THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE

Words By
PAUL SIMÓN

Music By
PAUL SIMON and FORERE MOTLOHELOA

Moderately (♩= 3⁄4)

\[
\begin{align*}
A5 & \quad C \quad D \quad A5 \\
\underline{\text{mf}} \quad C \quad D \quad C \quad D \\
C \quad D \quad A5 \\
C \quad D \\
A5 \\
A5
\end{align*}
\]

It was a
It was a
It’s a

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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-a-round jump-shot, it's everybody jump-start, it's everybody 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 mir-

mothers and the fathers and the automatic earth. These are the days of mir-

boy in the bubble and the baby with the baboon heart. These are days of la-

acle and wonder.
acle and wonder.
sers in the jungle,
la-sers in the jungle some where.

The way the camera follows us in slow-

The way the camera follows us in slow-

Staccato signals of constant information,

the way we look to us all.

a loose affiliation of mil-

lionaires and billionaires and baby:

the way we look to a distant constellation that's

These are the days of miracle and wonder.
dying in a corner of the sky.

These are the days of mir-

This is the long distance call.

The way the camera fol-

acle and wonder and don't cry, baby, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.

acle and wonder and don't cry, baby, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.

ows us in slo-mo, the way we look to us all.

The way we look to a distant constellation that's dy-

oh yeah...
Sing 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.

Repeat and fade
GRACELAND

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately

E

The Mis-sis-sip-pi Del-ta was shin-ing like a Na-tion-al gui-

tar.

I am fol-low-ing the riv-er down the

high-way through the cra-dle of the Civil War.

I'm go-ing to Grace-

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I'm going to Grace-land.
I'm going to Grace-land.
I'm going to Grace-land.

For reasons I cannot explain, there's some

Poor boys and pilgrims with
Poor boys and pilgrims with

families and we are going to Grace-land.
Part of me wants to see Grace-land.
My travelling companion is
And I may be obliged to defend every

nine years old. He is the child of my first marriage.

But I've reason to believe we both
But I've reason to believe we all

love, every ending or may be there's no obligations, now.

Maybe I've a reason to believe we all
will be received in Grace-land.
will be received in Grace-land.
will be received in Grace-land.

She comes back to tell me she's gone.
There is a girl in New York Cit-y who
calls her-self the hu-man tram-po-line,

As if I didn't know that, as if I didn't know my own
bed,
some-times when I'm fall-ing, fly-ing or tum-bl-ing in tum-moil
I say, oh, so this is what she

the way she brushed her hair from her fore-head.
...And she said...
...And I see...

los-...ing love is like a wind-ow in your heart.
los-...ing love is like a wind-ow in your heart.
Everybody sees you're blown apart, everybody sees the
Everybody feels the

wind blow, I'm going to Grace
wind blow, I'm going to Grace

Repeat and fade
I KNOW WHAT I KNOW

Words By
PAUL SIMON

Music By
PAUL SIMON and GENERAL M.D. SHIRINDA

Moderately

C 0 0  F  G 0 0 0

C 0 0  F  G 0 0 0

C 0 0  F

She

looked me over and I guess she thought, I was all right, all
something about you that really reminds me of money."

She was the

moved so easily, all I could think of was sunlight. I said,
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.

"Are you the woman who was recently given a Fulbright?"

She said,

I said,

"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?"

I said,

She said,

I said,

"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

I know what I know.

Repeat and fade

I know what I know.

I know what I know.
GUMBOOTS

Words By
PAUL SIMON

Music By
PAUL SIMON, JONHJON MKHALALI and LULU MASILELA

Moderately fast

It was in the early morning hours when I fell into a
down-town phone call. I was walking down the street when I thought I heard this
voice say.
Be-liev-ing I had su-per-na-tu-ral "Say, ain't we walk-in' down the
re-ar-rang-ing my po-

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Situation on this friend of mine who'd had a little bit of a breakdown.
powers, I slammed into a brick wall.
same street together on the very same day?"

