

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