

Everything About It Is A Love Song

Paul Simon

Locked in a struggle for the right combination -
Of words in a melody line,
I took a walk along the riverbank of my imagination.
Golden clouds were shuffling the sunshine.
But if I ever get back to the twentieth century,
Guess I'll have to pay off some debts.
Open the book of my vanishing memory,
With its catalogue of regrets.
Stand up for the deeds I did, and those I didn't do.
Sit down, shut up, think about God,
And wait for the hour of my rescue.
We don't mean to mess things up,
But mess them up we do.
And then it's "Oh, I'm sorry."
Here's a smiling photograph
Of love when it was new.
At a birthday party.
Make a wish and close your eyes:
Surprise, surprise, surprise.

Early December, and brown as a sparrow,
Frost creeping over the pond.
I shoot a thought into the future,
And it flies like an arrow, through my lifetime.
And beyond.
If I ever come back as a tree, or a crow,
Or even the wind-blown dust;
Find me on the ancient road
In the song when the wires are hushed.
Hurry on and remember me,
As I'll remember you.
Far above the golden clouds,
The darkness vibrates.
The earth is blue.
And everything about it is a love song.
Everything about it.
Everything about it is a love song.
Everything about it.
Everything about it is a love song.

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