Ace In The Hole  4
America  16
April Come She Will  24
At The Zoo  11
The Boxer  26
The Boy In The Bubble  240
Bridge Over Troubled Water  38
Cecilia  48
Cloudy  52
Congratulations  43
Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes  64
Duncan  56
Everything Put Together Falls Apart  74
The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)  71
Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall  78
For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her  84
Gone At Last  81
Graceland  88
A Hazy Shade Of Winter  97
Hearts And Bones  102
Hey, Schoolgirl  114
How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns  118
I Am A Rock  122
I Know What I Know  124
Jonah  133
Kathy's Song  94
Keep The Customer Satisfied  138
Kodachrome™  128
The Late, Great Johnny Ace  142
Late In The Evening  148
Loves Me Like A Rock  155
Mother And Child Reunion  162
My Little Town  166
Oh, Marion  172
Old Friends  177
One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor  183
Punky's Dilemma  180
Rene And Georgette Magritte With Their Dog After The War  190
Richard Cory  196
St. Judy's Comet  199
Scarborough Fair/Canticle  204
Some Folks Lives Roll Easy  208
The Sound Of Silence  217
Still Crazy After All These Years  212
Take Me To The Mardi Gras  222
That Was Your Mother  226
Train In The Distance  230
Under African Skies  235
Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.  34
You're Kind  245
ACE IN THE HOLE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Brightly

A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Bm
A7

Some peo-ple say Je-sus, that's the ace in the hole._
Two hun-dred dol-lars, that's my ace in the hole._
Once I was cra-zy, and my ace in the hole was that I
Some peo-ple say mu-sic, that's their ace in the hole,_ When I'm just your

Copyright © 1979, 1980 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
But I never met the man, so I don't really know.
I got two hundred dollars, that's the roll.
I just walk in the middle of the road; I roll.
You can sit on top of the beat; you can lean sick and alone.
If you wanna get some sleep in the middle of the bed.
I stop on the side of the beat; you can hang from the bottom.
num-ber,
qual-i-ty, that's the price you got to meet. And the man says,
of a sen-tence, and the voice in the mid-dle of my head said,
of the beat. But you got to ad-mit that the mu-sic is sweet.

G/D
Bm
F#m

"Hey, boy.
"Hey, jun-i-or.
"Hey, jun-i-or.

Where you been so long?

Don't you know me?

I'm your

1. 2.

ace in the hole.
Ace in the hole.

oh, yeah.

Ace in the hole.

lean on me.

Don't you know me?

I'm your guarantee.
Shuffle beat (\( \begin{array}{c} 2 \hline 2 \end{array} \))

G/D

Riding on this rolling bus,

Bm

with a slow moon rising

E7

and the smokestacks drifting by;

A7

in the hour when the heart is weakest, and
D.S. $^\frac{3}{2}$ (no repeats) al Coda

Coda

I'm your guarantee.
At The Zoo

Words and Music by Paul Simon

Moderate tempo

Cmaj7

Someone told me, it's all happening At The Zoo.

F F7 Bb F C7

I do believe it, I do believe it's true.

Bb F7 Bb D7 Gm D7

(Hum) (Hum)

Copyright © 1967 Paul Simon (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
It's a light and tumble journey, from the East side to the park.

Just a fine and fancy ramble to the zoo.

But you can take the cross-town bus, if it's rainin' or it's cold. And the
Animals will love it, if you do.

Something tells me, it's all happening At The Zoo.

I do believe it, I do believe it's true.
The monkeys stand for honesty.
Giraffes are insincere.
And the elephants are kindly, but they're dumb.
Orangutans are skeptical of
Changes in their cages, And the zookeeper is very fond of rum.

Zebras are reactionaries, Antelopes are missionaries, Pigeons plot in secrecy. And hamsters turn on frequently. What a gas! You gotta come and see. At The Zoo. At The

Repeat and fade
"Let us be lovers, We'll marry our fortunes together.
I've got some real estate
Here in my bag,"
bought a pack of cigarettes, And Mrs. Wagner's pies,
And walked off to look for America.

"Kathy," I said, As we
boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,

"Michigan seems like a dream to me now.

It took me four days to hitch-hike from Saginaw. I've come to look for America
Laughing on the bus,
Playing games with the faces,
She said the man in the gabardine suit
Was a spy.
I said, "Be careful, His bow-tie is really a cam- ra."

"Toss me a cig-a-rette, I think there's

one in my rain-coat."
"We smoked the last one An hour ago."

So I looked at the scenery,

She read her magazine;

And the moon rose over an open
"Kathy, I'm lost I said, Though I knew she was sleeping. I'm empty and aching and I don't know why."
Counting the cars On the New Jersey Turnpike. They've all come to look for America.

All come to Repeat and fade.

look for America.
APRIL COME SHE WILL
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately

A
June
pril,

Come
she'll change
her
Will
tune,

Am
Em
Fmaj7
Em
C

When streams are ripe
In
rest-less walks
and
she'll
swelled
prowl
with
the
night;

May,

Am
Em

she will
stay,

Rest-ing
in
my

Copyright © 1965 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
arms to her flight.

August, she must, The autumn winds blow chilly and cold; September I'll remember.

A love once new has now grown old.
I am just a poor boy, Though my story's seldom told, I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumblies, such are promises.
Am
G
F
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear, And

C
G
disregards the rest.

C

When I left my home and my family, I was
no more than a boy in the company of strangers in the quiet of a railway station running scared,

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go, Looking for the places only they would
C

know.

Lie - la - lie,
Lie - la

Am

lie la lie la lie lie la lie
Lie la

G

lie la la la la Lie la la la la lie.

Am G C

F

Ask-ing on - ly work-man's wag - es I come
looking for a job, but I get no offers, Just a

come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.

I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I

took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la la la la la.
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home.

Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me.
going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade, And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down. Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame.
"I am leaving, I am leaving." But the fighter still remains.

Fade

lie,

lie, lie lie lie lie lie Lie lie lie

lie, lie lie lie lie lie lie Lie lie lie

lie.
Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.
Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderately bright

1. I can hear the soft breathing of the girl that I
   love,

2. (She is) soft, she is warm, but my heart remains
   heavy.

