

# Quiet

Paul Simon

I am heading for a time of quiet  
When my restlessness is past  
And I can lie down on my blanket  
And release my fists at last  
I am heading for a time of solitude  
Of peace without illusions  
When the perfect circle marries all  
Beginnings and conclusions  
And when they say that you're not good enough  
Well the answer is you're not  
But who are they or what is it

That eats at what you've got  
With the hunger of ambition  
For the change inside the purse  
They are handcuffs on the soul, my friends  
Handcuffs on the soul and worse  
And I am heading for a place of quiet  
Where the sage and sweet grass grow  
By a lake of sacred water  
From the mountain's melted snow

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