Hurricane Eye

Paul Simon

Tell us all a story about how it used to be
Make it up and then write it down, just like history
About Goldilocks and the three bears, nature in the cross hairs
About how we all ascended from the deep green sea
When it's not too hot, not too cold, not too meek, not too bold
When it's just right and you have sunlightThen we're home, finally home
Home in the land of the homeless, finally homeOh, what are we going to do
I never did a thing to you
Time, peaceful as a hurricane eye
Peaceful as a hurricane eyeA history of whispers, a shadow of a horse
Faces painted black in sorrow and remorse
White cloud, black crow, crucifix and arrow
The oldest silence speaks the loudest under the deep green sea
When speech becomes a crime
Silence leads the spirit over the bridge of timeOver the bridge of time
I'm walking with my family and the road begins to climb
And it's, oh Lord, how we going to pray
With crazy angel voices all night, until it's a new dayPeaceful as a hurricane, peaceful as a hurricane
Peaceful as a hurricane eye
Peaceful as a hurricane, peaceful as a hurricane
Peaceful as a hurricane eye
Peaceful as a hurricane eyeYou wanna be a leader, you wanna change the game?
Turn your back on money or walk away from fame
You wanna be a missionary, you got that missionary zeal?
Let a stranger change your life, how's that make you feel?
If you want to be a writer, you don't know how or when
Find a quiet place, use a humble penYou want to talk, talk, talk, about it
All night squawk about the ocean and the atmosphere
Well, I've been away for a long time
And it looks like a mess around hereAnd I'll be away for a long time
So here's how the story goes
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
She was baking a cinnamon pie
She fell asleep in a washing machine
Woke up in a hurricane eye

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