I said, "Breakdowns come and breakdowns go, so"
I said, "Is this my problem? Is this my fault?" If
I said, "Hey, Senorita, that's astute," I said,

what are you go'n' to do about it? That's what I'd like to know."
that's the way it's go'n' to be I wanna call the whole thing to a halt.
"Why don't we get together and call ourselves an institution."}
You don't feel you could love me, but I feel you could.
You don't feel you could love me, but I feel you could.

D.S. (lyric 1) and fade
DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON
Beginning By
PAUL SIMON and JOSEPH SHABALA

Moderately

E

(A-wa a-wa) O-

dez en-zu-en-e za-nam-ching. (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-

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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—

na na na. She got diamonds on the soles of her shoes—Ta
People say she's crazy, she got
She makes the sign of the teaspoon,

diamonds on the soles of her shoes.  
well, that's one way to lose these
he makes the sign of the wave.  
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 door-
keys...

She said, "You've taken me for granted because I please you, wearing these
way....

by the bodega and the lights on upper Broadway, wearing

diamonds on the soles of their shoes."

And I could say

oo...

{As if}

{And}
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.

F F/Bb Bb/C C F

F F/Bb Bb/C C
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

Tana tana tana, tana tana tana, tana tana tana.
YOU CAN CALL ME AL

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad C & \quad Bb & \quad F & \quad C & \quad F & \quad C & \quad Bb \\
\{ & \{ & \{ & \{ & \{ & \{ & \} & \} \\
\end{align*}
\]

A man walks down the street, he says,
A man walks down the street, he says,
A man walks down the street. It's a

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad C & \quad F & \quad F & \quad C & \quad F \\
\{ & \{ & \{ & \{ & \{ & \{ \\
\end{align*}
\]

"Why am I soft in the middle now?"
"Why am I short of attention?"
"Got a short little span of attention and"
"May be it's the third world."

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rest of my life is so hard. I need a photo opportunity.
oh, my nights are so long. Where's my wife and family?
maybe his first time around. Does not speak the language. He

I want a shot at redemption. Don't want to end up a cartoon in a
What if I die here? Who'll be my role model
holds no currency. He is a foreign man.

cartoon graveyard." Bone digger, bone digger,
now that my role model is gone, the sound;
He is surrounded by the sound, the sound;
Ducked back down the alley with some roly-poly little bat-faced girl
All a-dog in the moonlight far away in my well-lit door

Beer belly, beer belly, get these mutts away from me.
I don't find this stuff all around, all around. He sees angels in the architecture spinning in infinity. He says

Musing any more.
Amen and hallelujah.
If you'll be my bodyguard.
I can be your long-lost
C  
Bb  
F  
C  
F  
C  
Bb  
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Coda

F  C  Bb  F  C  F

Call me Al. Call me.

F  C  F  Gm  F  C  F  C  F

Na na na na na na na na na na.
Na na na na

Gm  F  C  F  F  Gm  C

Na na na na na. Hm, hm,

F  Gm  C  Gm  C  F

hm hm.

hm hm.
Repeat and fade

If you'll be my bodyguard,
I can call you Betty.
UNDER AFRICAN SKIES

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately fast (\( \frac{4\text{ notes}}{3\text{ beats}} \))

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Joseph's face
early memory
was

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} \\
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\end{align*}
\]

black mission
night. music
The pale ring
yellow

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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moon shine in his eyes. His 'round my nursery door.

path was this marked child, by the stars in the southern hemisphere.

Give her the wings to fly through harmony and she won't

skies. both you no more.
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.
HOMELESS

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON and JOSEPH SHABALALA

Moderately
No chord throughout

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Homeless, homeless. Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake.

Homeless, homeless.

Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake. We are homeless, we are homeless.

The moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake. And we are homeless.
looloo looloo looloo looloo looloo

Strong wind destroy our home

Man y dead to night, it could be you Strong wind destroy our home

Man y dead to night, it could be you And we are
home-less, home-less,
Moon-light sleep-ing on a
mid-night lake— And we are home-less,
home-less.

