

In a Parade

Paul Simon

Some nights the ER is quiet as an EKG
But tonight it feels like every broken bone
Tonight it feels like every wounded soul
Is filling out a form or on the phone

I can't talk now, I'm in a parade
I can't talk now, I'm in a parade
Can't talk to you now, I'm in a parade
I can't talk now, I'm in a parade

Diagnosis: Schizophrenic
Prognosis: Guarded
Medication: Seroquel
Occupation: Street Angel

I drank some orange soda
Then I drank some grape
I wear a hoodie now to cover my mistake
My head's a lollipop
My head is a lollipop
My head's a lollipop and everyone wants to lick it
I wear a hoodie now so I won't get a ticket
I write my verse for the universe
That's who I am

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