As she lies here beside me gently

Copyright © 1966 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
sleep, with the night,
For her hair, in a

rise, gently fall,

And first light of dawn I'll be leaving,

fine mist floats on my pillow,
And today

reflecting the glow of the winter moon

night will be all I have left

light, call.
2. She is what have I done, my Why have I done it, what life seems unreal, my
crime an illusion.

I've committed a crime, I've broken the law,
A scene badly written in which I must play,

Yet I know as I gaze, at my young love beside me,
The morning is robbed of a hard liquor

store.

4. My

just a few hours away.
Bridge Over Troubled Water

Words and Music by Paul Simon

Moderato, not too fast, like a spiritual

When you're weary, when evening falls
When you're down and out, when tears are in your eyes

feel in small, so hard
I'll dry them all, I will comfort you.
I'm on your side.
I'll take your part.

when times get rough,
when darkness comes,

And friends just can't be found,
And pain is all around,

Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water

I will lay me down. Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water
I will lay me down.

When you're

Troubled Water I will lay me down.
Sail on

silver girl,
Sail on by.
Your time has

come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.

See how they shine.
Oh,
if you need a friend
In tempo

Eb7 Eb9 Ab F Bb Eb7 Eb9 Ab F#dim (Ab bass)

I'm sailing right behind. Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water

(C bass)

Ab Cm G Cm Eb7 Eb9 Ab Ab maj7 (Ab bass) F7

I will ease your mind. Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water

(C bass)

Ab Cm G7 Cm F9 Fmaj9

I will ease your mind.

(C bass)

Ab Eb

rall. fff
Congratulations
Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderately slow

Congratulations!

seems like you've done it again,

I ain't had such misery since
I don't know when, oh, and I don't know when,
I notice so many people,
slippin' away,
many more waiting in the lines

in the

courtrooms today,

oh, in the

courtrooms today.

Love is not a game, love is not a toy, love's no ro
G
-
mance...

A
Love will do you in, and love will wash you out, and need-less to say you

D
won't stand a chance, and you won't stand a chance.

Em Fm A11
I'm hun-gry for learn - in',
Won't you answer me, please.

Can a man and a woman
live together in peace,
oh, live together in peace?
Moderate, not too fast, rhythmically

Cecilia, you're breaking my heart,
You're shaking my confidence daily.

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees,
I'm
begging you please to come home.

Ho-ho-home...

Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia, Up in my bedroom, I got up to wash my face. When I come back to bed, someone's taken my place...
Cecilia, you're breaking my heart.
You're shaking my confidence daily.
Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees,
I'm begging you please to come home.
Come on home.
Poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh

Poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh

Jubilee
La-tion, She loves me a-gain, I fall on the floor and I laugh-
ing. Ju-bi-ning, Oh oh oh oh oh oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Come on home.
CLOUDY
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Rubato

Tempo

1. Cloud - y
2. Cloud - y

The sky is
My thoughts are

grey and white and
scattered and they're

Cloud - y.
Cloud - y.

Sometimes I
They have no

Copyright © 1966 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
I think it's hanging down on me. And it's a borders, no boundaries.

I'm a rag-a-muffin From Tolstoy to Tinker

hitch-hike a hundred miles. I'm a rag-a-muffin

echo and they swell. From Tolstoy to Tinker

child. Pointed finger-painted smile.

Bell. Down from Berkeley to Carmel.

I left my shadow waitin' down the

Got some pictures in my pocket and a
road for me a while.  
lot of time to kill, Hey sunshine

I haven't seen you in a long time. Why don't you show your face and bend my mind?

These clouds stick to the sky like a floating question,
Bm

why?

And they linger there to die.

F

A

A7

They don’t know where they’re going, and, my

F#m

A7

D

friend, neither do I, Cloudy.

Repeat and fade out

G

Cloudy.
Moderately slow and steady

Em

1. Couple in the next room bound to win a prize, They've been
goin' at it all night long, Well, I'm tryin' to get some sleep, but these
motel walls are cheap. Lincoln Duncan is my name and here's my
2. My father was a fisherman, my mamma was a fisherman's friend, And
I was born in the boredom and the chowder, So
when I reached my prime, I left my home in the Maritimes.

Instrumental solo

3 Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans, I's
left without a penny in my pocket, Oo hoo hoo wee, I'm about
desstituted as a kid could be, And I wished I wore a ring so I could
hock it, I'd like to hock it.

young girl in a parking lot was preachin' to a crowd, singin'
sacred songs and reading from the Bible,
Well, I

told her I was lost, and she told me all about the Pentecost, And I

seen that girl as the road to my survival

val.

Instrumental solo
5. Just later on the very same night when I crept to her tent with a flashlight, And my long years of innocence ended,

Well, she took me to the woods, sayin',
"Here comes some-thin' and it feels so good!" And just like a dog, I was befriended, I was befriended.

6. Oh, oh, what a night, oh, what a garden of delight, Even now that sweet memory lingers, I was
playin' my guitar, lying underneath the stars, Just

thankin' the Lord for my fingers, for my fingers.

Fade out
DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON
BEGINNING BY PAUL SIMON AND JOSEPH SHABALALA

Moderately (\( \frac{2}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \))

\( \text{E} \)

\( (A-wa a-wa) \) O-

dez en- zu- en- e zanam_ chinge. (A-wa a-wa) Si bo-na nen- ze ge

gy- ja. (A-wa a-wa) A-man-tu me-za- ne, ay- a. She's a rich-

COPYRIGHT © 1986 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
girl, she don't try to hide it; diamonds on the soles of her shoes.

He's a poor boy, empty as a pocket, empty as a pocket with nothing to lose. Sing ta na na, ta

na na na. She got diamonds on the soles of her shoes.
na na, ta na na na. She got diamonds on the soles of her shoes,
diamonds on the soles of her shoes,
diamonds on the soles of her shoes.
Slightly faster (♩=♩)

Tacet

F

Bb

C

People say she's crazy, she got
She makes the sign of the teaspoon,

diamonds on the soles of her shoes.
he makes the sign of the wave.

