

# Love and Hard Times

Paul Simon

God and his only son  
Paid a courtesy call on Earth one Sunday morning  
Orange blossoms opened their fragrant lips  
Songbirds sang from the tips of cotton roots  
Old folks wept  
For his love in these hard times

'Well, better be going,'  
Said the the restless lord to his son  
'There are galaxies yet to be born  
Creation is never done  
Anyway these people are slobs here  
If we stay it's bound to be a mob scene'  
Disappeared  
And it's just like love in hard times

I loved her the first time I saw her  
I know that's an old songwriting clich   
I loved her the first time I saw her  
Can't describe it any other way  
Any other way

The light of her beauty is warm as a summer day  
Clouds of antelopes roll by  
No hint of rain  
Pale blue sky  
Just love, love, love, love, love

But the rains came  
The tears burned  
The windows rattled  
The locks turned  
It's easy to be generous when you're owed  
It's hard to be grateful  
When you're out of control

And love is gone

The light at the edge of the curtain was the quiet dove  
The bedroom weaves in clicks and clacks  
My heart and my mind will never last  
When your hand takes mine  
Thank god I found you tonight  
Thank god I found you tonight  
Thank god I found you