PAUL · SIMON
GRACELAND

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Transcribed and Arranged by John Curtin

Photo: Robert Mapplethorpe

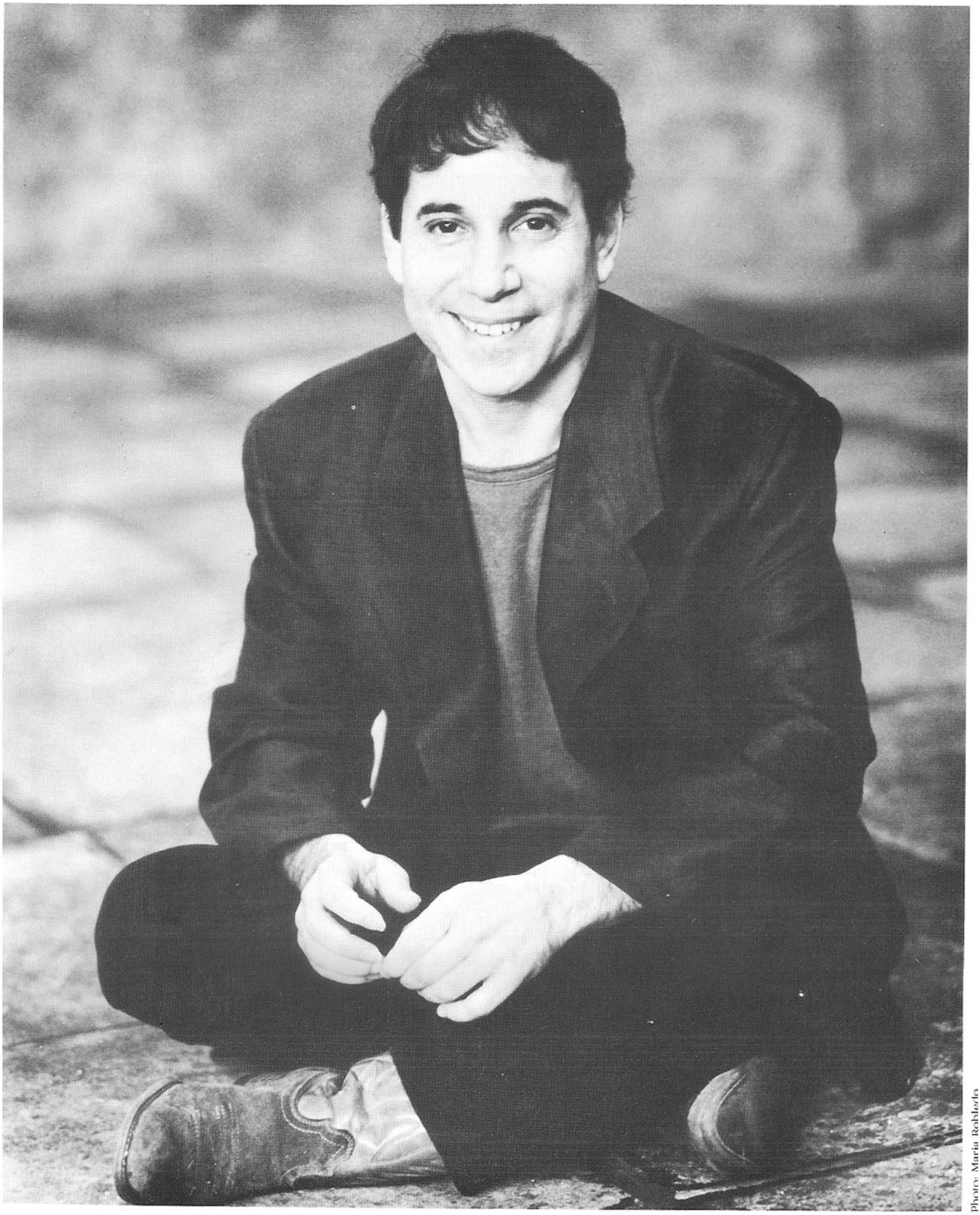
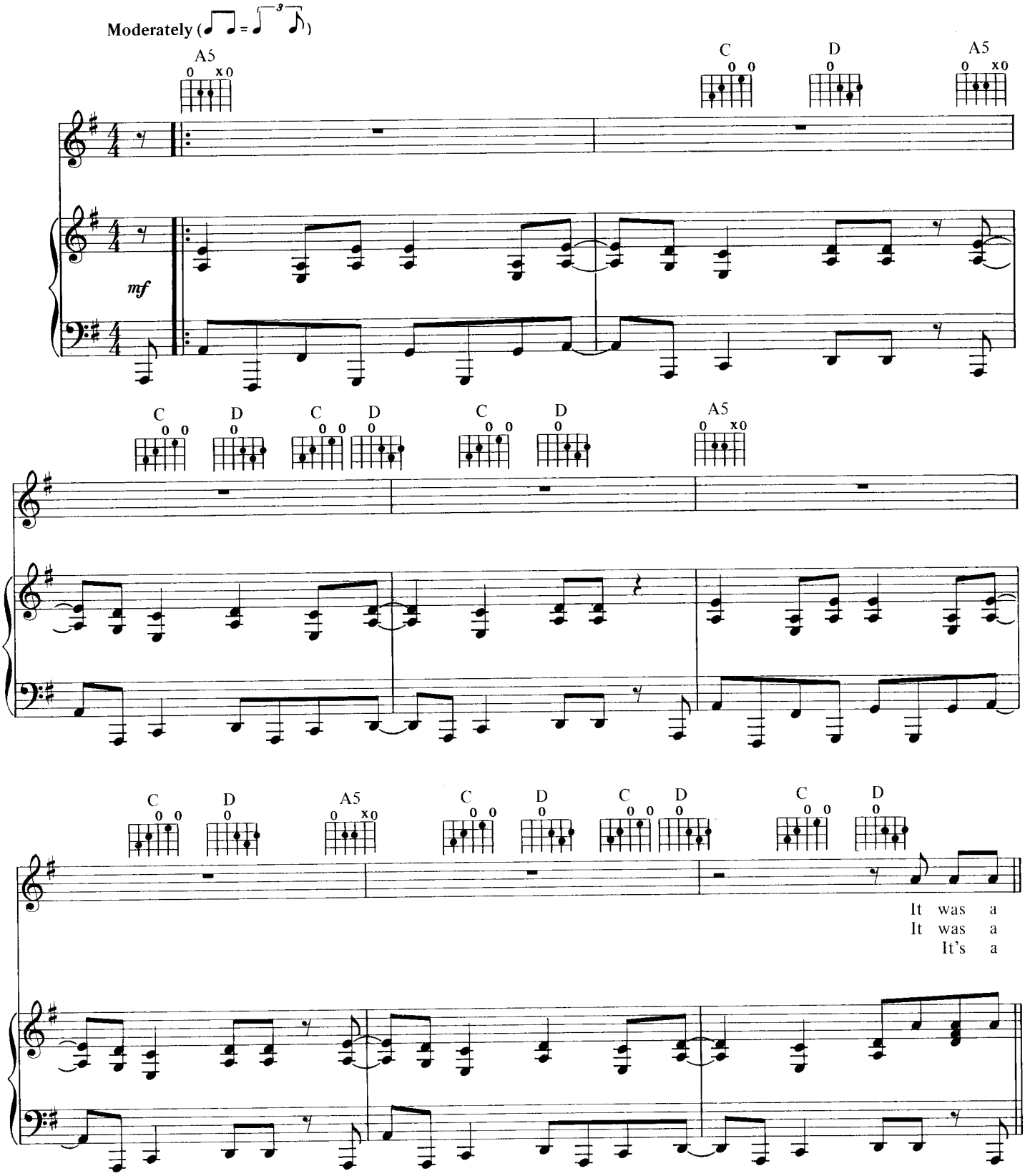