Well, that's one way to lose these
The poor boy changes clothes and he puts on

walking blues,
after shave
diamonds on the soles of her shoes...
to compensate for his ordinary shoes.
She was physically forgotten, and then she slipped into my pocket with my car.
And she said, "Honey, take me dancing, but they ended up by sleeping in a dorm.

keys... She said, "You've taken me for granted because I please you, wearing these.
by the bodega and the lights on upper Broadway, wearing.

Bb C F Bb C

Bb C F Bb C

dia-di-monds on the soles of their shoes."
And I could say.

F Bb C F

oo...
everybody knows what I'm talking about.

As if, I mean

everybody here would know exactly what I was talking about. Talkin' bout

diamonds on the soles of her shoes.

People say I'm crazy, I got diamonds on the soles of my shoes.

Well,

that's one way to lose these walking blues.

Diamonds on the soles of my shoes.

Repeat and fade

Ta na na na na, ta na na na na.
THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE SONG
(Feelin' Groovy)

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderately

Slow down, you move too fast.

You got to make the morning last.

Just kickin' down the cobble stones.

Copyright © 1966 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
Lookin' for fun and feelin' groovy,

Hello lamp-post, what'cha knowin'
I've come to watch your flowers growin'. Ain't cha got no rhymes for me?

Doot-in' doo-doo, feelin' groovy.
no deeds to do, no promises to keep. I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep. Let the morning time drop all its petals on me.

Life, I love you, All is groovy.
EVERYTHING PUT TOGETHER FALLS APART

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Freely

Fm7    Cadd9    F7    Cm7

Mm, paraphernalia never hides your broken

Bb         B

bones, And I don't know why you want to try,

Moderately slow, a tempo

E7   A   Am   Em   Fm

Mm, it's plain to see you're on your own.

Copyright © 1971 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
uh huh, I ain't blind, no, some folks are

crazy, others walk that border line, watch what you're doin', Takin'
downs to get off to sleep, and ups to start you on your

way; After a while they'll change your style,
Mm I see it happenin' ev'ry day.

Uh huh, spare your heart. ev'ry thing

put together sooner or later falls apart, there's nothin'

to it, nothin' to it. You can cry and you can
lie.
For all the good it'll do you, you can die,

Oh, but when it's done and the police come, and they're laying

in' you down for dead, Uh huh, just remember what I said!
FLOWERS NEVER BEND WITH THE RAINFALL

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Bright tempo

1. Through the corridors of sleep Past the shadows dark and deep
2. (The) mirror on my walls casts an image dark and small
3. (No) matter if you're born a pawn For the line is thinly drawn 'tween joy and sorrow.

Copyright © 1965 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
I don't know what is real, I can't touch what I see. I am blinded by the light of God and truth and So my fantasy becomes real.

feel And I hide behind the shield of my illusion. right And I wander in the night without direction. And I must be what I must be and face tomorrow.

Chorus:

So I'll continue to continue, to pretend My life will never
Moderately fast

The night was
black, the road was icy, and the snow was fallin', and the drifts were
dumb, I've kicked around some; I don't fall too easily.

while from the middle of nowhere, when you don't expect it and you're unprepared.

And I was weary from my drivin' and I

But that boy looked so dejected, he just

pared some body will come and lift you higher, and your
stopped to rest for a while. I sat down at a
grabbed my sympathy. Sweet little soul now what's your
burdens will be shared. Yes, I do believe if I hadn't

truck stop; I was thinkin' about my past. I've had a
problem, tell me why you're so downcast. I might still be sinking fast.

long streak of bad luck, but I'm prayin' it's gone at

last. Good, gone at last, gone at last, gone at
last. gone__ at last. I've had a long_ streak of that

bad luck _ but I'm pray__in' it's gone__ at last. I ain't

2. last._ Ev__-ry once in a last._ Gone, gone__ at

3. D. S. % at Coda

Coda

G7
gone__ at last.
FOR EMILY, WHENEVER I MAY FIND HER
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderate tempo

What a dream I had: Pressed in or-
gandy;
Clothed in crinoline

Copyright © 1966 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
rain.
I wandered empty streets down
passed the shop displays. I heard car
the-dral bells tripping down the al-ley ways, as I
walked on.
And when you ran to me your
cheeks flushed with the night.
We walked on
frosted fields of juniper and lamp-light,
I held your hand.
And when I awoke and felt you warm and near.
I kissed your honey hair
with my grateful tears.
Oh, I love you, girl.

Oh, I love you.
GRACELAND

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderately

E

The Mississippi Delta was shining like a National guitar.

mf

A

I am following the river down the

C\m

4fr.

B

highway through the cradle of the Civil War.

A

I'm going to Grace-
I'm going to Graceland.
Memphis, Tennessee.
I'm going to Graceland.

For reasons I cannot explain,
there's some

and we are going to Graceland.
and we are going to Graceland.
part of me wants to see Graceland.
My traveling companion is
And I may be obliged to defend ev'ry
	nine years old. He is the child of my first marriage.
love, ev'ry ending or may-be there's no obligations, now.

But I've reason to believe we both.
But I've reason to believe we all.
Maybe I've a reason to believe we all.
She comes back to tell me she's gone.

There is a girl in New York City who

calls herself the human trampoline.
bed, sometimes when I'm falling, flying or tumbling in turmoil I say, oh, so this is what she
the way she brushed her hair from her forehead. And she said means. She means we're bouncing into Grace-land.
losing love is like a window in your heart. And I see
Ev'rybody sees you're blown apart,
ev'rybody sees the
Ev'rybody sees you're blown apart,
ev'rybody feels the
wind blow.
wind blow.
I'm going to Grace.
I'm going to Grace.

Repeat and fade
Kathy's Song

Words and Music by Paul Simon

I hear the drizzle of the rain
And from the shelter of my mind
My mind's distracted and confused
Like a memory it falls
Through the window of my eyes
My thoughts are many miles away

Copyright © 1965 Paul Simon (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
G

Soft and warm I gaze beyond
They lie with you when you're asleep

Am Em D

Tapping on my roof and
to England where my heart and

And kissing you when you start your
day.

walls.
lies.

g.

