Thelma (Outtake)

Paul Simon

If a baby is born and no one complains
Then that's good luck, runnin' through young veins
And if life is a blessing
That brushes the tops of the trees
Well it's a short walk, in a sweet breezeI will need you, feed you,
Seed you, plead with you
All for a taste of your sweet love, ThelmaIf the heart is an open memory book
That was the chance I took
The more I searched
The more I shook for ThelmaLast night I slept on a rented pillow
A silver moon above my head
A thirsty dreamless sleep released me
And I reached for the phone by the side of the bedNow the first time that I saw you I thought
She's beautiful, but she's too young to be caught
People aware of my history
Trying to steer you away from me
I left a message at your hotel
Don't let management poison the wellI will need you, feed you,
Seed you, plead with you
All for a taste of your sweet love, ThelmaThe phone is ringing and I realize
We are time zones and oceans apart
The words I speak in the middle of my night
Fall on your yesterday's heartIf the sun don't shine
If the wind don't break
If the clock don't jump off the wall
Thelma, my darlin', I will cushion your fallI will need you, feed you,
Seed you, plead with you
Without the taste of your sweet love, Thelma
I am only a man who skirted the edge of despair
For a long time, now
And I don't careI watch you sleeping in the hospital bed
The baby curled up in a ball
Winter sunlight hits the family tree
And everything else becomes nothing at all

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