

## Sunday Afternoon

Paul Simon

[ESMERALDA]

Salvador, the afternoon sunlight is folding  
around us,  
The dishes are done,  
The buildings here, tall as our mountains  
Slice through the windows and cut off the sun.  
On such days I find I am longing for Puerto Rico  
Though I never would return 'til you are free  
But when I hear the Agumaldo my heart's a little lighter  
And we dance together Aurea and me  
In my life I've been unlucky with two husbands  
Gumersindo liked his rum and women friends  
Then that hypocrite who beat you and preached  
about repentance  
Has gone, and so another Sunday ends  
And tomorrow is another hard working Monday  
I'm still hoping for the raise they promised me  
There's a Job as operator  
I would not have to wait for  
If I could speak the language easily  
But I tell Aurea:  
The barrio's boundaries are our own little nation  
Sometimes I hear you run upstairs  
And I view my light with resignation  
Keep your bible near you  
Time is an ocean of endless tears.

Mmm...