

Love and Hard Times

Paul Simon

God and his only son
Paid a courtesy call on Earth one Sunday morning
Orange blossoms opened their fragrant lips
Songbirds sang from the tips of cotton roots
Old folks wept
For his love in these hard times

'Well, better be going,'
Said the the restless lord to his son
'There are galaxies yet to be born
Creation is never done
Anyway these people are slobs here
If we stay it's bound to be a mob scene'
Disappeared
And it's just like love in hard times

I loved her the first time I saw her
I know that's an old songwriting clich 
I loved her the first time I saw her
Can't describe it any other way
Any other way

The light of her beauty is warm as a summer day
Clouds of antelopes roll by
No hint of rain
Pale blue sky
Just love, love, love, love, love

But the rains came
The tears burned
The windows rattled
The locks turned
It's easy to be generous when you're owed
It's hard to be grateful
When you're out of control

And love is gone

The light at the edge of the curtain was the quiet dove
The bedroom weaves in clicks and clacks
My heart and my mind will never last
When your hand takes mine
Thank god I found you tonight
Thank god I found you tonight
Thank god I found you