

Sunday Afternoon

Paul Simon

[ESMERALDA]

Salvador, the afternoon sunlight is folding
around us,
The dishes are done,
The buildings here, tall as our mountains
Slice through the windows and cut off the sun.
On such days I find I am longing for Puerto Rico
Though I never would return 'til you are free
But when I hear the Agumaldo my heart's a little lighter
And we dance together Aurea and me
In my life I've been unlucky with two husbands
Gumersindo liked his rum and women friends
Then that hypocrite who beat you and preached
about repentance
Has gone, and so another Sunday ends
And tomorrow is another hard working Monday
I'm still hoping for the raise they promised me
There's a Job as operator
I would not have to wait for
If I could speak the language easily
But I tell Aurea:
The barrio's boundaries are our own little nation
Sometimes I hear you run upstairs
And I view my light with resignation
Keep your bible near you
Time is an ocean of endless tears.

Mmm...