

# Love And Blessings

Paul Simon

Love and blessings, simple kindness  
Fell like rain on thirsty land  
Fields and gardens, long abandoned  
Came to life in dust and sand  
Lover's lips sweet as honey  
Touched as if old love was new  
Banker's pockets overflowing with gold and money  
Prophesies of wealth come true  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Ain't no song like an old song, Charlie  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
There ain't no song like an old song, Charlie  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
There ain't no time like a good time Charlie  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Ain't no times like the good times, Charlie  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Everywhere you look anywhere you go  
Everybody working for the  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Can't get enough of the  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
Bop-bop-a-whoa  
If the summer kept a secret  
It was heaven's lack of rain  
Golden days and amber sunsets  
Let the scientists complain  
Came the autumn, drained of color  
Ghosts in the water beg for more  
Maple trees just a little bit duller  
Than the memory of the year before  
In a word or in an image  
Something called me from my sleep

Love and blessings, simple kindness  
Ours to hold but not to keep

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