

Paul Simon

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OLD FRIENDS

Capo 4

Intro: Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Fmaj7 Cmaj7

Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Dm7 G7 C Am

Old Friends. Old Friends. Sat on their park bench like
bookends.

Dm7 G Am

A newspaper blown through the grass falls on the round toes of
the

Cmaj F C6

high shoes of the Old Friends.

Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Dm7 G7 Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7

Old Friends. Winter companions the old men. Lost in their

G7 C Am Dm7 G7 Em7

overcoats waiting for the sunset. The sounds of the city, sifting

Am G F C6

through trees, settle like dust on the shoulder of the Old Friends.

Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 F Fm C

Can you imagine us years from today, sharing a park bench
quietly?

Dm7 Am

How terribly strange to be seventy.

Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Dm7 G7 Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7 G7

Old Friends. Memory brushes the same years. Silently sharing
the

C6 Am

same fears.

UNDER AFRICAN SKIES

C F C/g G

Joseph's face was black as night
The pale yellow moon shone in his eyes
His path was marked
By the stars in the Southern Hemisphere
And he walked his days
Under African skies

Chorus

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 early memory
Mission music
Was ringing 'round my nursery door
I said take this child, Lord
From Tucson Arizona
Give her the wings to fly through harmony
And she won't bother you no more

Chorus

Repeat 1

RICHARD CORY

Intro Asus7 riff e g a c a g a D5 = riff

They say that Richard Cory owns one Am
half of this whole town G
With political connections Am
to spread his wealth around E7
Born into society, a banker's only child D5
He had everything a man could want Am G C
Power, grace, and style E7

But I work in his factory C Am
And I curse the life I'm living D5
And I curse my poverty D5
And I wish that I could be D5
Oh, I wish that I could be C Am
Oh, I wish that I could be D5 D7
Richard Cory Am

The papers print his picture
almost everywhere he goes
Richard Cory at the opera
Richard Cory at a show
And the rumor of his parties
and the orgies on his yacht!
Oh, he surely must be happy
with everything he's got. **Chorus**

He freely gave to charity, he had the common touch
And they were grateful for his patronage
and they thanked him very much
So my mind was filled with wonder
when the evening headlines read
"Richard Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his head."

Chorus

Try capo 2 Bm - this enables the blues riff on E

HOMeward BOUND

I'm sitting in the railway station.
Got a ticket for my destination.
On a tour of one-night stands my suitcase and guitar in hand.
And every stop is neatly planned for a poet and a one-man band.
Homeward bound,
I wish I was,

CHORUS

Homeward bound,
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Every day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines.
And each town looks the same to me, the movies and the
factories
And every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be,
Homeward bound,
I wish I was,

Tonight I'll sing my songs again,
I'll play the game and pretend.
But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony I need someone to comfort me.
Homeward bound,
I wish I was,

CHORUS

Silently for me

THE BOXER – C

Capo 5? Intro notes = g e d e d Bb e d g c Bb g – c Bb g

I am just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises
All lies and jests - Still a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest

When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station running scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

Lie la lie ...

Asking only workman's wages
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

Lie la lie ...

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
Bleeding me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that layed 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

AMERICA

C C/b Am Am/g F riff

Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together C C/b Am Am/g F
I've got some real estate here in my bag C C/b Am
So we bought a pack of cigarettes, and Mrs. Wagner pies Em A Em A
And we walked off to look for America D C G C Am (F)

Cathy, I said, as we boarded a Greyhnd in Pittsburgh C C/b Am Am/g F
Michigan seems like a dream to me now C C/b Am
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw G
And I've come to look for America D G D Cj

Laughlin' on the bus, playing games with the faces Bbj Cj
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy Bbj Cj
I said be careful, his bowtie is really a camera F Fj

C C/b Am Am/g F riff

Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat C C/b Am Am/g F
We smoked the last one an hour ago C C/b Am
So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine Em A Em A
And the moon rose over an open field D C G C Am (F)

Cathy, I'm lost, I said, though I knew she was sleeping C C/b Am Am/g F
I'm empty and I'm aching and I don't know why C C/b Am
Counting' the cars on the New Jersey turnpike G
They've all come to look for America, D G D Cj
all come to look for America D G D Cj

C C/b Am Am/g F

MRS ROBINSON

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey)

We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files
We'd like to help you learn to help yourself
Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes
Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey)

Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes
Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes
It's a little secret, just the Robinsons' affair
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids

Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey)

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidates debate
Laugh about it, shout about it
When you've got to choose
Ev'ry way you look at it, you lose

Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio
A nation turns it's lonely eyes to you (Woo, woo, woo)
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson

Joltin' Joe has left and gone away
(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey)

MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION

Intro G Em X 4

Chorus

No I would not give you false hope C D G
On a strange and mournful day C D G
But the mother and child reunion C D G Em
Is only a motion away Am G D D

Oh Little darling of mine Em
I can't for the life of me D
remember a sadder day Em
I know they say let it be D
but it just don't turn out that way Em
And the course of a lifetime C
runs over and over again D **Repeat Chorus**

Oh Little darling of mine Em
I just can't believe it's so Em D
though it seems strange to say Em D
I never been laid so low Em D
in such a mysterious way Em
And the course of a lifetime C
runs over and over again D **Repeat Chorus**

Outro – *has different chords from normal chorus!*

The mother and child reunion C D G Em
is only a motion away C D G
The mother and child reunion C D G Em
is only a motion away C D D

Repeat Intro = G Em X 4

KATHY'S SONG

Capo 3 (cf Eva Cassidy version – P simon org in F# - tuned down)
D5 C G G/c

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| I hear the drizzle of the rain | G G/c G |
| Like a memory it falls | Am Am/g Am/f# |
| Soft and warm continuing | G G/f# - C (C/b) |
| Tapping on my roof and walls | Am Am/g D/f# G (G/c G) |

And from the shelter of my mind
Through the window of my eyes
I gaze beyond the rain-drenched streets
To England where my heart lies

My mind's distracted and confused
My thoughts are many miles away
They lie with you when your sleep
And kiss you when you start your day

Intro riff

And this song I was writing is left undone
I don't know why I spend my time
Writing songs I can't believe
With words that tear and strain to rhyme

And so you see I have come to doubt
All that I once held as true
I stand alone without beliefs
The only truth I know is you

And as I watch the drops of rain
Weave their weary paths and die
I know that I am like the rain
There but for the grace of you go I

Instrumental on verse

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Key ?

Hello, darkness, my old friend
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
Still remains - Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night - And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never shared
And no one dared - Disturb the sound of silence

"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

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 sign said, "The words of the prophets
Are written on the subway walls
And tenement halls - And whispered in the sounds of silence"

THE ONLY LIVING BOY IN NEW YORK

Capo 3 A ?

Tom, get your plane right on time
I know your part'll go fine
Fly down to Mexico
Doh-n-doh-de-doh-n-doh
And here I am
The only living boy in New York

I get the news I need
On the weather report
Oh, I can gather all the news I need
On the weather report
Hey, I've got nothing to do today
But smile, de-doh-n-doh-de-doh
And here I am
The only living boy in New York

Mid 8
Half of the time we're gone
But we don't know where
And we don't know where

Solo on verse – repeat Mid 8

Tom, get your plane right on time
I know that you've been eager to fly now
Hey let your honesty shine, shine, shine now
Doh-n-doh-de-doh-n-doh
Like it shines on me
The only living boy in New York
The only living boy in New York

CITIZEN OF THE PLANET

Full - D/g D D D7 D7 Em Em^c C C G c/g G D D G C/g G (D)

Basic - D/g D D7 Em C G D G C G D

Chorus

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| I am a citizen of the planet | D D7 (D7) |
| I was born here | G C/g G |
| I'm going to die here | G/F# Em |
| Come what may | A7 D D7 |
| I (we) am entitled by my birth | G G |
| To the treasures of the earth | (Am7 G/b) C C |
| No one must be denied these | C (g f# e e d) G |
| No one must be denied | C D G |
| Easy dreams | Em |
| At the end of a chain-smokin' day | D G (Am7 G/b) C C |
| Easy dreams at the end of the day | G D G (C/g G) |
| | |
| Who am I to believe | G D |
| That the future we perceive | Em C |
| Lies in danger and the dangers increase | G D Em (D) |
| Who are we to demand | Dsus4/g D |
| That the leaders of the land | Em C |
| Hear the voices of reason and peace | G D G (C/g G D) |

Chorus

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Who am I to deny | G D |
| What my eyes can clearly see | Em C |
| And raise a child with a flame in his heart | G D Em (D) |
| Who are we to believe | Dsus4/g D |
| That these dreams are just naive | Em C |
| When we've all disagreed from the start | G D G (C/g G D) |
| | |
| G D Em C G D G C/g G | |