Photo: Maria Robledo

THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE

Words By
PAUL SIMON

Music By
PAUL SIMON and FORERE MOTLOHELOA



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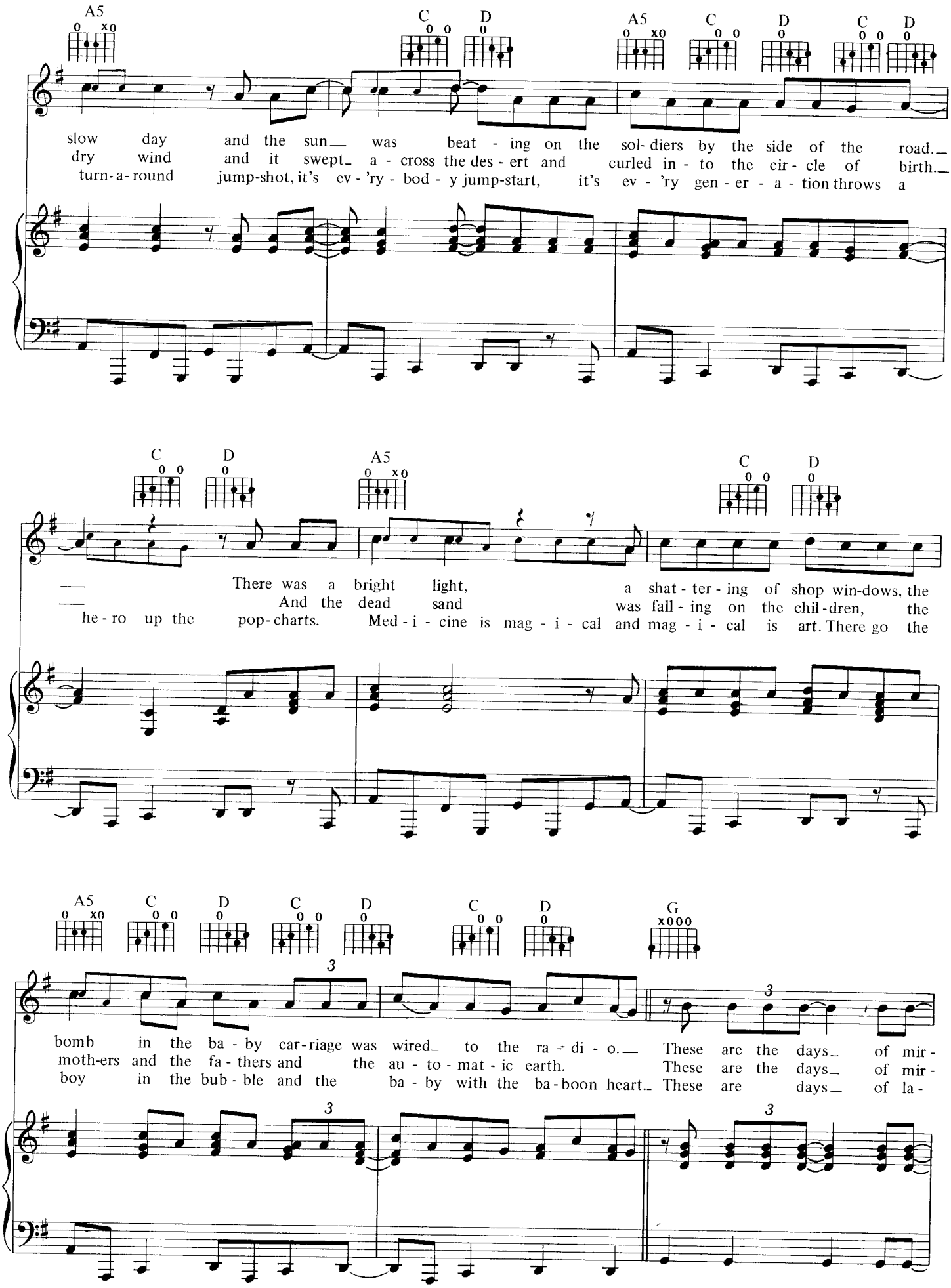
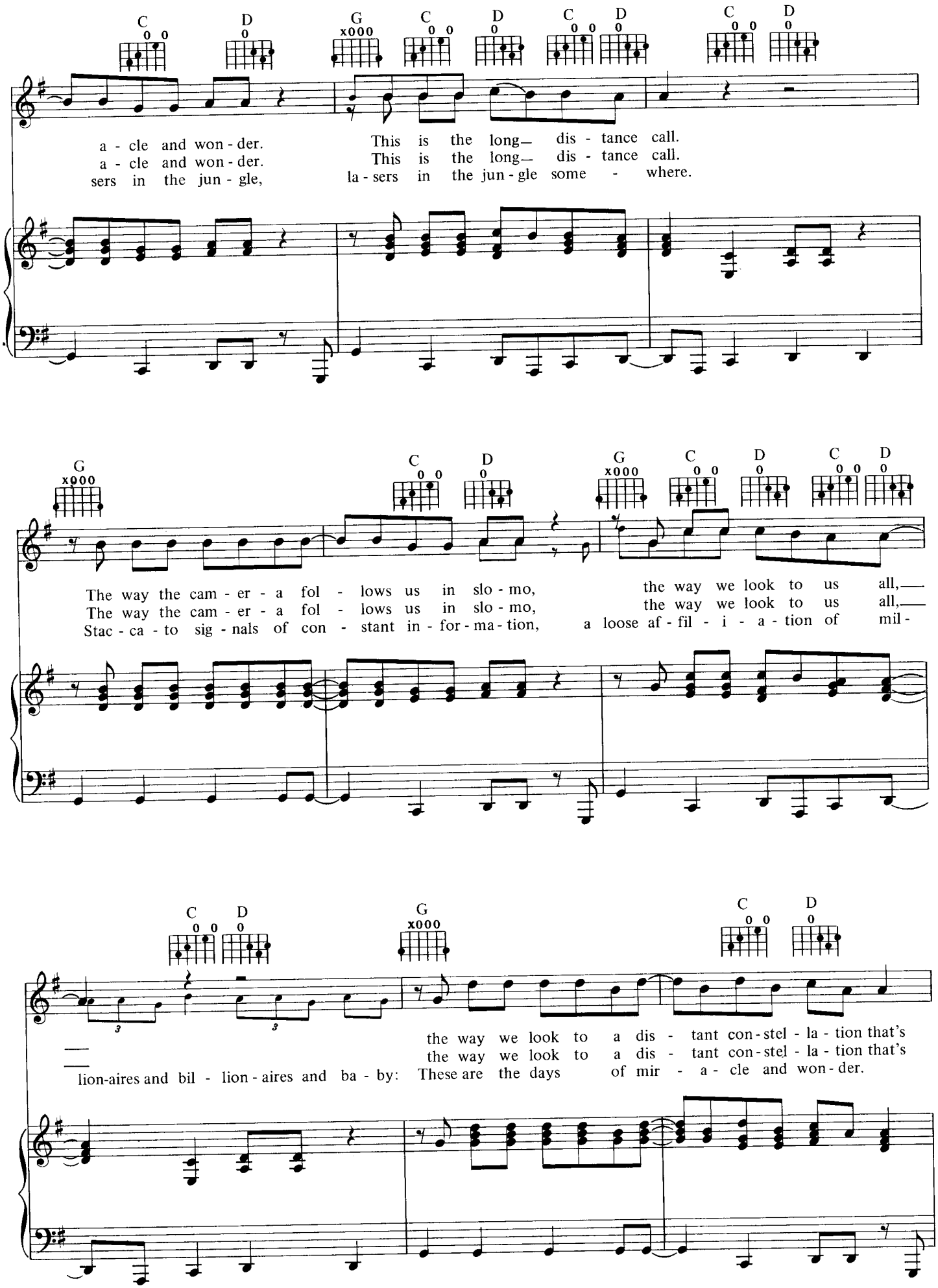
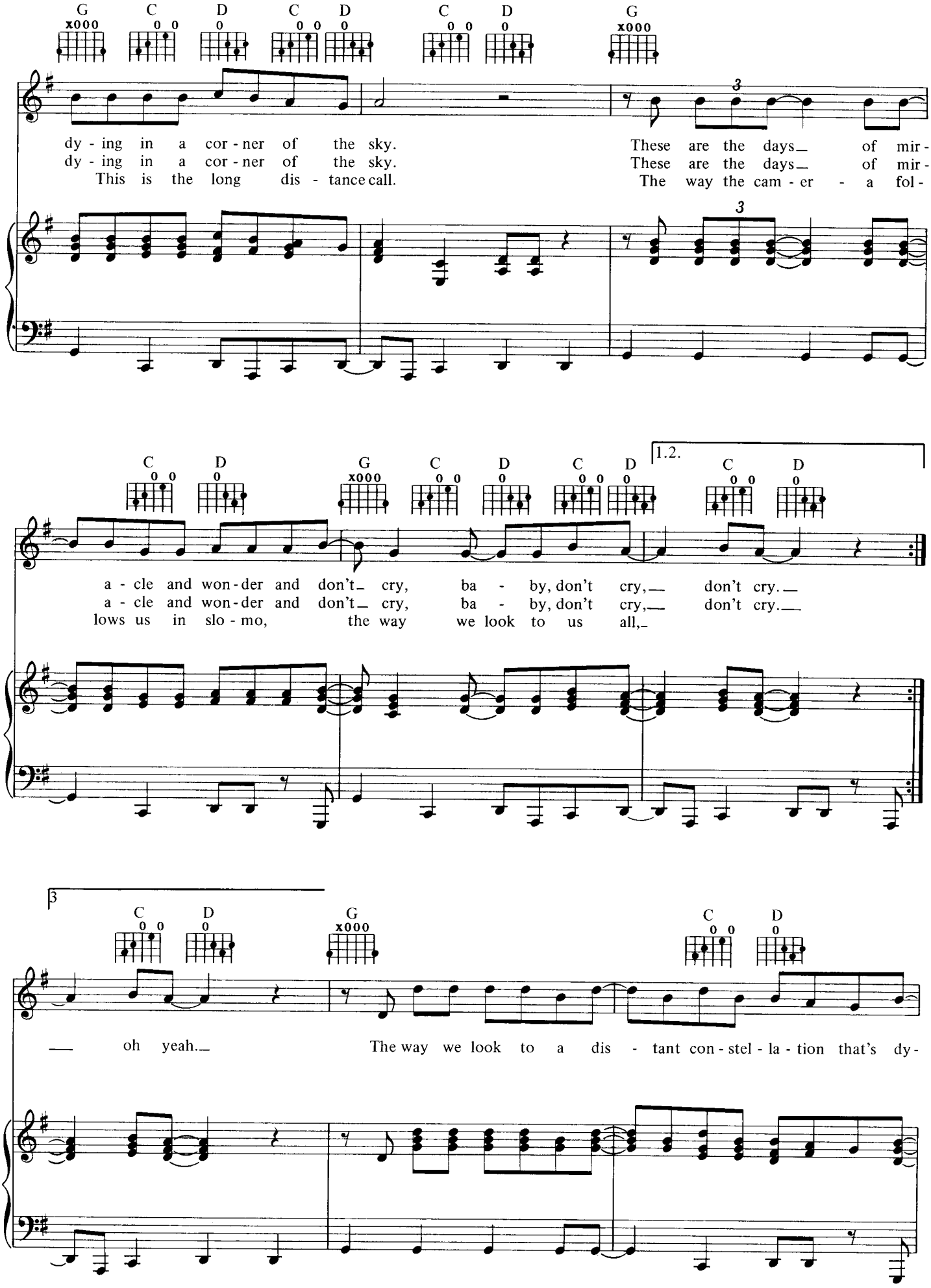
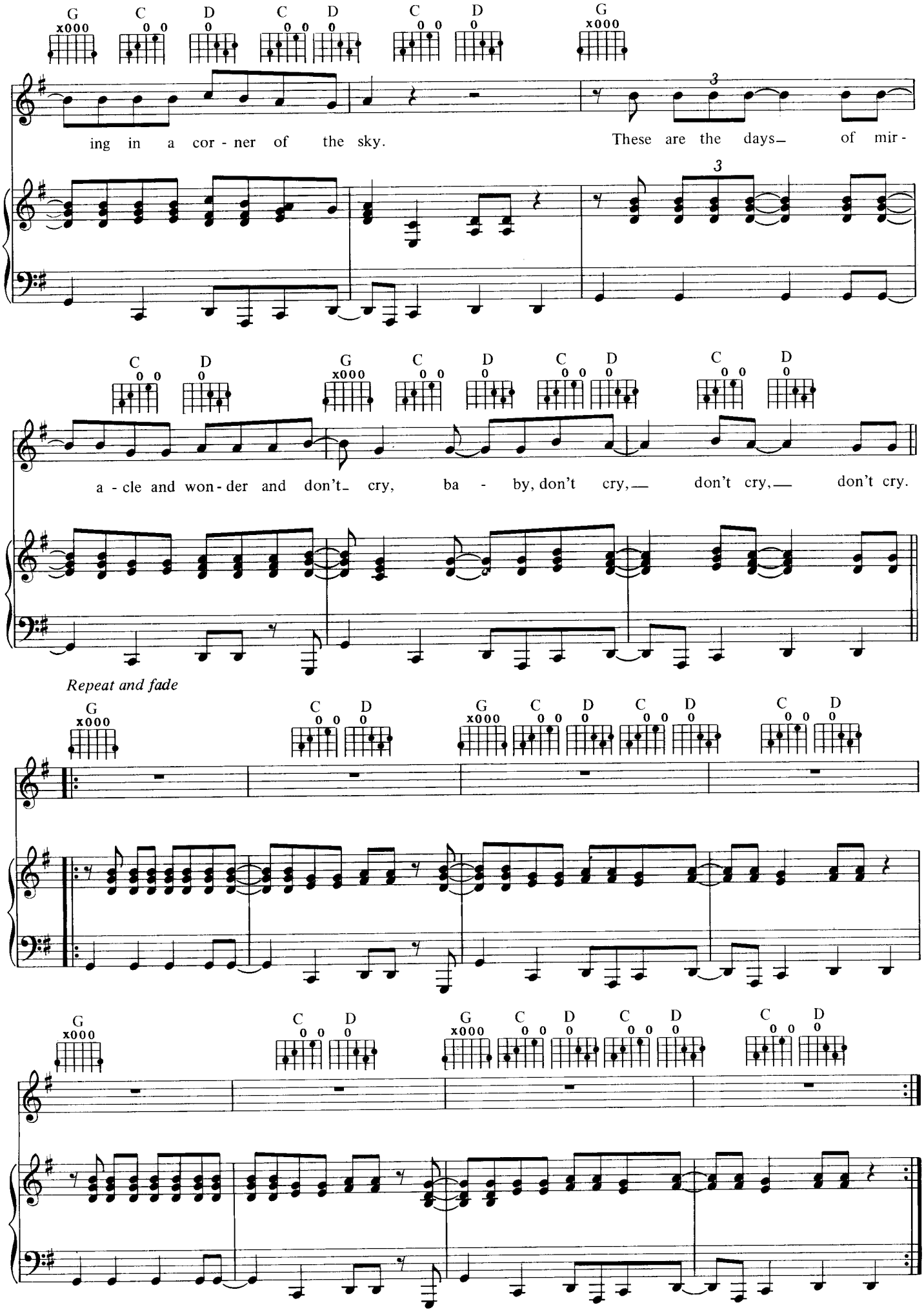