4. And a song I was writing is left undone
5. And so you see I have come to doubt
6. And as I watch the drops of rain
Am | Em | C | Bm7

I don't know why I spend my time
All that I once held as true
Weave their weary paths and die

G | Bm | G | C

I writing songs I can't believe
I stand alone without beliefs
I know that I am like the rain

Am | Em | D | G | C

With words that tear and strain,
The only truth I know is you.
There but for the grace of you I

G | G | C | G

1.2.

3.
A HAZY SHADE OF WINTER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderate tempo

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

Dm

Time, time, time, See what's become of me, while I

Bb

looked around for my possibilities, I was so
hard to please, But look a-round, leaves are brown And the sky

is A Hazy Shade Of Winter. Hear the Salvation

Army Band, Down by the riverside, It's bound to be a better ride, than

what you've got planned, Carry your cup in your hand, And look a-round,
ripe:
It's the spring-time of my life.

Seasons change with the scenery,
Weaving time in a tapestry.
Won't you stop and remember me?

At any convenient time?
Funny how my memory skips, while
lookin' over manuscripts of unpublished rhyme, drinking my vodka and lime.

I look around. Leaves are brown now, And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Look around; leaves are brown. There's a patch of snow on the ground.

Look around; of snow on the ground.
HEARTS AND BONES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately bright, in 2

E

One and one-half wandering Jews,
back to the season before,
One and one-half wandering Jews,

free to wander wherever they
looking back through the cracks in the
turned to their natural

Copyright © 1982, 1983 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
choose,
door,
coasts
are travelling together in the
two people were married. The
to resume old acquaintances,

San - gre de Chris - to, the Blood of Christ
act was out - ra - geous. The bride was con -
step out oc - ca - sion - al - ly and spec - u - late

Moun - tains of New Mex - i - co, She burned like a bride.
who had been dam - aged the most.

Bm7 C#m7 D#m7-5

on the last leg of a jour - ney -
These events may have had some ef -
Eas - y time will de - ter - mine - if
D#7  C#m7

feet on the man with the girl by his side,
these consolations will be their reward,

C#m6  Bmaj7

the arc of a love affair,
the arc of a love affair,
the arc of a love affair

Amaj9

rainbows in the high desert
his hands rolling down her
waiting to be

re
air.

hair.

stored.

Mountain passes slipping into stones,

Love like lightning shaking till it moans,

You take two bodies and you twirl them into one,

To Coda

hearts and bones,
C#m

bones, hearts and

E

bones.

Thinking

A(addB) A A(addB) A

bones, hearts and
bones.

And

whoa whoa whoa, she said, “Why,

why don’t we drive through the night, and we’ll
wake up down in Mexico?

Oh I,

I don't know nothin' about, nothin' about no

Mexico. Tell me
why, why won't you love me for

who I am where I am?"

He said, "'Cause that's not the way the world is, baby.

This is how I love
you, baby. This is how I love you, baby."

D.S. al Coda
Coda

their hearts and their bones,

and they won't come undone,

hearts and bones,
hearts and bones,

hearts and bones.
Hey, Schoolgirl

Words and Music by Paul Simon and Arthur Garfunkel

Moderately

Hey, Schoolgirl in the second row,
The teacher's lookin' over so I got to whisper way down low,

COPYRIGHT © 1957 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
COPYRIGHT RENEWED
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
to say, "Who-bop-a-loo-chi-bop, let's meet after school at
three."

1. She said, "Hey, babe, but there is one thing more,
My school is over at a half-past four,
May-be when we're old-er, then
we can date,
don't you fret,
Ooh, let's wait!"

2. She said, "Hey, babe, I gotta lot to do,
It takes me hours till my home-work's thru,
Some-day we'll go steady, so
Ooh, not yet!"

G C G D7
3. Then she turned around to me with that gleam in her eye,

She said, “I’m sorry if I passed you by, I’m gonna

skip my homework, gonna cut my class, Bug out of here

real fast.” Hey, Schoolgirl in the second row,
Now we're go-in' steady, hear the words that I want you to know.

Well, it's "Who-bop-a-loo-chi-bop, you're mine, I knew it all the time."

Fade out

Who-bop-a-loo-chi-bop, hah, you're mine.
HOW THE HEART APPROACHES
WHAT IT YEARNS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately
No chord

In the

\[ \text{E}_9 \]

\[ \text{E} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{E} \]

Copyright © 1978, 1980 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
how the heart approaches what it yearns.

In a fever, I distinctly hear your voice
equivalent

Instrumental phone booth in some local bar and grill,

merging from a dream. The dream returns.

hearing what I'll say, my coin returns.

How the heart approaches what it yearns.

How the heart approaches what it yearns.
After the rain on the interstate,
dream we are lying on the top of a hill and headlights slide past the
moon. A bone-weary traveler that waits by the side of the
moon. I roll in your arms and your voice is the heat of the
road: where's he going? night... I'm on fire...
In a
yearns.

How the heart ap-

proaches what it yearns.

rit.
I Am A Rock
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Slowly

1. A winter's day
2. walls,
3. love;
4. books

In a deep and dark December;
A fortress deep and mighty;
But I've heard the word before;
And my poetry to protect me;

I am alone,
That none may penetrate.
It's sleeping in my memory.
I am shielded in my armour,

Gazing from my window
I have no need of friendship,
I won't disturb the slumber of
Hiding in my room,

Copyright © 1965 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
To the streets below
Friend-ship caus-es pain.
Safe with-in my womb.

On a fresh-ly fall-en si-lent shroud of
feel-ings that have died.
I touch no one and no one touch-es me.

I'm a Rock,
I am an is-land.

I've built
Don't talk of
I have my

And a

rock feels no pain;
And an is-land nev-er cries.
I Know What I Know

Words by PAUL SIMON
Music by PAUL SIMON AND GENERAL M.D. SHIRINDA

Moderately

C \[\text{over and I guess she thought... all right,} \]
F \[\text{something about you that really reminds me of money.} \]
G \[\text{She was the} \]

C \[\text{all} \]
F \[\text{moved so easily, all I could think of was sunlight.} \]

\[\text{I said,} \]

Copyright © 1986 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
right in a sort of a limited way for an off night.
kind of a girl who could say things that weren't that funny.
"Aren't you the woman who was recently given a Fulbright?"

"Don't I know you from the cinematographer's party?"
"What does that mean, I really remind you of money?"
"Don't I know you from the cinematographer's party?"

