Can I Forgive Him

Paul Simon

I am Esmeralda Agron, senora
I know I've no right to speak.
My son is not the savage boy you see,
The cape, the sneer, the slicked-back hair
Hides the child I nursed and bathed, senora.Please don't turn your eyes from me
Your son, gone to god, and mine to blame
My fated son, he too is gone
The state will see to that I am sure, senora
The state will see to that I am sure.You Spanish people, you come to this country
But nothing here changes your lives
Ungrateful immigrants asking for pity
When all of your answers are knives
This city makes a cartoon of a crime
Capes and umbrellas, the glorification of slime
I have to face this horror, senora
My religion asks me to pray for the murderer's soul
But I think you'd would have to be Jesus on the cross
To open your heart and after such a loss.Can I forgive him?
Can I forgive him?
No, I cannot
Can I forgive him?
No, I cannotFriends become strangers
Compassion is hard to express in words
The trembling flowers they bring
Fear in the roots and the stem
What happened to me they know could happen to them.Can I forgive him?
No, I cannotCan I forgive him?NoOnly god can say Ã¢??forgiveÃ¢??
His son too received a knife
But we go on, we have to live
With this cross we call our life.It feels like a bomb fell
And wave after wave come the after shocks
You can't believe that it's true
There must be some mistake
You drift through this nightmare
From which you can't wake.Can I forgive him?
Can I forgive him?
No, I cannotCan I forgive him?
Can I forgive him?
No, I cannotCan I forgive him?

NoCan I forgive him?
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Songwriters
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