CITIZEN OF THE PLANET

[Intro]

Gsus2 D7 Em Em#5 Em C
| / / / / / | / / / / / | / / ___ / / / | / / / / / |

G G4 G D G C/G G
| / / ___ / / / | / / / / / | / / / / / | / / / |

[Chorus]

D D7 G C/G G
I am a citizen of the planet, I was born here,
 G/F# Em A7 D D6 D7
I'm going to die here, come what may,
 D G C/G G Am7 G/B C
I am en - titled by my birth to the treasures of the
earth,
 C C/B C/A G C D7 G
No one must be de - nied these, no one must be de - nied,
 G G/F# Em D G Am7 G/B C
Eas - y dreams at the end of a chain - smok - ing day,
 G G/F# G/E D7 G C/G G
Easy dreams at the end of a day!

[Verse 2]

 G D7 Em C
Who am I to be - lieve that the future we per - ceive...
 G D Em D
...Lies in danger, and the dangers in - crease?
 G D7 Em C
Who are we to de - mand that the leaders of the land...
 G D G C/G G
...Hear the voices of reason and peace?

[Chorus]

D D7 G C/G
G
We are the citizens of the planet, we were born here,
 G/F# Em A7 D D6 D7
We're going to die here, come what may,
 D G C/G G Am7 G/B C
We are en - titled by our birth to the treasures of the
earth,
 C C/B C/A G C D7 G
No one must be de - nied these, no one must be de - nied,
 G G/F# Em D G Am7 G/B C
Eas - y dreams at the end of a chain - smok - ing day,
 G G/F# G/E D7 G C/G G
Easy dreams at the end of a day!

[Verse 3]

Who am I to de - ny what my eyes can clearly see,
And raise a child with a flame in his heart?

Who are we to be - lieve that these dreams are just nai - ve,
When we've all disa - greed from the start?

[Chorus]

We are the citizens of the planet, we were born here,
We're going to die here, come what may,
We are en - titled by our birth to the treasures of the earth,
No one must be de - nied these, no one must be de - nied,
Easy dreams at the end of a chain - smok - ing day,
Easy dreams at the end of a day!

[Coda]

Gsus2 D7 Em Em#5 Em C
| / / / / | / / / / | / / / / | / / / / |
G G4 G D G C/G G
| / / / / | / / / / | / / / / | / / / / |

BORN AT THE RIGHT TIME

Down among the reeds and rushes
A baby boy was found
His eyes as clear as centuries
His silky hair was brown

Never been lonely
Never been lied to
Never had to scuffle in fear
Nothing denied to
Born at the instant
The church bells chime
And the whole world whispering
Born at the right time

Me and my buddies, we are travelling people
We like to go down to Restaurant Row
Spend those Eurodollars
All the way from Washington to Tokyo
Well, I see them in the airport lounges
Upon their mother's breast
They follow me with open eyes
Their uninvited guest

Never been lonely
Never been lied to
Never had to scuffle in fear
Nothing denied to
Born at the instant
The church bells chime
And the whole world whispering
Born at the right time

There's too many people on the bus from the airport
Too many holes in the crust of the earth
The planet groans
Every time it registers another birth
But down among the reeds and rushes
A baby girl was found
Her eyes as clear as centuries Her silky hair was brown

PARANOIA BLUES

I got some so-called friends
They'll smile right to my face
But, when my back is turned
They'd like to stick it to me Yes they would
Oh no no, oh no no
There's only one thing I need to know
Whose side are you on

I fly into J.F.K.
My heart goes boom boom boom
I know that customs man
He's going to take me
To that little room
Oh no, no. Oh no, no
There's only one thing I need to know Whose side are you on
Whose side are you on

CHORUS

I got the paranoia blues
From knocking around In New York City
Where they roll you for a nickel
And they stick you for the extra dime
Anyway you choose, you're bound to lose in New York City
Oh I just got out in the nick of time
Well I just got out in the nick of time

Once I was down in Chinatown
I was eating some Lin's Chow Fon
I happened to turn around
And when I looked I see
My Chow Fon's gone
Oh no, no. Oh no, no
There's only one thing I need to know
Whose side are you on, whose side are you on
There's only one thing I need to know
Whose side, whose side, whose side X 3