"Who am I to blow against the wind?"
"Who am I to blow against the wind?"
"Who am I to blow against the wind?"
I know what I know.
I'll sing what I said.
We come and we go.

It's a thing that I keep in the back of my head...
I know what I know...

I'll sing what I said.
We come and we go.

It's a thing that I keep in the back of my head...
She said, "There's

2. C

D.S. § al Coda

She

I know what I__ know.

Repeat and fade

I know what I__ know__

---

I know what I__ know.
With a moving beat

Verse 1.

1. When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school,
   It's a won-der

"KODACHROME" is a registered trademark for color film.

Copyright © 1973 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
I can think at all.
And though my lack

_ of education hasn’t hurt me none,

I can read the writing on the wall.
Kodachrome
They give us those nice
bright colors, They give us the greens
of summers, Makes you think all
the world's a sunny day. Oh yeah, I got a

F  F7  Chorus: Bb  D7  G7

Cm  F  Bb

Eb  C  F

Bb  D  G  Cm
cam'ra, I love to take a photograph,
So momma, don't take my Kodachrome away.

To next strain

Verse 2.

the girls I knew when I was single
And brought them all together for one

night,
I know they'd never match my

sweet imagination,

And everything looks worse in black and white.
Medium Soft Rock beat

Half an hour. Change your strings and tune up.
No one gives their dreams away too lightly.

Sizing the room up.
They hold them tightly.
Check-ing the bar.
warm a-against cold.

Copyright © 1978, 1980 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
Loc-an girls' un-
One more year of

spo-ken conver-sa-
trav'ling 'round this cir-
cuit.

ma-tion... Plays in-
guitar.

Jo-nah, he was swal-
lowed by a whale.
But I say there's no truth to that tale.

I know Jonah, he was swallowed by a song.
Here's to all the boys who came a-
long, carrying soft-

-guitars in cardboard cases all-

-night long.
Do you wonder where those boys have gone?

Repeat and fade
KEEP THE CUSTOMER SATISFIED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately bright

Gee but it's great to be back home,
Dep- u- ty Sher- iff said to me
Home is where I want to
Tell me what you come here

be.
for,

I've been on the road so long my friend,
you bet- ter get your bags and flee.

And if you came a- long I know you could - n't dis- a - gree.
You're in trouble boy, And now you're head- ing in - to

COPYRIGHT © 1970 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
It's the same old story
It's the same old story
(Yeah)

Everywhere I go,
I get slandered,
Libeled,
I hear words

I never heard in the Bible.
And I'm one step ahead of the

shoe shine,
Two steps away from the county line,
Just trying to keep my customers
satisfied, satisfied... satisfied...

Woh Woh Woh Woh

But it's the same old

Everywhere I go, I get
slandered,
Libered, I hear words I never heard in the Bible.

And I'm so tired,
I'm oh so tired,
But I'm trying to keep my customers satisfied.
Satisfied.
THE LATE, GREAT JOHNNY ACE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON
CODA BY PHILIP GLASS

Slowly, in 2
A♭maj7

I was reading a magazine, and thinking of a rock-and-roll
cold December evening I was walking through the Christmas

song.

So I sent away for his photograph and I had

Copyright © 1981, 1983 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
hadn't been playing that long.

When a man came on the radio,
heard John Lennon died.

It came all the way from Texas,
And the two of us went to.

didn't... and this is what he said:

he said, "I... with a sad and simple face.
this bar... and we stayed to close the place.

hate to break it to his fans... but Johnny Ace is dead."

signed it on the bottom, "From the Late Great Johnny Ace."
every song we played was for the Late Great Johnny Ace.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

To Coda

Well, I
Medium shuffle

C

It was the year of the Beatles. It was the

year of the Stones. It was nineteen sixty-four.

I was liv...
In London with the girl from the summer before.

It was the year of the Beatles. It was the year of the Stones.

Year after J. F. K.
We were staying up all night and giving the days away. And the music was flowing amazing and blowing my way.
Late In The Evening
Words and Music by Paul Simon

Brightly, in 2
No chord

The first thing I remember, I was lying in my bed.
Next thing I remember, I am walkin' down the street.
I learned to play some lead guitar. I was underage in this
I'm feelin' all right. I'm with my boys. I'm with my troops, some funky bar. And I stepped outside to smoke myself a "J."

Yeah...

And

member there's a radio down along the avenue, some guys were shootin' pool. When I came back to the room, everybody just

next door, and my mother laughed the way some ladies do and I heard the sound of a capella groups. Seems to move, and I turned my amp up loud and I began to play.
when it's sing-in' And it was
late in the evening and all the girls out on the
late in the evening and I blew that room a-
through stoops yeah.

Then I

Bb
The first thing I remember when you came into my life, I said, "I'm gonna get that girl no matter what I do."

Well, I
guess I'd been in love before, and once or twice I been on the floor, but I
never loved no one the way that I loved you.

And it was late in the evening,

and all the music seeping through.
LOVES ME LIKE A ROCK  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

With a moving shuffle beat

When I was a little boy, (When I was just a boy) and the devil would call my name, (When I was just a boy) I'd say, "Now who do, who do you think you're fooling?" (When I was just a boy) I'm a consecrated

Copyright © 1973 PAUL SIMON (BMI)  
All Rights Reserved
boy. (When I was just a boy.) I'm a singer in the Sunday choir,

Oh, my mama loves me, she loves me.

She gets down on her knees and hugs me like she loves me like a rock.

She rocks me like the rock of ages and loves...
She love me, love me, love me, love me.

2. When I was grown to be a man, (Grown_ to be a

man.) and the devil would call my name. (Grown_ to be a

man.) I'd say, "Now who do, who do you think you're fool-
"My mama loves me, she loves me."

"Get down on her knees and hug me like she loves me like a..."
Rock.
She rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.
She love me, love me, love me, love me.

3. And if I was the President,
(Was the President.)
the minute the Congress call my name. (Was the President.)
G       C7
I - say, “Now who do, who do you think you’re fool-

G       C    G
(Who do you think you’re fool ing?”) I’ve got the Pres i den tial

C    G
Seal, (Was the Pres i dent.) I’m up on the Pres i den tial

C    G
Podi um. My ma ma loves me, she loves_
me. She gets down on her knees and hugs me like she

Loves Me Like A Rock. She rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.

