anyway, these people are slobs here
If we stay it's bound to be a mob scene
But disappear and it's love and hard times" Um I loved her the first time I saw her
I know that's an old songwriting cliché
Loved you the first time I saw you
Can't describe it any other way, any other way The light of her beauty, it was warm as a summer day
Clouds of antelope rolled by
No hint of rain to come in the prairie sky
But just love, love, love, love, love When the rains came, the tears burned
Windows rattled, locks turned
It's easy to be generous when you're on roll
It's hard to be grateful when you're out of control
And love is gone The light at the edge of the curtain is the quiet dawn
The bedroom breathes in clicks and clacks
Uneasy heartbeat, can't relax
But then your hand takes mine Thank God, I found you in time
Thank God, I found you
Thank God, I found you

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