

Paul Simon

OLD FRIENDS	2
UNDER AFRICAN SKIES	3
RICHARD CORY	4
HOMEWARD BOUND	5
THE BOXER - C	6
AMERICA	7
MRS ROBINSON	8
MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION	10
KATHY'S SONG	11

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

G Em

No I would not give you false hope
On a strange and mournful day
But the mother and child reunion
Is only a motion away
Oh Little darling of mine

I can't for the life of me
remember a sadder day
I know they say let it be
but it just don't turn out that way
And the course of a lifetime
runs over and over again

I just can't believe it's so
though it seems strange to say
I never been laid so low
in such a mysterious way
And the course of a lifetime
runs over and over again

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