A5 C D A5 C D C D
slow day and the sun was beat - ing on the sol - diers by the side of the road.
dry wind and it swept a - cross the des - ert and curled in - to the cir - cle of birth.
turn-a-round jump-shot, it's ev - 'ry - bod - y jump-start, it's ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion throws a
C D A5 C D
There was a bright light, a shat - ter - ing of shop win-dows, the
And the dead sand was fall - ing on the chil - dren, the
he - ro up the pop - charts. Med - i - cine is mag - i - cal and mag - i - cal is art. There go the
A5 C D C D C D G
bomb in the ba - by car - riage was wired to the ra - di - o. These are the days of mir -
moth-ers and the fa - thers and the au - to - mat - ic earth. These are the days of mir -
boy in the bub - ble and the ba - by with the ba - boon heart. These are days of la -

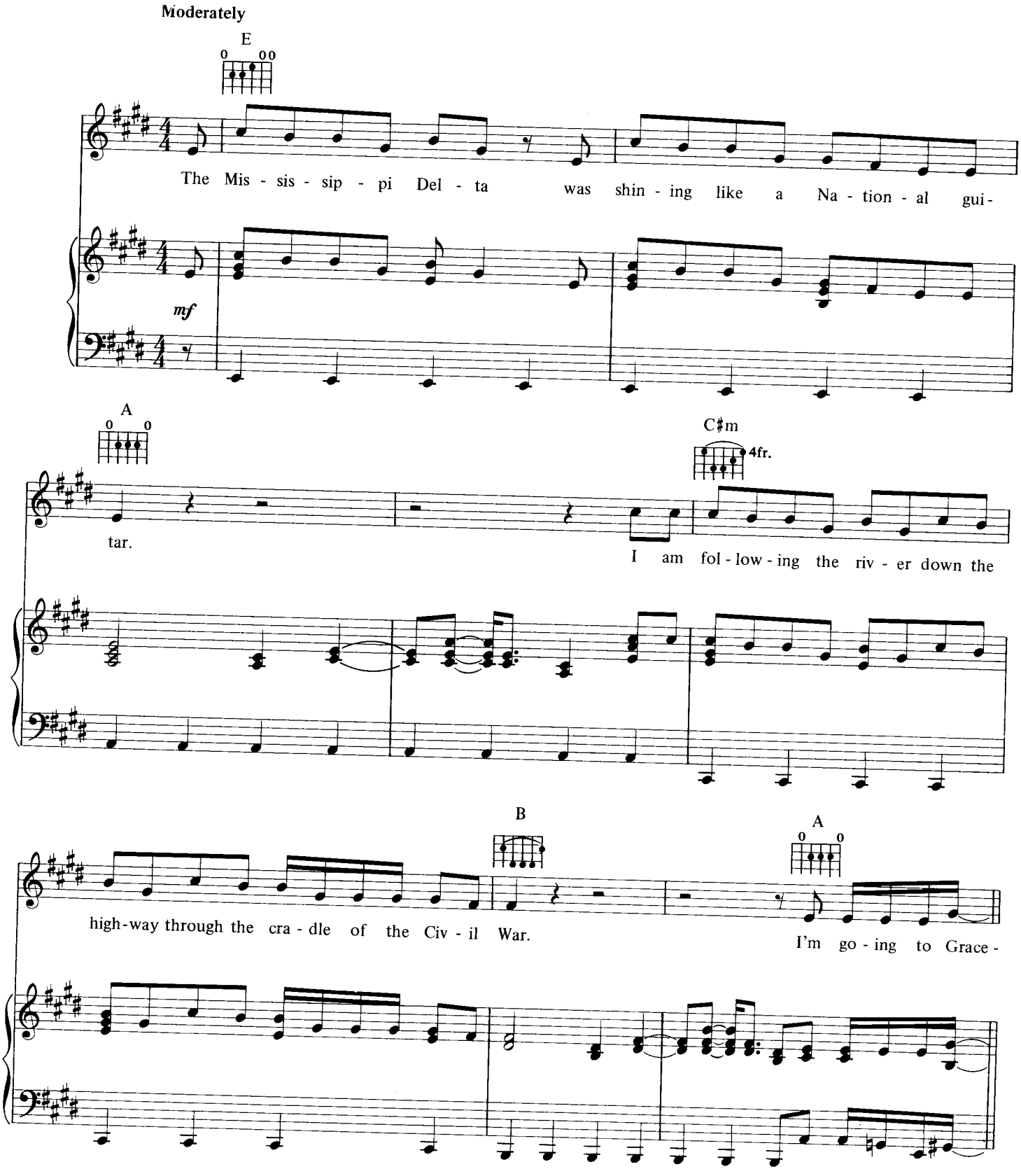

C D G C D C D C D
a - cle and won - der. This is the long— dis - tance call.
a - cle and won - der. This is the long— dis - tance call.
sers in the jun - gle, la - sers in the jun - gle some - where.
G C D G C D C D
The way the cam - er - a fol - lows us in slo - mo, the way we look to us all,—
The way the cam - er - a fol - lows us in slo - mo, the way we look to us all,—
Stac - ca - to sig - nals of con - stant in - for - ma - tion, a loose af - fil - i - a - tion of mil -
C D G C D
— the way we look to a dis - tant con - stel - la - tion that's
— the way we look to a dis - tant con - stel - la - tion that's
lion-aires and bil - lion - aires and ba - by: These are the days of mir - a - cle and won - der.


G C D C D C D G
dy - ing in a cor - ner of the sky. These are the days_ of mir -
dy - ing in a cor - ner of the sky. These are the days_ of mir -
This is the long dis - tance call. The way the cam - er - a fol -
C D G C D C D 1.2. C D
a - cle and won - der and don't_ cry, ba - by, don't cry,_ don't cry._
a - cle and won - der and don't_ cry, ba - by, don't cry,_ don't cry._
lows us in slo - mo, the way we look to us all,_
3
C D G C D
_ oh yeah._ The way we look to a dis - tant con - stel - la - tion that's dy -


G C D C D C D G
ing in a cor - ner of the sky. These are the days of mir -
C D G C D C D C D
a - cle and won - der and don't cry, ba - by, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.
Repeat and fade
G C D G C D C D C D
G C D G C D C D C D

