Questions For The Angels

Paul Simon

A pilgrim on a pilgrimage
Walked across the Brooklyn Bridge
His sneakers torn in the hour
When the homeless move their cardboard blankets
And the new day is born
Folded in his backpack pocket
The questions that he copied from his heart
Who am I in this lonely world?
Where will I make my bed tonight?
When twilight turns to dark
Questions for the angels
Who believes in angels? Fools do
Fools and pilgrims all over the world
If you shop for love in a bargain store
And you don't get what you are bargain for
Can you get your money back?
If an empty train in a railway station
Calls you to its destination
Can you choose another track?

Will I wake up from these violent dreams?
With my hair as white as the morning moon?
Questions for the angels
Who believes in angels? I do
Fools and pilgrims all over the world
Downtown Brooklyn
The pilgrim is passing a bill-board
And catches his eyes, it's Jay-Z
He's got a kid on each knee
He is wearing clothes that he wants us to try
If every human on the planet
And all the buildings in it should disappear
Would a zebra grazing in the African Savanna
Care enough to share one zebra tear?
Questions for the angels

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