Silent Eyes

Paul Simon

Silent eyes
Watching Jerusalem
Make her bed of stones
Silent eyes
No one will comfort her
Jerusalem weeps alone
She is sorrow, sorrow
She burns like a flame

And she calls my name
Silent eyes
Burning in the desert sun halfway to Jerusalem
And we shall all be called as witnesses
Each and everyone
To stand before the eyes of God
And speak what was done

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/