GRACELAND

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON



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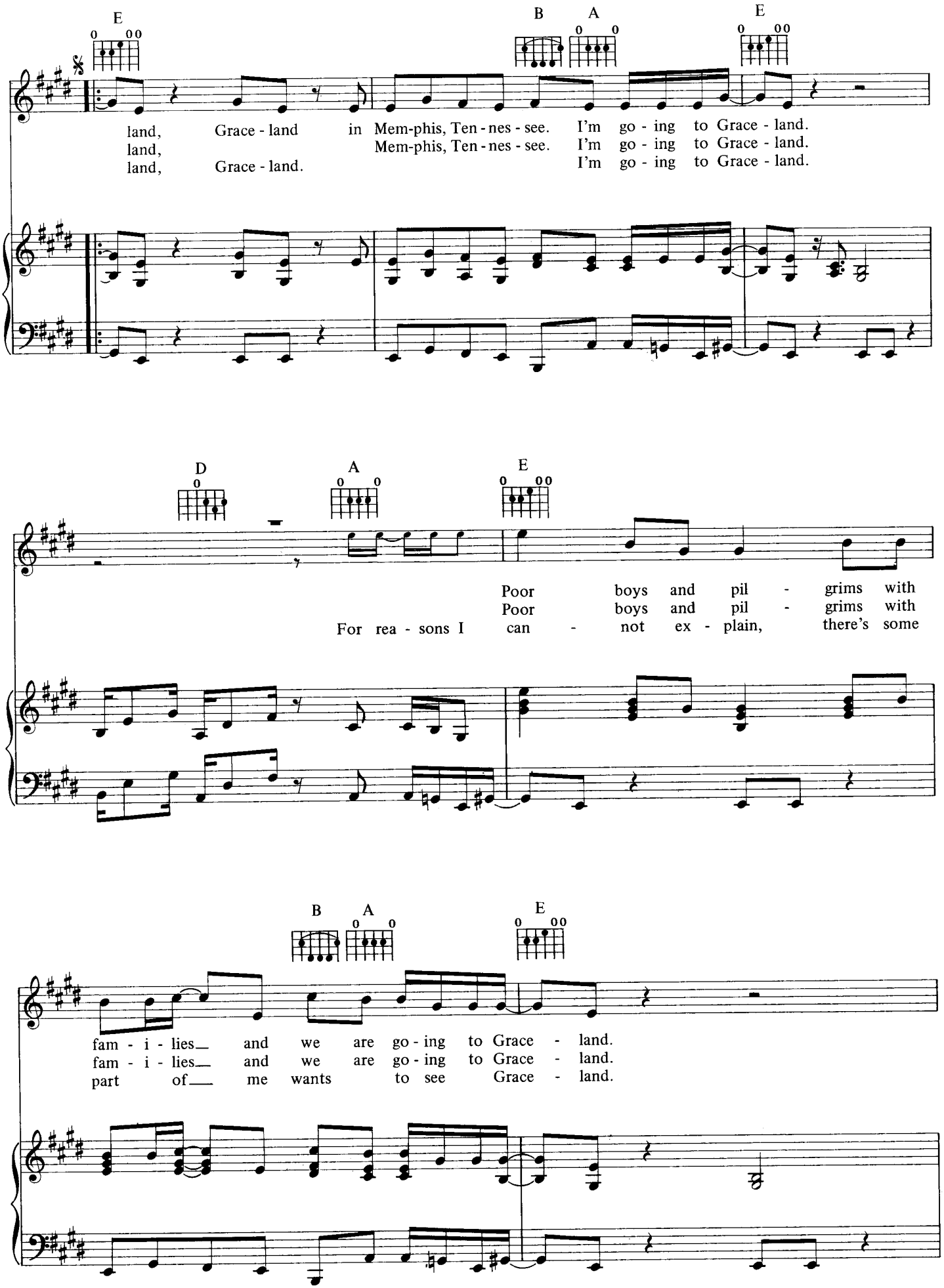
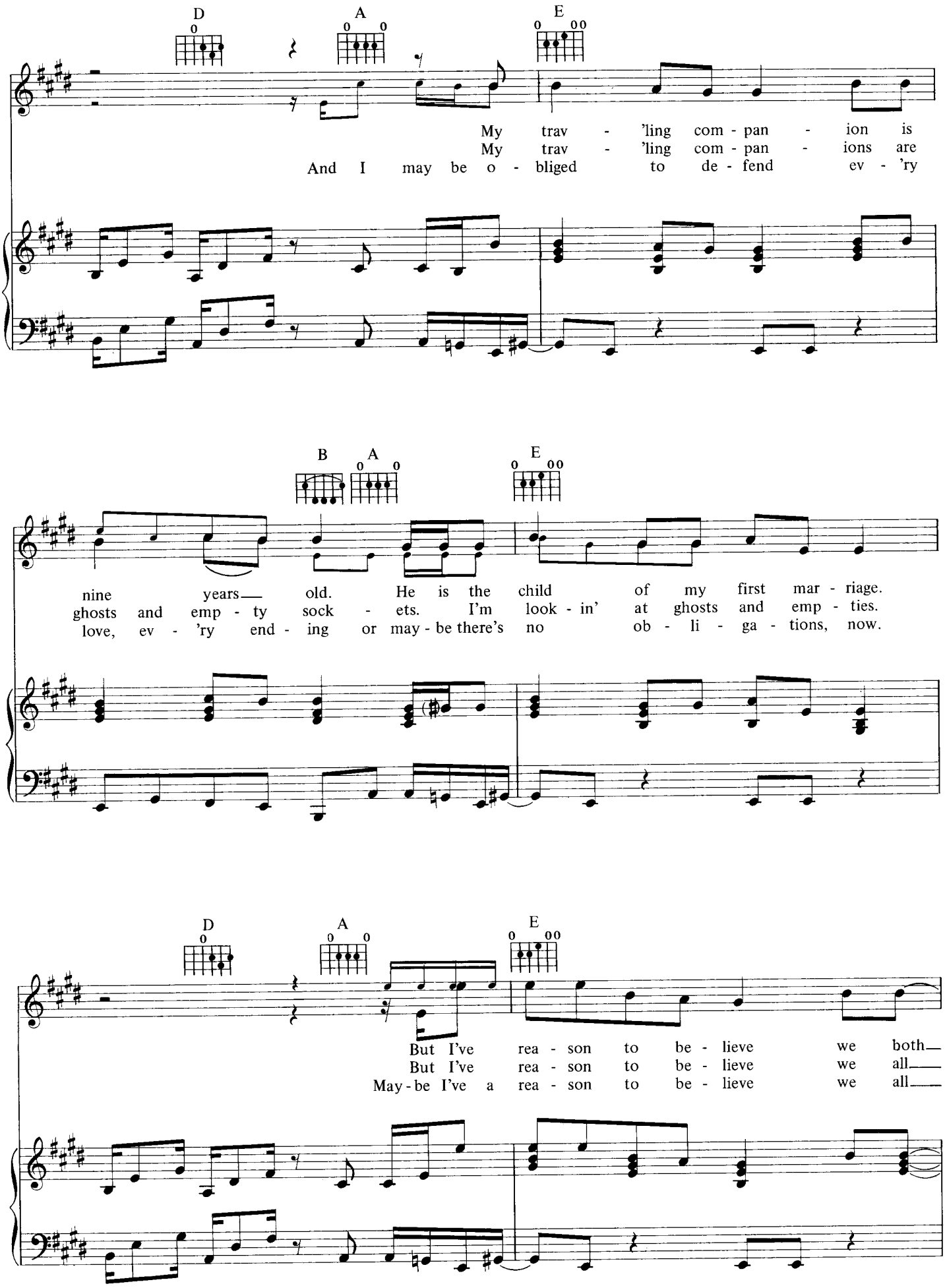
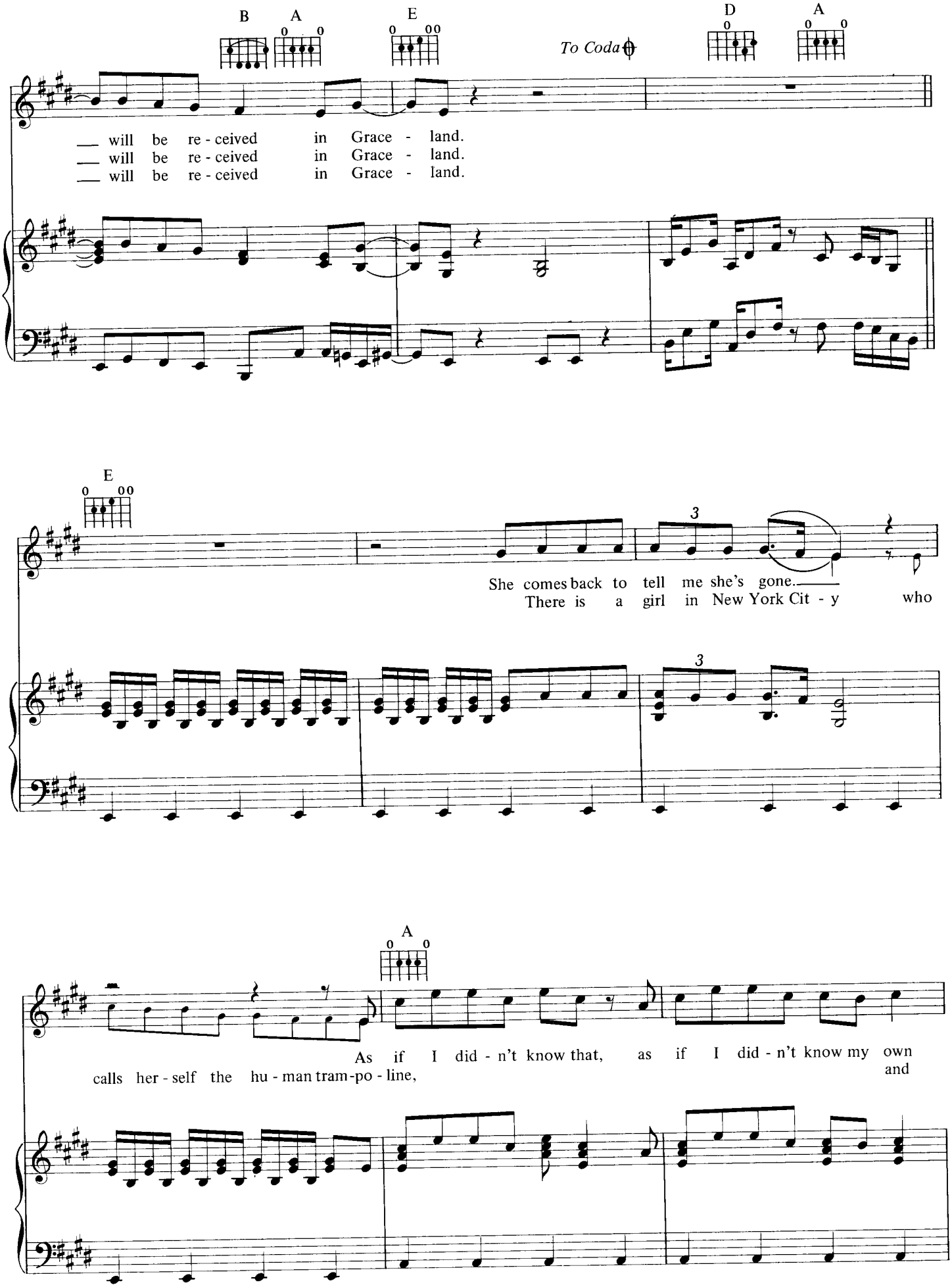
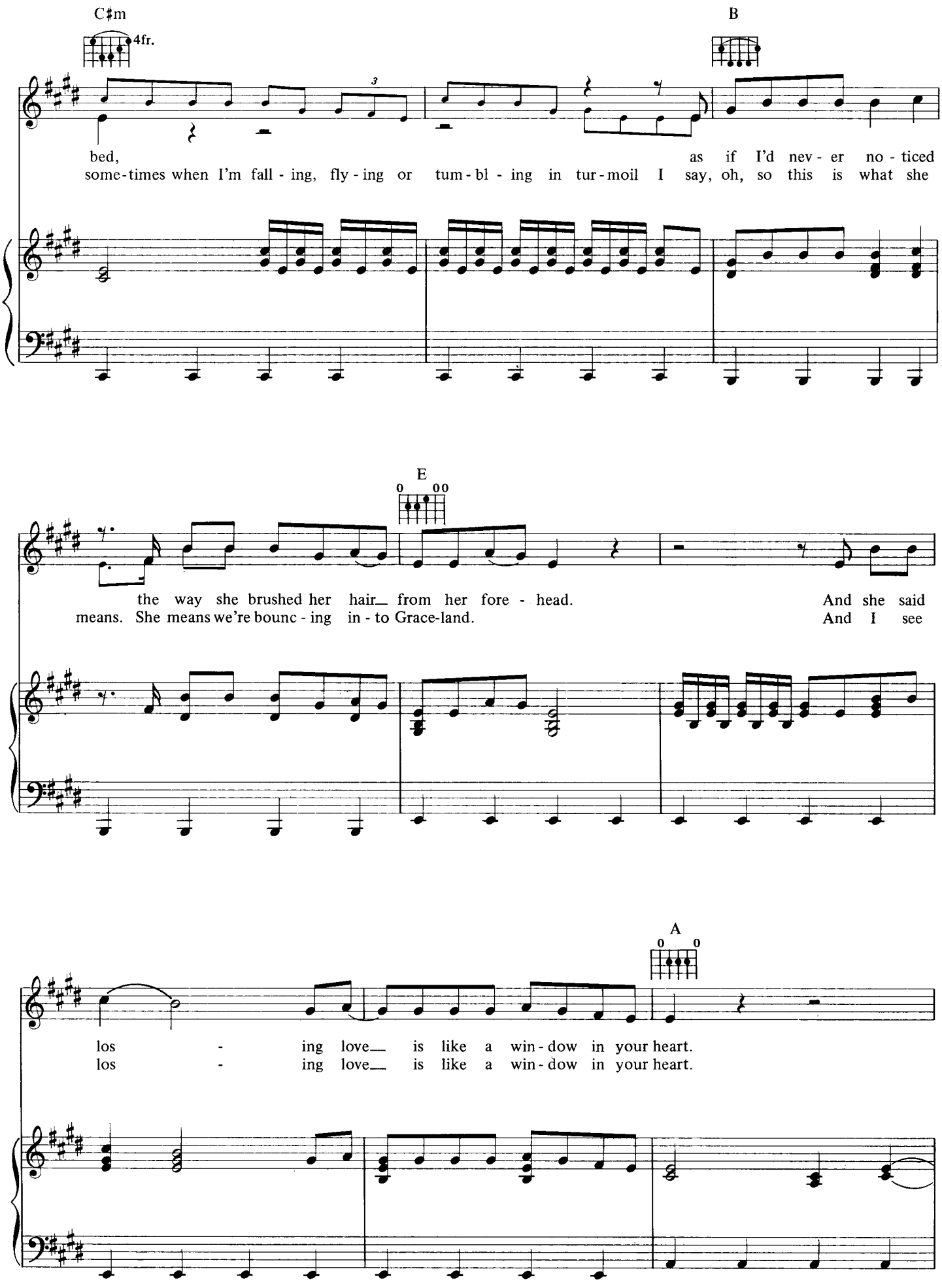
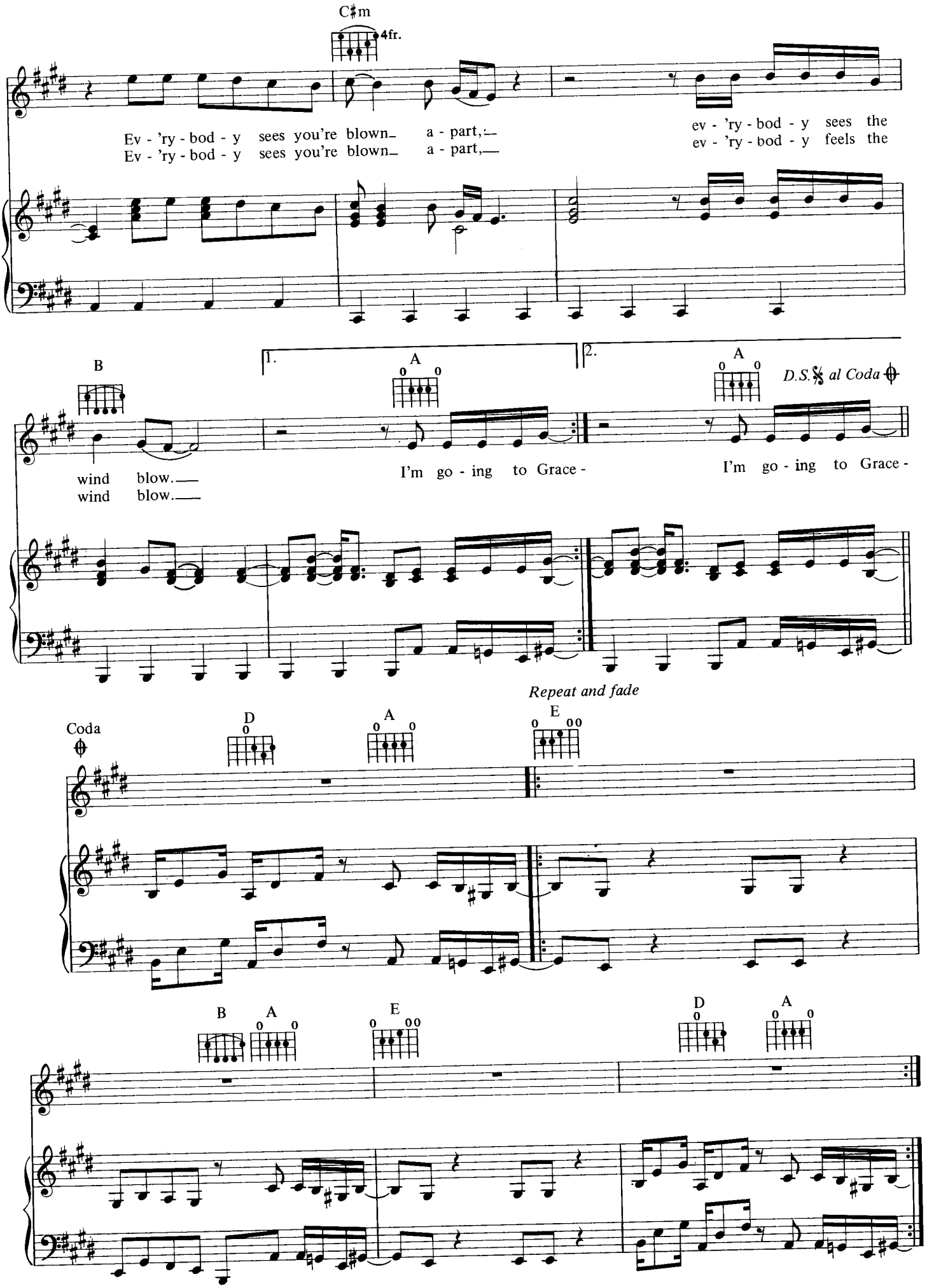

