I Don't Believe

Paul Simon

Acts of kindness, like breadcrumbs in a fairytale forest, lead us past dangers as light melts the darkness.
But I don't believe, and I'm not consoled. I lean closer to the fire, but I'm cold.
The earth was born in a storm. The waters receded, the mountains were formed.
"The universe loves a drama," you know. And ladies and gentlemen this is the show.
I got a call from my broker.
The broker informed me I'm broke.
I was dealing my last hand of poker.
My cards were useless as smoke.
Oh, guardian angel.
Don't taunt me like this, on a clear summer evening as soft as a kiss.
My children are laughing, not a whisper of care.
My love is brushing her long chestnut hair.
I don't believe a heart can be filled to the brim then vanish like mist as though life were a whim.
Maybe the heart is part of the mist.
And that's all that there is or could ever exist.
Maybe and maybe and maybe some more. Maybe's the exit that I'm looking for.
I got a call from my broker.
The broker said he was mistaken.
Maybe some virus or brokerage joke and he hopes that my faith isn't shaken.
Acts of kindness, like rain in a drought, release the spirit with a whoop and a shout.
I don't believe we were born to be sheep in a flock.
To pantomime prayers with the hands of a clock.

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