

# Street Angel

Paul Simon

My heart goes out to the street angels  
Working their way back home  
My heart goes out to the street angels

I saved my change for a street angel  
Working his way back home  
I had this exchange with the street angel:

"Nobody talks to me much  
I said, nobody talks to me much  
Nobody."

So he says  
"I make my verse for the universe  
I write my rhymes for the universities  
And I give it away for the hoot of it  
I tell my tale for the toot of it  
I wear my suit for the suit of it  
The tree is bare, but the root of it  
Goes deeper than logical reasoning

It's God goes fishing  
And we are the fishes  
He baits his lines  
With prayers and wishes

They sparkle in the shallows  
And catch the falling light  
We hide our hearts like holy hostages  
While hungry for the love, and so we bite."

Working his way back home  
He's working his way back home  
Took him away in the ambulance  
Made away with the ambulance  
He waved goodbye from the ambulance  
My heart goes out to the street angel