E
B
A
E
land, Grace - land in Mem-phis, Ten - nes - see. I'm go - ing to Grace - land.
land, Mem-phis, Ten - nes - see. I'm go - ing to Grace - land.
land, Grace - land. I'm go - ing to Grace - land.
D
A
E
Poor boys and pil - grims with
Poor boys and pil - grims with
For rea - sons I can - not ex - plain, there's some
B
A
E
fam - i - lies and we are go - ing to Grace - land.
fam - i - lies and we are go - ing to Grace - land.
part of me wants to see Grace - land.


D
A
E
My trav - 'ling com - pan - ion is
My trav - 'ling com - pan - ions are
And I may be o - bliged to de - fend ev - 'ry
B
A
E
nine years old. He is the child of my first mar - riage.
ghosts and emp - ty sock - ets. I'm look - in' at ghosts and emp - ties.
love, ev - 'ry end - ing or may - be there's no ob - li - ga - tions, now.
D
A
E
But I've rea - son to be - lieve we both
But I've rea - son to be - lieve we all
May - be I've a rea - son to be - lieve we all


B
A
E
To Coda
D
A
___ will be re - ceived in Grace - land.
___ will be re - ceived in Grace - land.
___ will be re - ceived in Grace - land.
E
3
She comes back to tell me she's gone.
There is a girl in New York Cit - y who
3
A
As if I did - n't know that, as if I did - n't know my own
calls her - self the hu - man tram-po - line, and

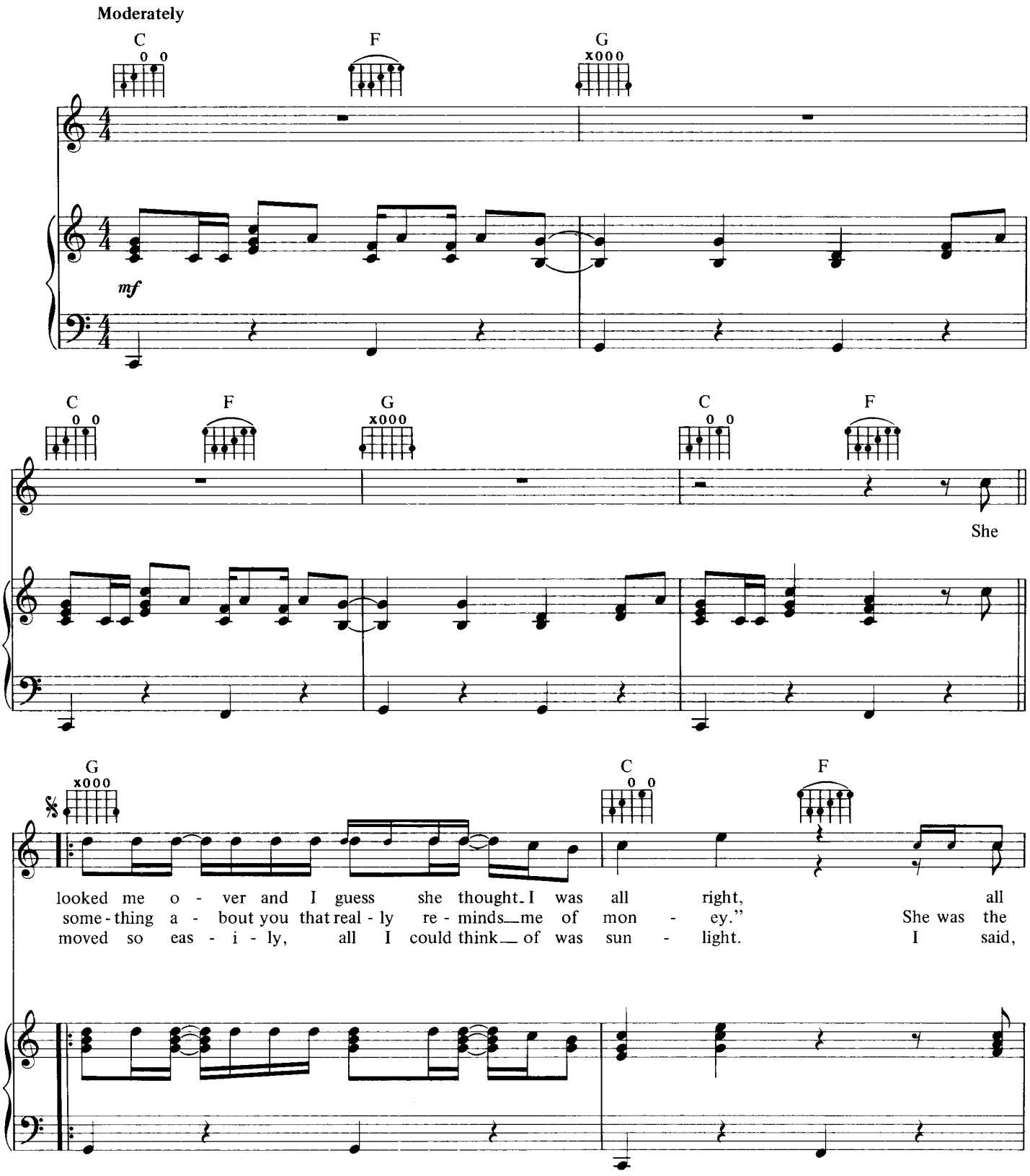

C♯m
4fr.
B
bed, as if I'd nev - er no - ticed
some-times when I'm fall - ing, fly - ing or tum - bl - ing in tur - moil I say, oh, so this is what she
E
the way she brushed her hair from her fore - head. And she said
means. She means we're bounc - ing in - to Grace-land. And I see
A
los - ing love is like a win - dow in your heart.
los - ing love is like a win - dow in your heart.


C♯m
4fr.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y sees you're blown_ a - part,—
Ev - 'ry - bod - y sees you're blown_ a - part,—
ev - 'ry - bod - y sees the
ev - 'ry - bod - y feels the
B
1.
A
2.
A
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
wind blow.—
wind blow.—
I'm go - ing to Grace -
I'm go - ing to Grace -
Repeat and fade
Coda
D
A
E
B
A
E
D
A

