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?
And 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 bargained for,
Can you get your money back?
If an empty train in a railroad 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 billboard
That catches his eye.
It's Jay-Z
He's got a kid on each knee;
He's wearing clothes that he wants us to try.
If every human on the planet
And all the buildings on it
Should disappear,
Would a zebra grazing in the African Savanna
Care enough to shed one zebra tear?Questions for the angels...

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