

# Thelma

Paul Simon

If a baby is born and no one complains  
Then it'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 a taste of your sweet love, Thelma If the heart is an open memory book  
That was the chance I took  
The more I searched  
The more I shook for 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 I will need you, feed you,  
Seed you, plead with you  
All for a taste of your sweet love, Thelma The phone is ringing and I realize  
We are time zones and oceans apart  
The words I speak in the middle of my night  
Fall on your yesterday's heart If the sun don't shine  
If the wind don't break  
If the clock don't jump off the wall  
Thelma, my darlin' 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 skirted the edge of despair  
For a long time  
And I don't care I watch you sleeping in a hospital bed  
The baby curled up in a ball  
Winter sunlight hits the family tree  
And everything else becomes nothing at all

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>