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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