

How the Heart Approaches What It Yearns

Paul Simon

In the blue light
Of the belvedere Motel
Wondering as the television burns
How the heart approaches what it yearns

In a fever
I distinctly hear your voice
Emerging from a dream, the dream returns
How the heart approaches what it yearns

After the rain on the Interstate
The headlights slide past the moon
A bone-weary traveler
Waits by the side of the road
Where's he goin?

I dream we are lying on the top of a hill
And headlights slide past the moon
I fold in your arms
And your voice is the heat of the night
I'm on fire

In a phone booth
In some local bar and grill
Rehearsing what I'll say, my coin returns
How the heart approaches what it yearns
How the heart approaches what it yearns