

Questions for the Angels

Paul Simon

A pilgrim on a pilgrimage
Walked across the Brooklyn Bridge
His sneakers torn
In the hour when the homeless move their cardboard blankets
And the new day is born

Folded in his backpack pocket
The questions that he copied from his heart
Who Am I in this lonely world?
Where will I make my bed tonight?
When twilight turns to dark

Questions for the angels...
Who believes in angels?
Fools do...
Fools and pilgrims all over the world

If you shop for Love in a bargain store
And you don't get what you are bargain for...
Can you get your money back?
If an empty train in a railway station
Calls you to its destination
Can you choose another track?

Will I wake up from these violent dreams?
With my hair as white as the morning moon?

Questions for the angels...
Who believes in angels?
I do...
Fools and pilgrims all over the world

Downtown Brooklyn
The pilgrim is passing a bill-board
And catches his eyes
It's Jay-Z
He's got a kid on each knee
He is wearing clothes that he wants us to try

If every human on the planet
And all the buildings in it
Should disappear
Would a zebra grazing in the african savana
Care enough to share one zebra tear?

Questions for the angels...