

Simon Paul

"Trailways Bus"

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LAZARUS

A passenger traveling quietly conceals
himself
With a magazine and a sleepless pillow
Over the crest of the mountain the moon
begins its climb
And he wakes to find he's in rolling
farmland

The farmer sleeps against his wife
He wonders what their life must be
A Trailways bus is heading south
Into Washington, D.C.

A mother and child, the baby maybe two
months old
Prepare themselves for sleep and feeding.
The shadow of the Capitol dome slides across
his face
And his heart is racing with the urge to
freedom.

The father motionless as stone,
A shepherd resting with his flock,
The Trailways bus is turning west-
Dallas via Little Rock.

WAHZINAK

O my darling, darling Sal
The desert moon is my witness.
I've no money to come East,
But I know you'll soon be here

LAZARUS

We pull into downtown Dallas by the side of
the Grassy Knoll
Where the leader fell and a town was broken.
Away from the feel and flow of life for so
many years
He hears music playing and Spanish spoken

The border patrol outside of Tucson boarded
the bus

BORDER PATROLMAN

Any aliens here? You better check with us,
How about you son?
You look like you got Spanish blood.
Do you 'Habla Ingles,' am I understood?

SAL

Yes, I am an alien, from Mars.
I come to earth from outer space.
And if I traveled my whole life
You guys would still be on my case
You guys would still be on my case

LAZARUS

But he can't leave his fears behind,
He recalls each fatal thrust
The screams carried by the wind,
Phantom figures in the dust
Phantom figures in the dust
Phantom figures in the dust.

Lead Vocal, Acoustic Guitar-Paul Simon

Vocal-Sara Ramirez

Guitar-Vincent Nguini

Guitar, Acoustic Guitar Solo-Arlen Roth

Pedal Steel-Robby Turner

Bass-Bakithi Kumalo

Trumpet-Bill Holloman

Accordion-Mike Ramos Fender Rhodes-Oriente Lopez

Shaker-Crusher Bennett Drums-Shannon Ford

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