I KNOW WHAT I KNOW

Words By
PAUL SIMON

Music By
PAUL SIMON and GENERAL M.D. SHIRINDA



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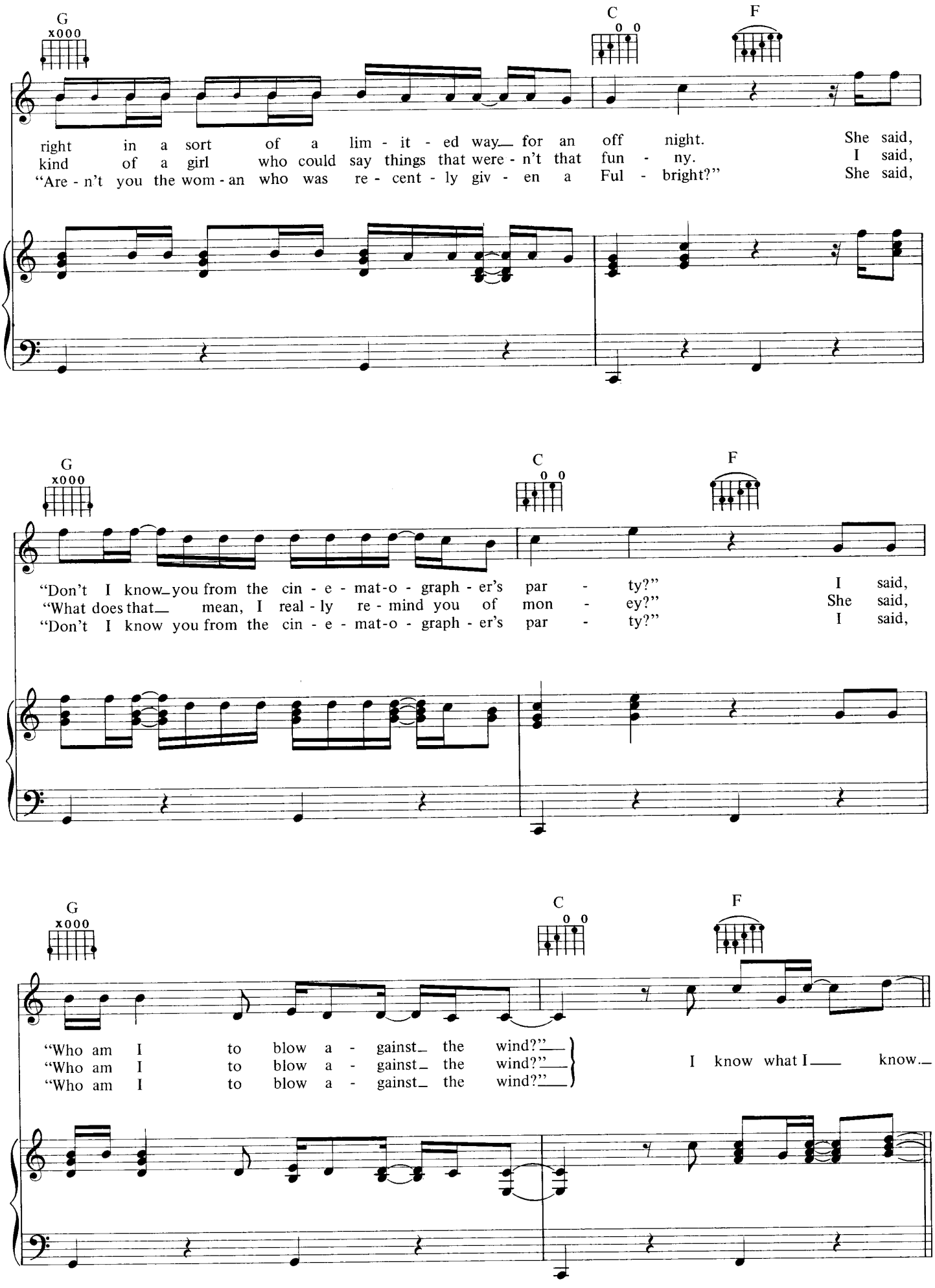
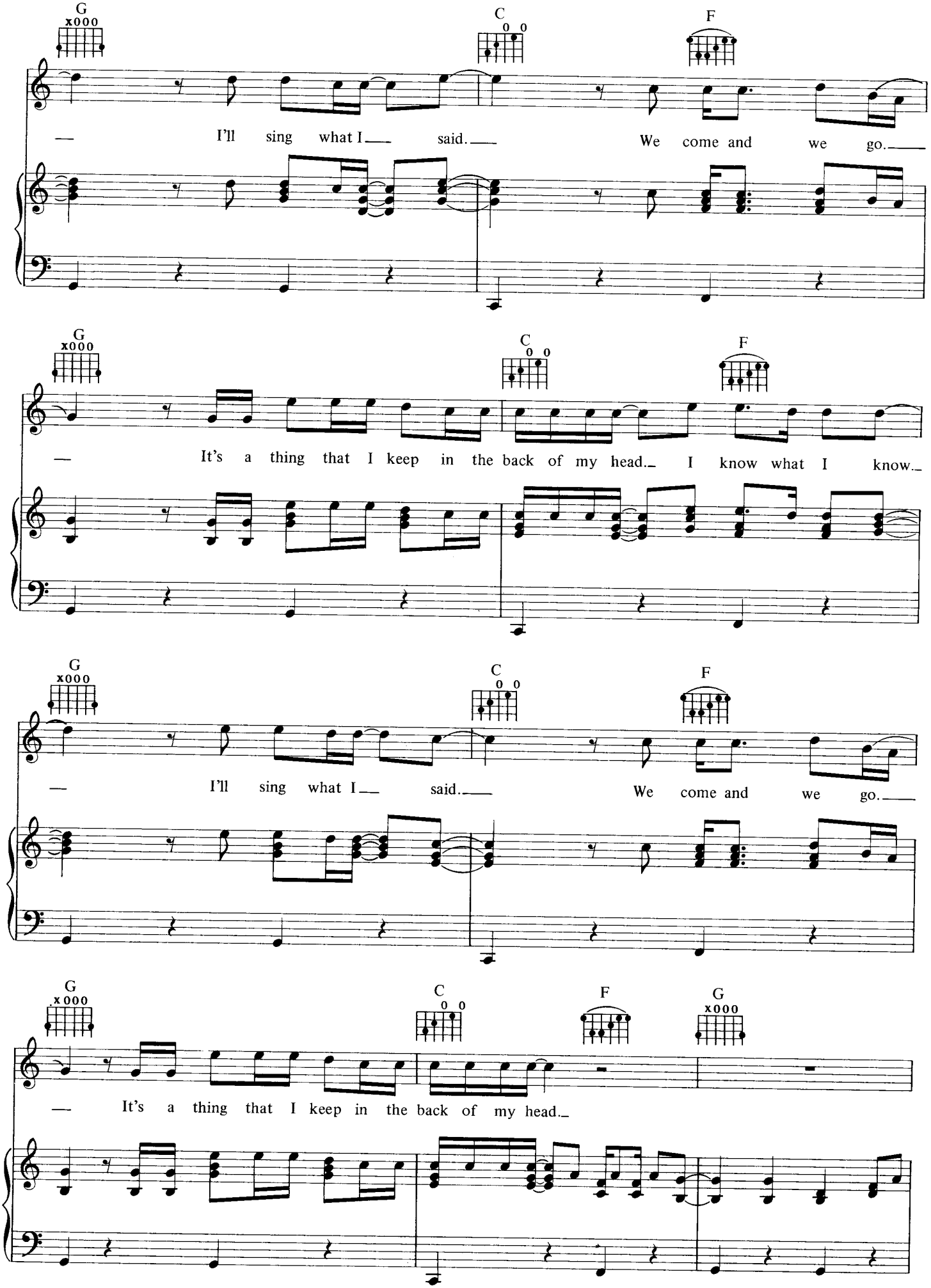
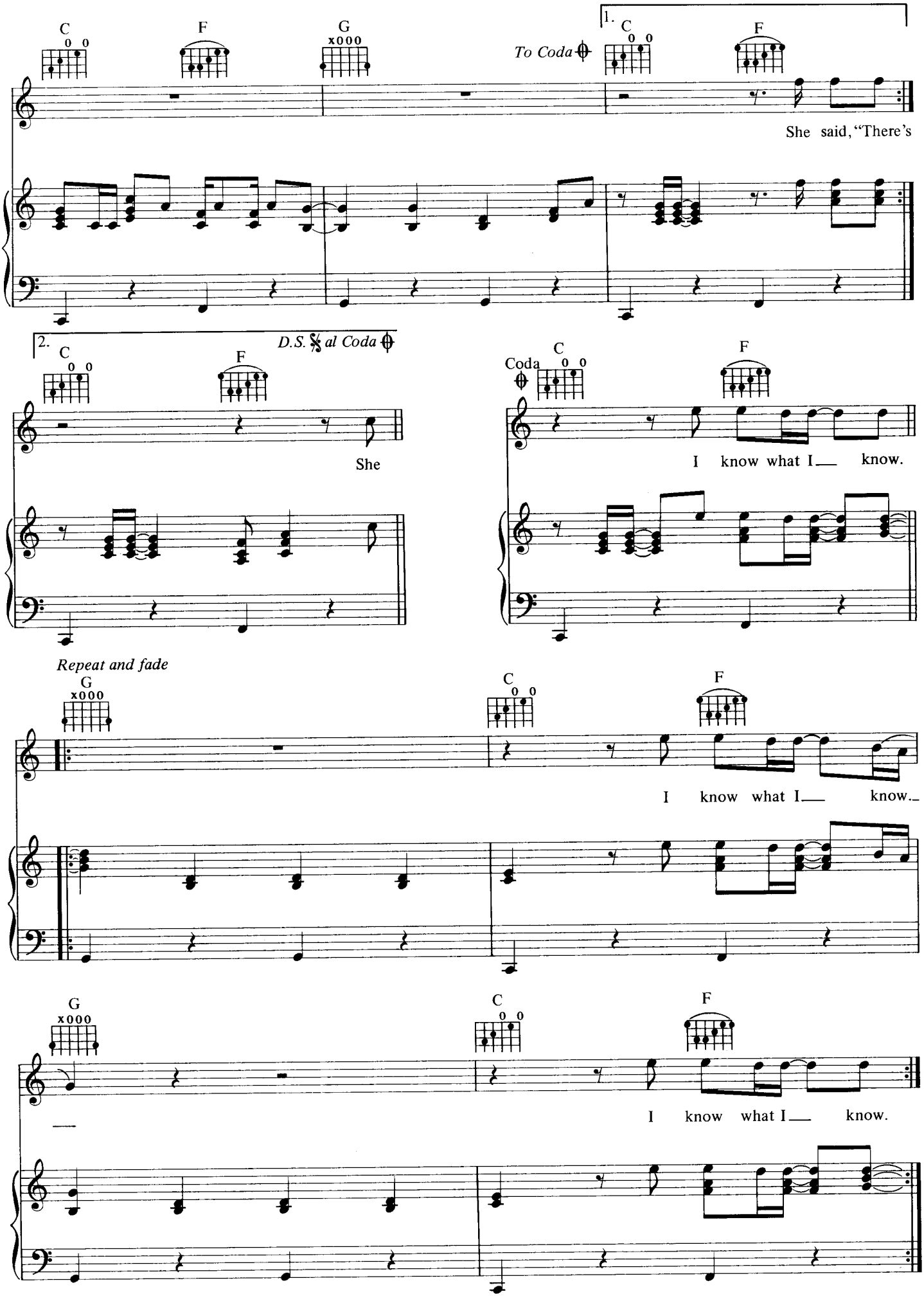

G
C
F
right in a sort of a lim - it - ed way for an off night. She said,
kind of a girl who could say things that were - n't that fun - ny. I said,
"Are - n't you the wom - an who was re - cent - ly giv - en a Ful - bright?" She said,
"Don't I know you from the cin - e - mat-o - graph - er's par - ty?" I said,
"What does that mean, I real - ly re - mind you of mon - ey?" She said,
"Don't I know you from the cin - e - mat-o - graph - er's par - ty?" I said,
"Who am I to blow a - gainst the wind?"
"Who am I to blow a - gainst the wind?"
"Who am I to blow a - gainst the wind?"
I know what I know.

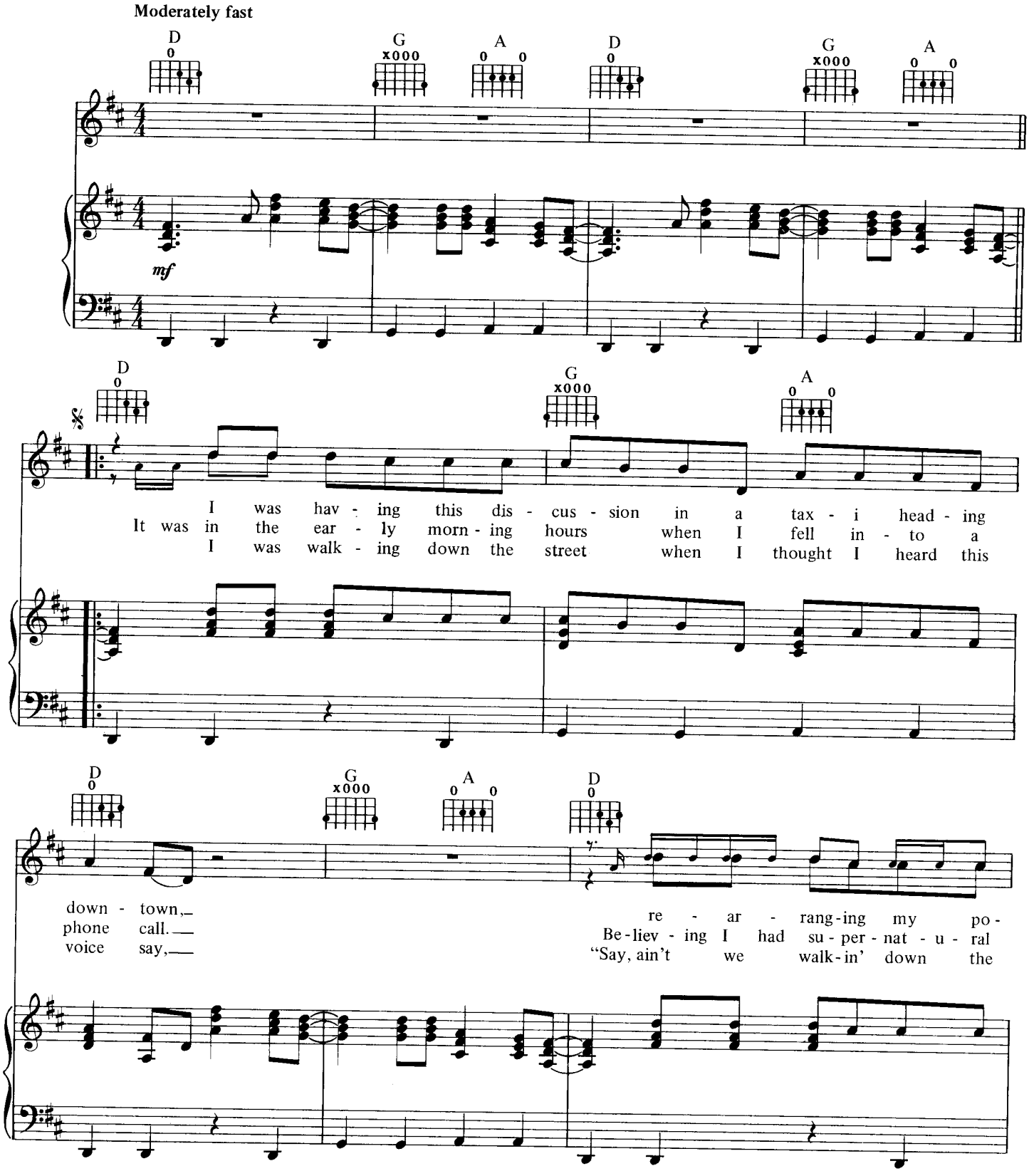

G
C
F
— I'll sing what I said. We come and we go.
G
C
F
— It's a thing that I keep in the back of my head. I know what I know.
G
C
F
— I'll sing what I said. We come and we go.
G
C
F
G
— It's a thing that I keep in the back of my head.


