

I Don't Believe

Paul Simon

Acts of kindness, like breadcrumbs in a fairytale forest
Lead us past dangers as light melts the darkness
But I don't believe, and I'm not consoled
I lean closer to the fire, but I'm cold

The earth was born in a storm
The waters receded, the mountains were formed
"The universe loves a drama," you know
And ladies and gentlemen this is the show

I got a call from my broker
The broker informed me I'm broke
I was dealing my last hand of poker
My cards were useless as smoke

Oh, guardian angel
Don't taunt me like this, on a clear summer evening as soft as
a kiss
My children are laughing, not a whisper of care
My love is brushing her long chestnut hair
I don't believe a heart can be filled to the brim
Then vanish like mist as though life were a whim

Maybe the heart is part of the mist
And that's all that there is or could ever exist
Maybe and maybe and maybe some more
Maybe's the exit that I'm looking for

I got a call from my broker
The broker said he was mistaken
Maybe some virus or brokerage joke
And he hopes that my faith isn't shaken

Acts of kindness
Like rain in a draught
Release the spirit with a whoop and a shout
I don't believe we were born to be sheep in a flock
To pantomime prayers with the hands of a clock