Love And Hard Times

Paul Simon

God and His only Son
Paid a courtesy call on Earth, one Sunday morning
Orange blossoms opened their fragrant lips
Songbirds sang from the tips of Cottonwoods
Old folks wept for His love in these hard times
"Well, we gotta get going", said the restless Lord to the Son
"There are galaxies yet to be born, creation is never done
Anyway, these people are slobs here
If we stay it's bound to be a mob scene
But disappear and it's love and hard times" Um
I loved her the first time I saw her
I know that's an old songwriting clich

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