

# Thelma

Paul Simon

If a feeling's born and no one complains  
Well that's good luck  
Running through young veins  
And if life is a blessing  
That brushes the tops of the trees  
Well it's a short walk  
In a sweet breeze

I will need you, feed you, seed you, plead with you  
All for the taste of your sweet love thelma  
If a heart is an open memory book  
That was the chance I took  
The more I searched, the more shook with thelma  
Last night I slept on a rented pillow  
A silver moon above my head  
A thirsty dreamless sleep released me  
And I reached for the phone  
By the side of the bed

Now the first time that I saw you I thought  
"she's beautiful, but she's too young to be caught"  
People aware of my history  
Trying to steer you away from me  
I left a message at your hotel  
Don't let management poison the well

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All for the taste of your sweet love thelma

The phone is ringing and I realize  
We are timezones and oceans apart  
The words I speak in the middle of my night  
They fall on your yesterday scars

If the sun don't shine, the wind don't break  
The clock don't jump off the wall  
Thelma, my darling, I will cushion your fall  
I will need you, feed you, seed you, plead with you  
Without the taste of your sweet love thelma

I am only a man who has skirted the edge of despair  
For a long time now, and I don't care

I watch you sleeping at the hospital bed  
The baby curled up in a ball  
Winter sunlight hits the family tree  
And everything else becomes nothing at all