

## Bleecker Street

Simon & Garfunkel

Fog's rollin' in off the East River bank  
Like a shroud it covers Bleeker Street  
Fills the alleys where men sleep  
Hides the shepherd from the sheep

Voices leaking from a sad cafe  
Smiling faces try to understand  
I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand  
On Bleeker Street

A poet reads his crooked rhyme  
Holy, holy is his sacrament  
Thirty dollars pays your rent  
On Bleeker Street

I head a church bell softly chime  
In a melody sustainin'  
It's a long road to Caanan  
On Bleeker Street  
Bleeker Street