She loves me, love me, love me, love me,

Fade out

Love me, love me, love me, love me.
Mother And Child Reunion

Words and Music by Paul Simon

No, I would not give you false hope on this strange and mournful day,
But the Mother And Child Reunion is only a motion away.

Copyright © 1971 Paul Simon (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
oh, little darling of mine

1. I can't for the
2. I just can't be-

life of me,

I know they say let it be,

But it just don't work
in such a mys-

I never been laid so low

out that way,

terious way,

And the course of a lifetime runs
And the course of a lifetime runs
over and over again... No, I
But I

would not give you false hope on this strange and mournful
day,
When the Mother And Child Reunion is

only a motion away.
Oh, oh the
Mother, And Child
Reunion is only a motion away,

Oh, the Mother, And Child
Reunion is only a moment away.
Moderately

In my little town

God keeps his eye on us all.

And he used to lean upon me as I pledged allegiance to the
coming home after school; riding my bike past the gates of the factory; my mom doing the laundry, hanging our shirts in the dirty breeze.
And after it rains, there's a rainbow.

bow, and all of the colors are black. It's not that the colors aren't there; it's just imagination they lack.

Everything's the same back
in my little town.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town,

nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.
In my little town, I never meant nothing;

I was just my father's son, mm.

Saving my money,

Dreaming of glory;

Twitching like a
finger on the trigger of a gun!
Leaving nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town,
Moderately bright (♩=108)

G↓m      G↓m/F#    G↓m/E↓#    C↓m/E    G↓m      G↓m/F#    C↓m/E    D#7

The boy's got brains. He just don't use 'em, that's all.

The boy's got brains. He just refuse to use 'em and that's all.
He said, "The more I get to thinking, the less I tend to laugh."

The boy's got brains. He just abstains.
boy's got a heart, but it beats on his opposite side.
boy's got a voice, but the voice is his natural disguise.

It's a strange phenomenon, the laws of nature defied.
Yes, the boy's got a voice, but his words don't connect to his eyes.

He said, "It's a chance I had to take."
He says, "Ah, but when I sing,"

so I shifted my heart for its safety's sake,
I can hear the truth auditioning."
The boy's got a heart, but it beats on his opposite...

The boy's got a voice, but the voice is his natural...

Oh, Marion, I think I'm in trouble here.

I should've believed you when I heard you saying it:

the only time that love is an eas-
y game is when two other
people are playing it.

The

Repeat and fade
OLD FRIENDS
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Slowly

Old Friends,

Old Friends, Sat on their park bench Like book-ends.

A newspaper blown through the grass Falls on the round toes Of the

high shoes Of the Old Friends.

Copyright © 1968 Paul Simon (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
Winter companions, The old men
Lost in their overcoats,

Waiting for the sunset.
The sounds of the city,

Sifting through trees, settle like dust
On the

shoulders Of the Old Friends.
Can you imagine us
Years from today, sharing a park bench quietly?

Terribly strange to be seventy. Old friends,

Memory brushes the same years. Silently sharing the

Same fears.
PUNKY'S DILEMMA
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderate tempo

Wish I was a Kellogg's Corn Flake
Wish I was an English muffin
Float'in' in my bowl
'bout to make the most

Fmaj7
Gm7
C

L. H. 2nd time only

Re-lax'in' a while
I'd ease my-self down,

Fmaj7
Gm

Liv-in' in style
Com-in' up brown
Talk-in' to a rais-in who 'ca-
I prefer boysenberry more.
sion-ally plays L. A. than any ordinary jam.

Cas-u-al-ly glanc-ing at his toupee.
citi-zens for boysen-ber-ry jam fan.

Ah, South Cal-i-

forn-ia. If I be-come a First Lieu-ten-ant
would you put my photo to on your piano?

Best wishes Martin,

leavin' by the basement door.

Everybody knows what he's tippy toeing down there for.

Repeat and fade.
One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor

Words and Music by Paul Simon

Moderately slow

F
C
Bb

Eb
Gm
D7(omit 3rd)
Gm

No chord

\( f \) marcato

Gm
F
C
Bb

Eb
Gm
D7(omit 3rd)
Gm

There's been some
hard feelings here—about some words that were said. Been some
mu light shuffle

hard feelings here, and what is more. There's been a bloody purple nose, And some

bloody purple clothes that were messin' up the lobby

floor. It's just apartment house rules. So all you
more,
I heard a racket in the hall, and I

thought I heard a call,
But I never opened up my door.

It's just an apartment house sense,
It's like an apartment house rents,
remember: One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor!
One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor!

There's an alley in the back of my building where some
people congregate in shame.

I was walking with my dogs, and the night was black with smog.

When I
thought I heard somebody call my name.
Ah.

Remember: One Man's Ceiling is Another Man's Floor!

Floor!

Repeat and fade

Instrumental Solo

No chord
Rene and Georgette Magritte With Their Dog After The War

Words and Music by Paul Simon

Moderately slow, in 2

No chord

Rene and Georgette Magritte with their dog after the war

E

war

war returned to their hotel suite

were strolling down Christopher Street

and they unlocked the door.

when they stopped in a men's store,
Easily losing their evening clothes, they danced by the light of the moon, to the Penguins, just like the Penguins, the Orioles, the Five Satins, the deep forbidden music they'd been longing for, the easy stream of laughter flowing through the air.
and Georgette Magritte with their dog after the war.

Side by side they fell asleep.

Decades gliding by like Indians. Time is cheap.

When they wake up they will find
all their personal belongings have intertwined.

N.C.

Rene and Georgette Magritte with their dog after the war were dining with the power e-
And they looked in their bedroom drawer.

What do you think they have hidden away in the cabinet cold of their hearts?

The Penguins, the Moon glows, the Orioles, and the Five Satins, for...
now and ever after as it was before.

D9-5
N.C.
Re-ne and Geor-gette Ma-gritte with their dog af-ter the

A6
E/G#
F#m6
E

war.

a tempo

A6
E/G#
D#07/C
E
Richard Cory

Words and Music by Paul Simon

Moderately

Verse:

They say that Richard Cory owns one half of this whole town,
papers print his picture almost everywhere he goes;
freely gave to charity, he had the common touch.

