

How the Heart Approaches What It Yearns

[Paul Simon](#)

In the blue light of the Belvedere Motel
Wondering as the television burns
How the heart approaches what it yearns
In a fever I distinctly hear your voice
Emerging from a dream, the dream returns
How the heart approaches what it yearns
After the rain on the interstate
Headlights slide past the moon
A bone weary traveler waits by the side of the road
Where's he goin'? I dream we are lying on the top of a hill
An' headlights slide past the moon
I roll in your arms and your voice is the heat of the night
I'm on fire

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