C
F
G
To Coda
1.
She said, "There's
2.
D.S. al Coda
She
Coda
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



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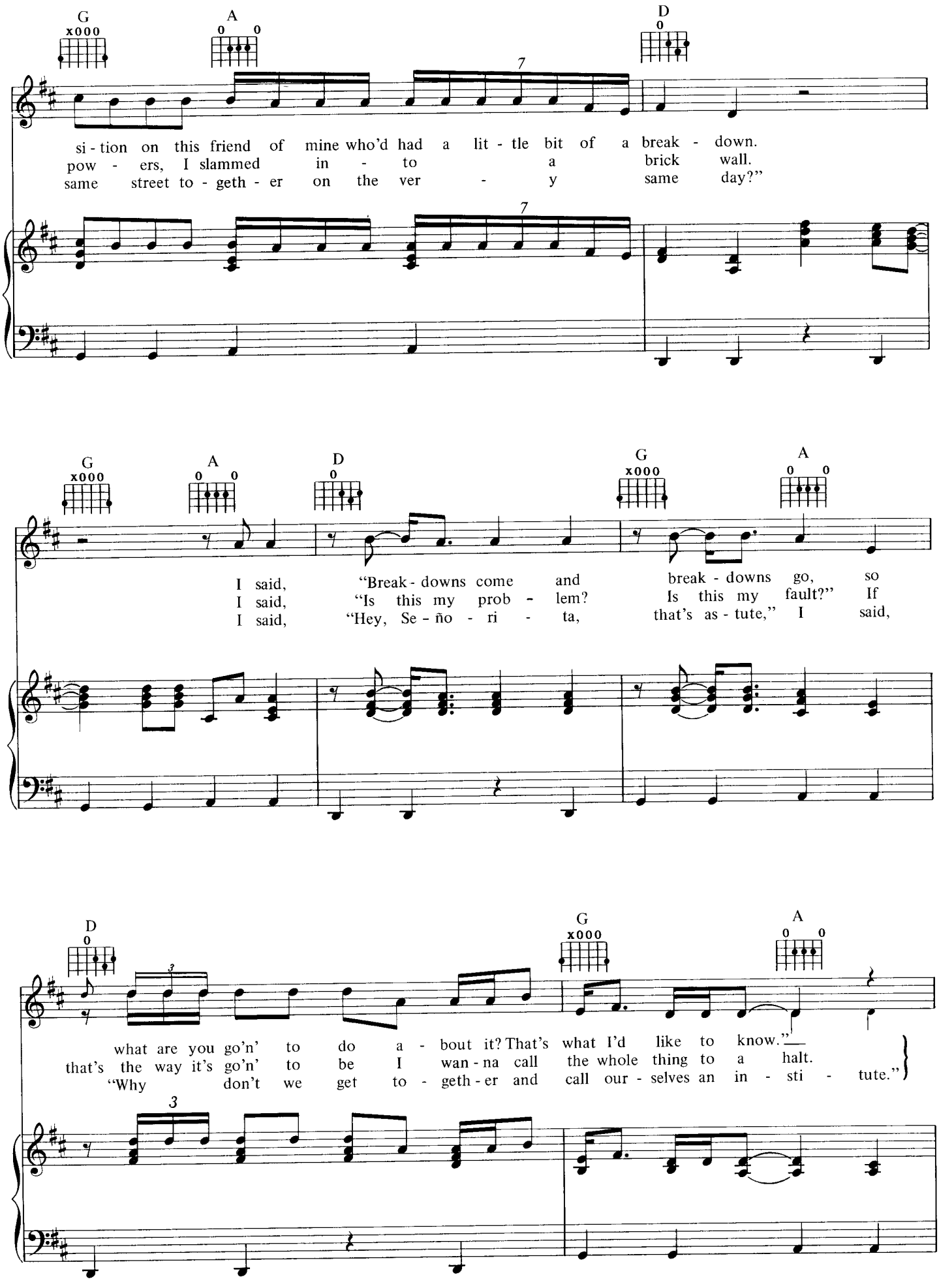
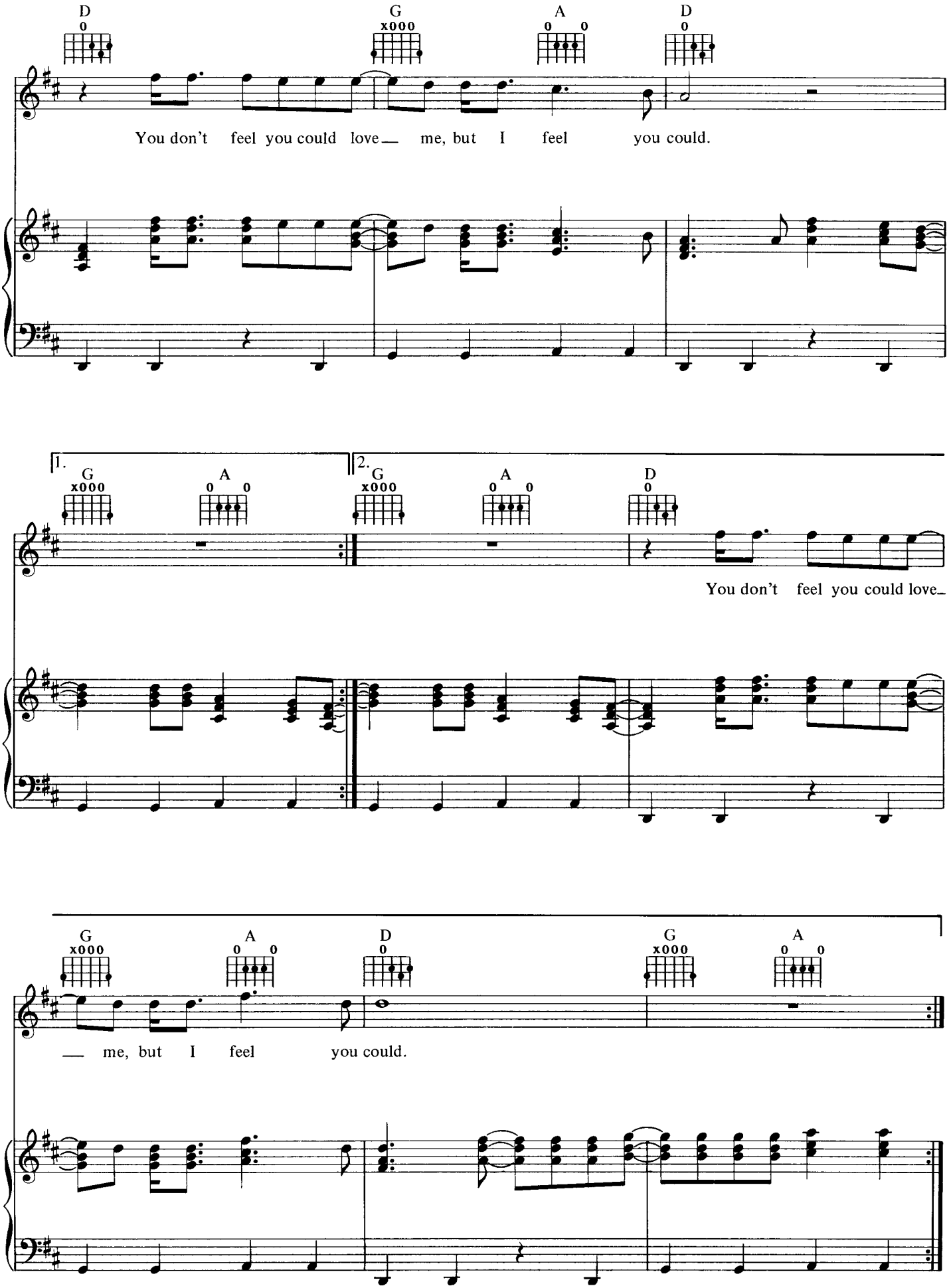
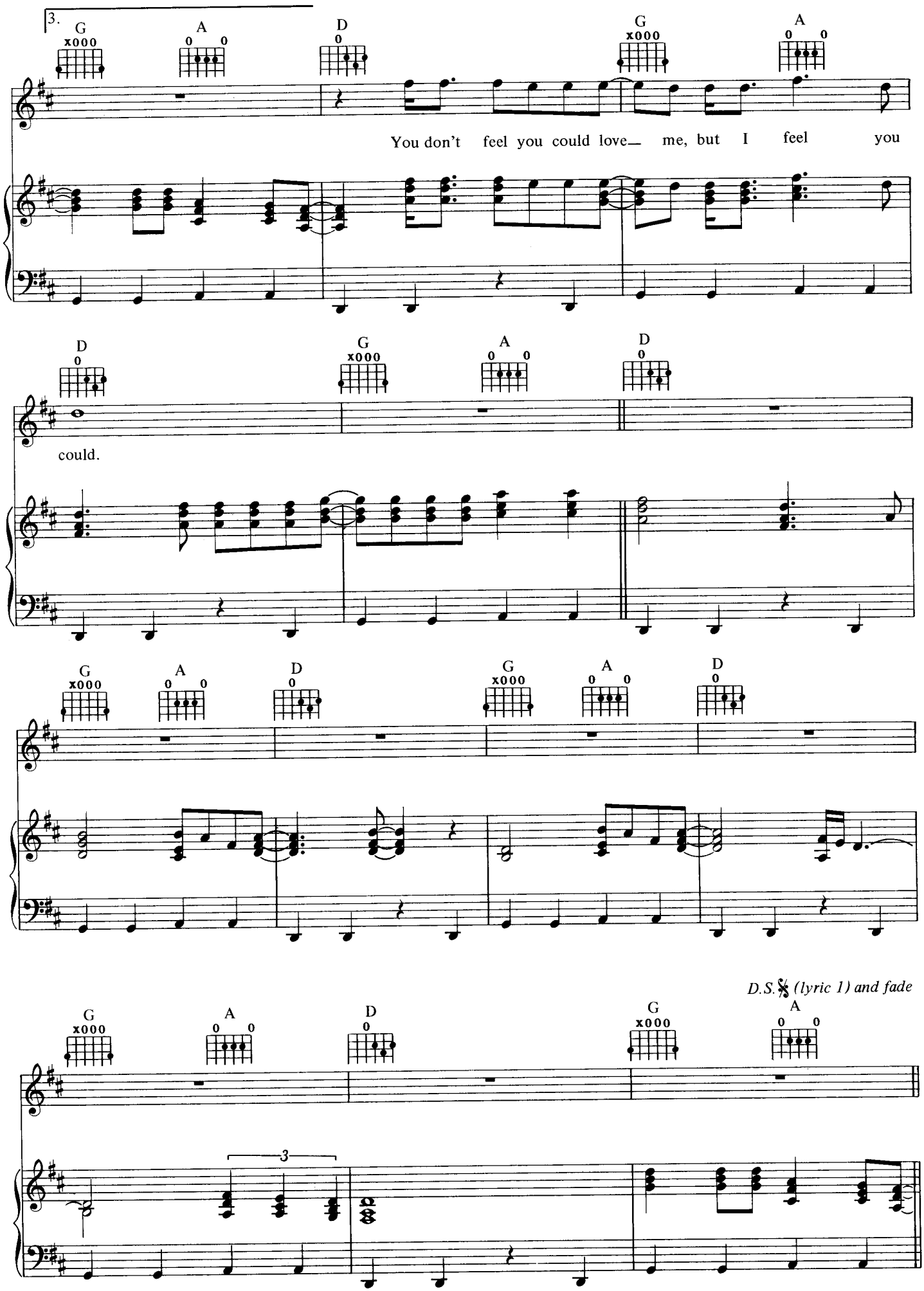

G
A
D
si - tion on this friend of mine who'd had a lit - tle bit of a break - down.
pow - ers, I slammed in - to a brick wall.
same street to - geth - er on the ver - y same day?"
G
A
D
G
A
I said, "Break - downs come and break - downs go, so
I said, "Is this my prob - lem? Is this my fault?" If
I said, "Hey, Se - ño - ri - ta, that's as - tute," I said,
D
G
A
what are you go'n' to do a - bout it? That's what I'd like to know."
that's the way it's go'n' to be I wan - na call the whole thing to a halt.
"Why don't we get to - geth - er and call our - selves an in - sti - tute."