Moon-light sleep-ing on a mid-night lake— Home-less,

home-less— The moon-light sleep-ing on a mid-night lake—
Slightly faster


hel-lo, hel-lo, hel-lo. Some-body say (ih-hih-ih-hih-

ih). Some-body cry why, why, why? Some-body say

(ih-hih-ih-hih-ih). Some-body sing, hel-lo, hel-lo, hel-lo...
CRAZY LOVE, VOL. II  
Words and Music By  
PAUL SIMON

Moderately fast (\( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \))

Fat— Char—lie the arch— an—gel sloped in— to the  
She says she knows a—bout jokes. This time the joke is on

Fat— Char—lie the arch— an—gel files for di—

room. me.  
vorce.

He said, “I have no o—  
Well, I have no o—  
He says, “Well, this will eat up
pin-ion about this
and I have no o-
and I have no o-
and then there's all that

pin-ion about that.
Sad-as a lone-
Some-body could walk in-to this
She says the joke is on

pin-ion about me.

weight to be lost.

ly little wrinkled bal-loon.
He said, "Well, I don't claim to be

room and say your life is on fire.
It's all o-ver the

me, I say the joke is on her."
I said, "I have no o-
happy about this, boys, and I don't seem to be happy about that.

All about the fire in your life on the evening news.

We'll just have to wait and confer.

I don't want no part of this crazy love.

I don't want no part of your love.

I don't want no part of this cra-
THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately, in 2

F

A long time ago,

mf

Yeah,
you go,

be-fore you was born,

moth girl,
she's pretty as a prayer book,

and that was your father,

c

when I was still single

sweet as an apple
dude,

before you was born,

and life was on Christmas

when life was

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great...

Day... I held... this job as... a traveling

great... I said... "Good gracious... can this be

You are... the burden... of my... generation.

salesman... that kept... me moving from state to state...

my luck?... If that's my prayer book, Lord, let us pray."

tation... I sure... do love you. Let's get that straight.

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Las-

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Las-

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Las-
fa - yette, state of Lou - i - si - an - a,
fa - yette, state of Lou - i - si - an - a,
fa - yette, a - cross the street from the Pub - lic,

won’d’ring where a
won’d’ring what a
head - ing down to the

cit - y boy, could go
cit - y boy, could do
Lone Star Café

to get a lit - tle con - ver - sa -
to get her in a con - ver - sa -
May - be get a lit - tle con - ver - sa -

drink a lit - tle red wine,
drink a lit - tle red wine,
drink a lit - tle 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

[1.2.

A long comes a
Well, that was your

[3.

C

F

C/E

F
ALL AROUND THE WORLD
OR
THE MYTH OF FINGERPRINTS

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately fast

G x000
C 0 0 x000
D 0
C 0 0
G x000

O-ver the moun-tain, down in the val-ley, lives a for-mer talk-
Out in the In-di-an O-cean some-where, there’s a for-mer ar-
O-ver the moun-tain, down in the val-ley, lives the for-mer talk-

G x000
C 0 0
D 0
G x000
C 0 0
D 0

show host...
my post...
show host...

A Ev-’ry-bod-y knows his name._
ban-doned now just like the war._
Far and wide his name was known._

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He said, "There's no doubt about it,
And there's no doubt about it,
He said, "There's no doubt about it,
It was a myth of fingerprints.
It was the myth of fingerprints.
It was the myth of fingerprints.
I've seen them all, and man, they're all the same."
That's what that old aristocracy was for.
That's why we must learn to live alone.

To Coda
Well, the sun gets weary and the sun goes down every since the watermelon. And the lights come up on a black pit town. Somebody says, “What’s a better thing to do?”
Well, it's not just me and it's not just you. This is all around the world.

Oo, wee oo, oh ay.

Whoa, live on, live on, live on.