

America

Paul Simon

Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together
I've got some real estate here in my bag
So we bought a pack of cigarettes, and Mrs. Wagner pies
And we walked off to look for America

Cathy, I said, as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburg
Michigan seems like a dream to me now
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw
And I've come to look for America

Laughin' on the bus, playing games with the faces
She said the man in the gaberdine suit was a spy
I said be careful, his bowtie is really a camera

Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat
We smoked the last one an hour ago
So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine
And the moon rose over an open field

Cathy, I'm lost, I said, though I knew she was sleeping
I'm empty and I'm aching and I don't know why
Countin' the cars on the New Jersey turnpike
They've all come to look for America, all come to look for America

[Instrumental break]

Countin' the cars on the New Jersey turnpike
They've all come to look for America, all come to look for America
All come to look for America