With political connections to
Richard Cory at the opera,
And they were grateful for his patronage and they
spread his wealth around. Cory at a show. thanked him very much.

Born into society, And the rumor of his part
to social life, So my mind was filled with won-

ties and the orgies on his yacht! He had
der when the evening headlines read: "Richard

everything a man could want: power, grace and
surely must be happy with everything he's

Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his

style. But I work in his factory.
And I curse the life I'm livin' And I curse my poverty And I wish
that I could be Oh, I wish that I could be Oh, I wish
that I could be Richard Cory
1.2.
Dm

2. The
3. He Cory.
ST. JUDY'S COMET
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately slow

Oo, little sleepy boy, do you know what time it is?

Well, the hour of your bedtime's long been past,
And though I know you're fight-in' it, I can
tell when you rub your eyes, you're fadin' fast, oh, fadin' fast.
Won't you

run come see St. Judy's Comet roll across the skies, And leave a spray of diamonds in its

wake.
I long to see St. Judy's Comet sparkle in your eyes when you a-

wake, oh, when you wake, wake.
(Little boy, little boy, little
Won't you lay your body down. Little boy, little boy. Won't you close your weary eyes. Ain't nothin' flashin' but the fireflies.
sang it once, and I sang it twice, I'm goin' to sing it three times more, I'm goin' to

stay 'til your resistance is overcome, 'Cause if

I can't sing my boy to sleep, well, it makes your famous daddy look so
dumb, look so dumb. Won't you
Oo, little sleepy boy, do you know what time it is? Well, the hour of your bedtime's long been past, and though I know you're fightin' it, I can tell when you rub your eyes that you're fadin' fast, oo, fadin' fast.
SCARBOROUGH FAIR/CANTICLE
ARRANGEMENT AND ORIGINAL COUNTER MELODY BY PAUL SIMON AND ARTHUR GARFUNKEL

Moderately slow

Are you going to Scarborough Fair:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and
thyme.

Remember me to one who lives there.

She once was a true love of mine.

Fine mine.
On the side of a hill in the deep forest
On the side of a hill a sprinkling of
War bellows blazing in scarlet bat-

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:
Tell her to find me an acre of land:
Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;

Tracing of sparrow on
Washes the grave with
Generals order their

Blankets and
A soldier

Without no seams nor needle
Between the salt water and the sea
And gather it all in a bunch of
bed - clothes the child of the moun - tain.
cleans and po - lish - es a gun.
cause they've long a - go for - got - ten.

work,
strands,
heath - er,

Then she'll be a true love of
Then she'll be a true love of
Then she'll be a true love of

Sleeps un - a - ware of the clar - i - on call.

mine.
mine.

3.
mine.

D.S. al Fine
SOME FOLK'S LIVES ROLL EASY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately

Tacet

Some folks' lives roll easy as a breeze,

That drift through a summer night

Heading for a sunny day.

But most folks' lives, oh, they
stumble
Lord, they fall through no

fault of their own;
most folks never

catch their stars.

And here I am Lord, I'm knocking at your place of
'n' I know I ain't got no business here.

But you said if I ever got

so low I was busted,

you could be

trusted.

Some folks' lives roll
easy; some folks' lives never roll at all,

oh, they just fall,

they just fall,

dim.

some folks' lives.
STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Freely
Tacet

with pedal throughout

Moderately (\(\frac{3}{4}\))

G
G7/B
C
F7

old
kind of man who tends to socialize:

I met my

COPYRIGHT © 1974 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
seemed so glad to see me, I just smiled.

seem to lean on old familiar ways.

And we

And I

talked about some old times and we drank ourselves some beers.

Still ain't no fool for love songs that whisper in my ears.

crazy after all these years;

oh, still

crazy after all these years.
I'm not the years.

Four in the morning;

crapped out, yawning; longing my life a-

way.

I'll never worry;
why should I?

It's all gonna
decresc.
ade.

Now I sit by my window and I

watch the cars;

I fear I'll do some damage one fine
day.
But I would not be convicted by a
cresc.
jury of my peers...
Still crazy after all these years;
Oh, still crazy,
crazy.
still crazy after all these years.
THE SOUND OF SILENCE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately

Dm

(1.) Hello darkness, my old friend,

(Melody)

I've come to talk with you again,

Because a vision softly

creeping,

left its seeds while I was sleeping,

And the vision that was planted in my brain

Copyright © 1964 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
mains
within The Sound Of

Silence.

(2.) In restless dreams I walked alone
(3.) And in the naked light I saw

narrow streets of cobbled stone,
ten thousand people, maybe more.
'Neath the halo of a people talking without

street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold, and damp

people hearing without listening—
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split the
People writing songs that voices never share and no one

night dare and touched The Sound Of Silence.

disturb The Sound Of Silence.

(4.) "Fools!" said I, "You do not know silence like a cancer grows."

Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might
reach you.

But my words like silent raindrops fell,

and echoed in the wells of silence.

(5.) And the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made.

And the sign flashed out its
warning. In the words that it was forming,

And the signs said "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tenement halls"

And whispered in the Sounds Of Silence.

poco a poco dim.
Moderately slow

Come on, Take Me To The Mardi Gras where the people sing and

play, Where the dancing is elite and there's
music in the street both night and day.

Hurry, Take Me To The Mar - di Gras,
In the cit - y of my dreams,

You can le - gal - ize your laws, you can wear your sum - mer clothes in the New Or -

leans.
And I will lay my bur - den down,
Rest my head upon that shore,
And when I wear that starry crown,
I won't be wanting anymore.

No chord

Take your burdens to the Mardi Gras,
Let the music wash your soul,
You can mingle in the street, You can jingle in the beat of the jelly roll.

Tumba, tumba, tumba, Mardi Gras,

Tumba, tumba, tumba day,
THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately, in 2

F

A long time ago,
young girl,
be-fore you was born,
dude,

F

she's pretty as a prayer book,
and that was your father,

C

when I was still single
don't just wash your hands

Copyright © 1986 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
great... Day...
great...
I held... this job...
I said... "Good gracious..."
You are... the burden...

a traveling
of my... generation

salesman... that kept me... moving
my luck... If that's... my prayer book,
action... I sure... do love you.

from state to state
Lord, let us pray...
Let's get that straight.

