

# Under African Skies

Paul Simon

Joseph's face was black as night  
The pale yellow moon shone in his eyes  
His path was marked by the stars  
In the Southern hemisphere  
And he walked his days under African skies  
This is the story of how we begin to remember  
This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein  
After the dream of falling and calling your name out  
These are the roots of rhythm  
And the roots of rhythm remain  
In early memory, Mission music  
Was ringing 'round my nursery door  
I said, "Take this child, Lord from Tucson, Arizona  
Give her the wings to fly through harmony  
And she won't bother you no more"  
This is the story of how we begin to remember  
This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein  
After the dream of falling and calling your name out  
These are the roots of rhythm  
And the roots of rhythm remain  
Joseph's face was as black as the night  
And the pale yellow moon shone in his eyes  
His path was marked by the stars  
In the Southern hemisphere  
And he walked the length of his days under African skies

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