

Paul Simon - A Poem Of Underground Wall

Tom: C

The last train is nearly due,
 The underground is closing soon,
 And in the dark deserted station
 Restless in anticipation,
 A man waits in the shadows.

His restless eyes leap and scratch,
 At all that they can touch or catch,
 And hidden deep within his pocket,
 Safe within his silent socket,
 He holds a colored crayon.

Now from the tunnel's stony womb,
 The carriage rides to meet the groom,
 And opens wide and welcome doors,
 But he hesitates, then withdraws

Deeper in the shadows.

And the train is gone suddenly
 On wheels clicking silently
 Like a gently tapping lita-ny,
 And he holds his crayon rosary
 Tighter in his hand.

Now from his pocket quick he flashes
 The crayon on the wall he slashes,
 Deep upon the advertising,
 A single worded poem comprised
 Of four letters.

And his heart is laughing, screaming, pounding,
 The poem across the tracks rebounding
 Shadowed by the exit light
 His legs take their ascending flight
 To seek the breast of darkness and be suckled by the night.

Acordes

