

# The Teacher

Paul Simon

There once was a teacher of great renown  
Whose words were like the tablets of stone  
Because it's easier to learn than unlearn  
Because we've passed the point of no return  
Gather your goods and follow me  
Or you will surely die  
I was only a child of the city  
My parents were children of immigrant stock  
So we followed as followers go  
Over the mountain with a napkin of snow  
And ate the berries and roots that grow along the timberline  
Deeper and deeper, the dreamer of love sleeps on a quilt of stars  
It's cold  
Sometimes you can't catch your breath  
  
It's cold  
Time and abundance thickened his step  
So the teacher divided in two  
One half ate the forests and the fields  
The other half sucked all the moisture from the clouds  
And we, we were amazed at the power of his appetite  
Deeper and deeper the dreamer of love sleeps on a quilt of stars  
Sometimes we don't know who we are  
Sometimes force overpowers us and we cry  
My teacher carry me home  
Carry me home my teacher, carry me home  
Carry me home my teacher, carry me home  
Carry me home my teacher, carry me home

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