Further to Fly

Paul Simon

There may come a time
When you'll be tired
As tired as a dream
That wants to dieAnd further to fly
Further to fly
Further to fly
Further to flyMaybe you will find a love
That you discover accidentally
Who falls against you gently
As a pickpocket brushes your thighFurther to flyEffortless music from the Cameroons
The spinning darkness of her hair
A conversation in a crowded room going nowhere
The open palm of desire wants everything
It wants everything, it wants everythingSometimes I'll be walking down
The street and I'll be thinking
Am I crazy
Or is this some morbid little lieFurther to fly
Further to fly
Further to flyA recent loss of memory
A shadow in the family
The baby waves bye-bye
I'm trying, I'm flyingThere may come a time
When I will lose you
Lose you as I lose my light
Days falling backward into velvet nightThe open palm of desire
Wants everything, it wants everything
It wants soil as soft as summer
And the strength to push like springA broken laugh, a broken fever
Take it up with the great deceiver
Who looks you in the eye
And says baby don't cryFurther to flyThere may come a time
When I will lose you
Lose you as I lose my sight
Days falling backward into velvet nightThe open palm of desire
The rose of Jericho
Soil as soft as summer
The strength to let you go

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