Simon Paul "The Boy In The Bubble"

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(words by Paul Simon; music by Paul Simon and Forere Motlobeloa)

It was a slow day
And the sun was beating
On the soldiers by the side of the road
There was a bright light
A shattering of shop windows
The bomb in the baby carriage
Was wired to the radio

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all
The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying in a corner of the sky
Therse are the days of miracle and wonder
And don't cry baby, don't cry
Don't cry

It was a dry wind And it swept across the desert And it curled into the circle of birth And the dead sand Falling on the children The mothers and the fathers And the automatic earth These are the days of miracle and wonder This is the long distance call The way the camera follows us in slo-mo The way we look to us all The way we look to a distant constellation That's dying in a corner of the sky Therse are the days of miracle and wonder And don't cry baby, don't cry Don't cry

It's a turn-around jump shot It's everybody jump start It's every generation throws a hero up the pop charts Medicine is magical and magical is art The Boy in the Bubble And the baby with the baboon heart

And I believe

These are the days of lasers in the jungle Lasers in the jungle somewhere Staccato signals of constant information A loose affiliation of millionaires And billionaires and baby These are the days of miracle and wonder This is the long distance call The way the camera follows us in slo-mo The way we look to us all The way we look to a distant constellation That's dying in a corner of the sky Therse are the days of miracle and wonder And don't cry baby, don't cry Don't cry

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