

# Trailways Bus

Paul Simon

[LAZARUS]

A passenger traveling quietly conceals himself  
With a magazine and a sleepless pillow  
Over the crest of the mountain the moon begins  
its climb  
And he wakes to find he's in rolling farmland

The farmer sleeps against his wife  
He wonders what their life must be  
A Trailways bus is heading south  
Into Washington, D.C.

A mother and child, the baby maybe two  
months old  
Prepare themselves for sleep and feeding.  
The shadow of the Capitol dome slides across  
his face  
And his heart is racing with the urge to freedom.

The father motionless as stone,  
A shepherd resting with his flock,  
The Trailways bus is turning west -  
Dallas via Little Rock.

[WAHZINAK]

O my darling, darling Sal  
The desert moon is my witness.  
I've no money to come East,  
But I know you'll soon be here

[LAZARUS]

We pull into downtown Dallas by the side of the  
Grassy Knoll  
Where the leader fell and a town was broken.  
Away from the feel and flow of life for so  
many years  
He hears music playing and Spanish spoken

The border patrol outside of Tucson boarded the bus

[BORDER PATROLMAN]

Any aliens here? You better check with us,  
How about you son?  
You look like you got Spanish blood.  
Do you 'Habia Ingles,' am I understood?

[SAL]

Yes, I am an alien, from Mars.  
I come to earth from outer space.  
And if I traveled my whole life  
You guys would still be on my case  
You guys would still be on my case

[LAZARUS]

But he can't leave his fears behind,  
He recalls each fatal thrust  
The screams carried by the wind,

Phantom figures in the dust  
Phantom figures in the dust  
Phantom figures in the dust.