Well, I'm standing on the corner of La...
Well, I'm standing on the corner of La...
Well, I'm standing on the corner of La...
fayette, state of Louisiana, wondering where a
city boy could go
city boy could do
Lone Star Café.

drink a little red wine,
drink a little red wine,
drink a little red wine,
catch a little bit of those Cajun girls
dancing to Zydeco.
dance to the music of Clifton Chenier, the King of the Bayou.
standing in the shadow of Clifton Chenier
dancing the night away.

Along comes a
Well, that was your
She was beautiful as
Well, eventually the
Now the man__ and the
Southern skies the night he met her. She was married to someone.
Boy and the girl got married. Sure enough they have a
Woman remained in contact, let us say it's for the

He was doggedly determined. And though they both were occupied
Son, child, He was with disagreements about the
terminated that he would get her. He was old, he was young.

Pied with the child she carried, disagreements had been
Meaning of a marriage contract, conversations hard and
From time to time he'd tip his heart.
And in a while they just fell apart.
But from time to time he makes her laugh.

but each time she withdrew.
It wasn't hard to do.
she cooks a meal or two.

Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance.
Everybody thinks it's

true.
Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance.
two people playing the game—
what information required?

Ne go li a tions and
The thought that life could be

true.

Two dispointed believers—
What is the point of this story?

Ev'ry body thinks— it's

Ev'ry body thinks—it's true.
love songs are of ten mis-tak-en for one and the same.
better is wo-ven in-del-i-bly in to our hearts.

D. S. (no repeats) al Coda

(Like a train in the dis- tance.)

Repeat and fade
UNDER AFRICAN SKIES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately fast (♩ = 90)

Eb   Ab     Eb/Bb  Bb  Eb  Ab

Eb/Bb  Bb  Eb  Ab  4fr.  Bb

Jo - seph's face mem -

was
ty

Eb  Ab  4fr.  Eb/Bb  Bb  Eb  Ab

black  mis - as night.  mu -

sion.  mu - sic  The  pale  ring -

yellow

Copyright © 1986 PAUL SIMON (BMI)
All Rights Reserved
moon... shone in his eyes.
'tround my nursery door.
His said,

path was marked by the stars in the southern hemisphere.
"Take this child, Lord, from Tucson, Arizona.

sphere, a.
Give her the wings to fly through harmony and she won't

skies.
both you no more.

This is the story of how.
we begin to remember.

This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein.

After the dream of falling and calling your name out,
these are the roots of rhythm.
and the roots of rhythm remain.

In Ka-ombo-ba oom-ba oom-ba oh.
slow day and the sun was beating on the soldiers by the side of the road,
dry wind and it swept across the desert and curled into the circle of birth,
turn-around jump-shot, it's every body jump-start, it's every generation throws a

There was a bright light, a shattering of shop windows, the
And the dead sand was falling on the children, the
hero up the pop-charts. Medicine is magical and magical is art. There go the

bomb in the baby carriage was wired to the radio. These are the days of
mothers and the fathers and the automatic earth. These are the days of
boy in the bubble and the baby with the baboon heart. These are days of la-
This is the long-distance call.

The way we look to us all,

The way we look to us all,

The way we look to us all,

The way we look to us all,

The way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's
the way we look to a distant constellation's

lion-aires and billionaires and baby: These are the days of miracle and wonder.
These are the days of miracles and wonder and don't cry, baby, don't cry, don't cry.
low in slomo, the way we look to one another, don't cry.

oh yeah... The way we look to a distant constellation that's dying...
ing in a corner of the sky.

These are the days of miracle and wonder and don't cry, baby, don't cry, don't cry.
YOU'RE KIND
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON

Moderately, with a strong beat

Tacet

A6

A9

You're kind, you're so kind, you

mf

rescued me when I was blind.

And you put me on your pillow when

D

A


I was on the wall; you're kind, so kind, so kind.

And you're
good, you're so good; you introduced me to your neighborhood.

Seems like I ain't never had so many friends before; that's because you're good, you're so good.

Why you don't treat me like the other humans do is just a mystery to me. It gets me agitated.
when I think that you're gonna love me now
indefinitely So good
bye, goodbye,... I'm gonna leave you now and here's the reason why:
I like to
sleep with the window open and you keep the window closed... So goodbye,
goodbye, goodbye.
bye... Oh, oh, oh,
ACE IN THE HOLE
AMERICA
APRIL COME SHE WILL
AT THE ZOO
THE BOXER
THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE
BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER
CECILIA
CLOUDY
CONGRATULATIONS
DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES
DUNCAN
EVERYTHING PUT TOGETHER FALLS APART
THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE SONG (FEELIN' GROOVY)
FLOWERS NEVER BEND WITH THE RAINDROP
FOR EMILY, WHENEVER I MAY FIND HER
GONE AT LAST
GRACELAND
A HAZY SHADE OF WINTER
HEARTS AND BONES
HEY, SCHOOLGIRL
HOW THE HEART APPROACHES WHAT IT YEARNS
I AM A ROCK
I KNOW WHAT I KNOW
JONAH
KATHY'S SONG
KEEP THE CUSTOMER SATISFIED
KODACHROME
THE LATE, GREAT JOHNNY ACE
LATE IN THE EVENING
LOVES ME LIKE A ROCK
MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION
MY LITTLE TOWN
OH, MARION
OLD FRIENDS
ONE MAN'S CEILING IS ANOTHER MAN'S FLOOR
PUNKY'S DILEMMA
RENE AND GEORGETTE MAGRITTE WITH THEIR DOG AFTER THE WAR
RICHARD CORY
ST. JUDY'S COMET
SCARBOROUGH FAIR/CANTICLE
SOME POLK'S LIVES ROLL EASY
THE SOUND OF SILENCE
STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS
THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER
TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE
UNDER AFRICAN SKIES
WEDNESDAY MORNING, 3 AM
YOU'RE KIND