God Bless the Absentee

Paul Simon

Lord, I'm a working man
And music is my trade
I'm travelin' with this five-piece band
I play the ace of spadesI have a wife and family
Who don't see much of me
God bless the absenteeLord, I am a surgeon
And music is my knife
It cuts away my sorrow
And purifies my lifeBut if I could release my heart
And veins and arteries
I'd say, "God bless the absentee"I miss my woman so
I miss my bed
I miss those soft places
I used to lay my headMy son don't need me yet
His bones are soft
He flies a silver airplane
He wears a golden crossGod bless the absenteeLord, this country's changed so fast
The future is the present
The presents in the past
The highways are in litigation
The airports disagreeGod bless the absentee
God bless the absenteeGod bless the absentee
God bless the absentee

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