God Bless The Absentee

Paul Simon

Lord, I'm a working man
And music is my trade
I'm travelin' with this five-piece band
I play the ace of spades
I have a wife and family
Who don't see much of me
God bless the absentee
Lord, I am a surgeon
And music is my knife
It cuts away my sorrow
And purifies my life
But if I could release my heart
And veins and arteries
I'd say, "God bless the absentee"
I miss my woman so
I miss my bed
I miss those soft places

I used to lay my head
My son don't need me yet
His bones are soft
He flies a silver airplane
He wears a golden cross
God bless the absentee
Lord, this country's changed so fast
The future is the present
The presents in the past
The highways are in litigation
The airports disagree
God bless the absentee
God bless the absentee
God bless the absentee
God bless the absentee

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