Wartime Prayers

Paul Simon

Prayers offered in times of peace are silent conversations,
Appeals for love or loves release, in private invocations.But all that is changed now,
Gone like a memory from the day before the fires.
People hungry for the voice of God
Hear lunatics and liarsWartime prayers, wartime prayers
In every language spoken,
For every family scattered and broken.Because you cannot walk with the holy,
If you're just a halfway decent man.
But I don't pretend that I'm a mastermind
With a genious marketing plan.I'm trying to tap into some wisdom,
Even a little drop would do.
I want to rid my heart of envy
And cleanse my soul of rage
Before I feel.Times are hard, hard times,
But everybody knows all about hard times.
The thing is, what are you gonna do?
Will you cry?
And try to muscle through?
And try to rearrange your stuff?
But when the wounds are deep enough,
And it's all that we can bear,
We wrap ourselves in prayer.Because you cannot walk with the holy,
If you're just a halfway decent man.
But I don't pretend that I'm a mastermind
With a genious marketing plan.
I'm trying to tap into some wisdom,
Even a little drop would do.
I want to rid my heart of envy
And cleanse my soul of rage
Before I'm through.A mother murmurs in twilight sleep
And draws her babies closer.
With hush-a-bies for sleepy eyes,
And kisses on the shoulder.
To drive away despair
She sends a wartime prayer.

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