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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