D
G
A
D
You don't feel you could love me, but I feel you could.
1.
2.
G
A
D
You don't feel you could love
me, but I feel you could.


3.
G
A
D
G
A
You don't feel you could love— me, but I feel you
D
G
A
D
could.
G
A
D
G
A
D
D.S. 𝄋 (lyric 1) and fade
G
A
D
G
A
3

YOU CAN CALL ME AL
Words by Paul Simon

A man walks down the street
He says why am I soft in the middle now
Why am I soft in the middle
The rest of my life is so hard
I need a photo-opportunity
I want a shot at redemption
Don't want to end up a cartoon
In a cartoon graveyard
Bonedigger Bonedigger
Dogs in the moonlight
Far away my well-lit door
Mr. Beerbelly Beerbelly
Get these mutts away from me
You know I don't find this stuff amusing anymore

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al

A man walks down the street
He says why am I short of attention
Got a short little span of attention
And wo my nights are so long
Where's my wife and family
What if I die here
Who'll be my role-model
Now that my role-model is
Gone Gone
He ducked back down the alley
With some roly-poly little bat-faced girl
All along along
There were incidents and accidents
There were hints and allegations

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al
Call me Al

A man walks down the street
It's a street in a strange world
Maybe it's the Third World
Maybe it's his first time around
He doesn't speak the language
He holds no currency
He is a foreign man
He is surrounded by the sound
The sound
Cattle in the marketplace
Scatterlings and orphanages
He looks around, around
He sees angels in the architecture
Spinning in infinity
He says Amen! and Hallelujah!

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al

UNDER AFRICAN SKIES
Words by Paul Simon

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

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

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

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

HOMELESS
Words by
Paul Simon and Joseph Shabalala

Emaweni webaba
Silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni

Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni
Webaba silale maweni

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, homeless, homeless
The moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake

Zio yami, zio yami, nhliziyo yami
Nhliziyo yami amakhaza asengi bulele
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami
Nhliziyo yami, angibulele amakhaza
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami
Nhliziyo yami somandla angibulele mama
Zio yami, nhliziyo yami
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami

Too loo loo, too loo loo
Too loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo
Too loo loo, too loo loo
Too loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

Strong wind destroy our home
Many dead, tonight it could be you
Strong wind, strong wind
Many dead, tonight it could be you

And we are homeless, homeless
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake
Homeless, homeless
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake
Homeless, homeless
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake

Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody cry why, why, why?
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody cry why, why, why?
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih

Yitho omanqoba (ih hih ih hih ih) yitho omanqoba
Esanqoba lonke ilizwe
(ih hih ih hih ih) Yitho omanqoba (ih hih ih hih ih)
Esanqoba phakathi e England
Yitho omanqoba
Esanqoba phakathi e London
Yitho omanqoba
Esanqoba phakathi e England

Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody cry why, why, why?
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih
Somebody cry why, why, why?

Kuluman
Kulumani, Kulumani sizwe
Singenze njani
Baya jabula abasi thanda yo
Ho

CRAZY LOVE, VOL. II
Words by Paul Simon

Fat Charlie the Archangel
Sloped into the room
He said I have no opinion about this
And I have no opinion about that
Sad as a lonely little wrinkled balloon
He said well I don't claim to be happy about this, boys
And I don't seem to be happy about that

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

She says she knows about jokes
This time the joke is on me
Well, I have no opinion about that
And I have no opinion about me
Somebody could walk into this room
And say your life is on fire
It's all over the evening news
All about the fire in your life
On the evening news

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 crazy love
I don't want no part of your love

Fat Charlie the Archangel
Files for divorce
He says well this will eat up a year of my life
And then there's all that weight to be lost
She says the joke is on me
I say the joke is on her
I said I have no opinion about that
Well, 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 crazy love
I don't want no part of your love
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 crazy love
I don't want no part of this crazy love

THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER
Words by Paul Simon

A long time ago, yeah
Before you was born dude
When I was still single
And life was great
I held this job as a traveling salesman
That kept me moving from state to state

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Lafayette
State of Louisiana
Wondering where a city boy could go
To get a little conversation
Drink a little red wine
Catch a little bit of those Cajun girls
Dancing to Zydeco

Along come a young girl
She's pretty as a prayerbook
Sweet as an apple on Christmas day
I said good gracious can this be my luck
If that's my prayerbook
Lord let us pray

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Lafayette
State of Louisiana
Wondering what a city boy could do
To get her in a conversation
Drink a little red wine
Dance to the music of Clifton Chenier
The King of the Bayou

Well, that was your mother
And that was your father
Before you was born dude
When life was great
You are the burden of my generation
I sure do love you
But let's get that straight

Well, I'm standing on the corner of Lafayette
Across the street from The Public
Heading down to the Lone Star Cafe
Maybe get a little conversation
Drink a little red wine
Standing in the shadow of Clifton Chenier
Dancing the night away

ALL AROUND THE WORLD OR THE MYTH OF FINGERPRINTS
Words by Paul Simon

Over the mountain
Down in the valley
Lives a former talk-show host
Everybody knows his name
He says there's no doubt about it
It was the myth of fingerprints
I've seen them all and man
They're all the same

Well, the sun gets weary
And the sun goes down
Ever since the watermelon
And the lights come up
On the 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

Out in the Indian Ocean somewhere
There's a former army post
Abandoned now just like the war
And there's no doubt about it
It was the myth of fingerprints
That's what that old army post was for

Well, the sun gets bloody
And the sun goes down
Ever since the watermelon

And the lights come up
On the 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

Over the mountain
Down in the valley
Lives the former talk-show host
And far and wide his name was known
He said there's no doubt about it
It was the myth of fingerprints
That's why we must learn to live alone

THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE
Words by Paul Simon

It was a slow day
And the sun was beating
On the soldiers by the side of the road
There was a bright light
A shattering of shop windows
The bomb in the baby carriage
Was wired to the radio

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all
The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying 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

It was a dry wind
And it swept across the desert
And it curled into the circle of birth
And the dead sand
Falling on the children
The mothers and the fathers
And the automatic earth

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all
The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying 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

It's a turn-around jump shot
It's everybody jump start
It's every generation throws a hero up the pop charts
Medicine is magical and magical is art
The Boy in the Bubble
And the baby with the baboon heart

And I believe
These are the days of lasers in the jungle
Lasers in the jungle somewhere
Staccato signals of constant information
A loose affiliation of millionaires
And billionaires and baby
These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all
The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying 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

GRACELAND
Words by Paul Simon

The Mississippi Delta was shining
Like a National guitar
I am following the river
Down the highway
Through the cradle of the civil war

I'm going to Graceland
Graceland
In Memphis Tennessee
I'm going to Graceland
Poorboys and Pilgrims with families
And we are going to Graceland
My traveling companion is nine years old
He is the child of my first marriage
But I've reason to believe
We both will be received
In Graceland

She comes back to tell me she's gone
As if I didn't know that
As if I didn't know my own bed
As if I'd never noticed
The way she brushed her hair from her forehead
And she said losing love
Is like a window in your heart
Everybody sees you're blown apart
Everybody sees the wind blow

I'm going to Graceland
Memphis Tennessee
I'm going to Graceland
Poorboys and Pilgrims with families
And we are going to Graceland
And my traveling companions
Are ghosts and empty sockets
I'm looking at ghosts and empties
But I've reason to believe
We all will be received
In Graceland

There is a girl in New York City
Who calls herself the human trampoline
And sometimes when I'm falling, flying
Or tumbling in turmoil I say
Oh, so this is what she means
She means we're bouncing into Graceland
And I see losing love
Is like a window in your heart
Everybody sees you're blown apart
Everybody feels the wind blow

In Graceland, in Graceland
I'm going to Graceland
For reasons I cannot explain
There's some part of me wants to see Graceland
And I may be obliged to defend
Every love, every ending
Or maybe there's no obligations now
Maybe I've a reason to believe
We all will be received
In Graceland

I KNOW WHAT I KNOW
Words by Paul Simon

She looked me over
And I guess she thought
I was all right
All right in a sort of a limited way
For an off-night
She said don't I know you
From the cinematographer's party
I said who am I
To blow against the wind

I know what I know
I'll sing what I said
We come and we go
That's a thing that I keep
In the back of my head

She said there's something about you
That really reminds me of money
She is the kind of a girl
Who could say things that
Weren't that funny
I said what does that mean
I really remind you of money
She said who am I
To blow against the wind

I know what I know
I'll sing what I said
We come and we go
That's a thing that I keep
In the back of my head
She moved so easily
All I could think of was sunlight
I said aren't you the woman
Who was recently given a Fulbright
She said don't I know you
From the cinematographer's party
I said who am I
To blow against the wind

I know what I know
I'll sing what I said
We come and we go
That's a thing that I keep
In the back of my head

GUMBOOTS
Words by Paul Simon

I was having this discussion
In a taxi heading downtown
Rearranging my position
On this friend of mine who had
A little bit of a breakdown
I said breakdowns come
And breakdowns go
So what are you going to do about it
That's what I'd like to know

You don't feel you could love me
But I feel you could

It was in the early morning hours
When I fell into a phone call
Believing I had supernatural powers
I slammed into a brick wall
I said hey, is this my problem?
Is this my fault?
If that's the way it's going to be
I'm going to call the whole thing to a halt

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

I was walking down the street
When I thought I heard this voice say
Say, ain't we walking down the same street together
On the very same day
I said hey Señorita that's astute
I said why don't we get together
And call ourselves an institute

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

DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES
Words by Paul Simon

(a-wa) O kodwa u zo-nge li-sa namhlange
(a-wa a-wa) Si-bona kwenze ka kanjani
(a-wa a-wa) Amanto mbazane ayeza

She's a rich 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
She got diamonds on the soles of her shoes
Diamonds on the soles of her shoes
Diamonds on the soles of her shoes

People say she's crazy
She got diamonds on the soles of her shoes
Well that's one way to lose these
Walking blues
Diamonds on the soles of her shoes

She was physically forgotten
Then she slipped into my pocket
With my car keys
She said you've taken me for granted
Because I please you
Wearing these diamonds

And I could say Oo oo oo
As if everybody knows
What I'm talking about
As if everybody here would know
Exactly what I was talking about
Talking about diamonds on the soles of her shoes

She makes the sign of a teaspoon
He makes the sign of a wave
The poor boy changes clothes
And puts on after-shave
To compensate for his ordinary shoes

And she said honey take me dancing
But they ended up by sleeping
In a doorway
By the bodegas and the lights on Upper Broadway
Wearing diamonds on the soles of their shoes

And I could say Oo oo oo
And everybody here would know
What I was talking about
I mean everybody here would know exactly
What I was talking about
Talking about diamonds

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

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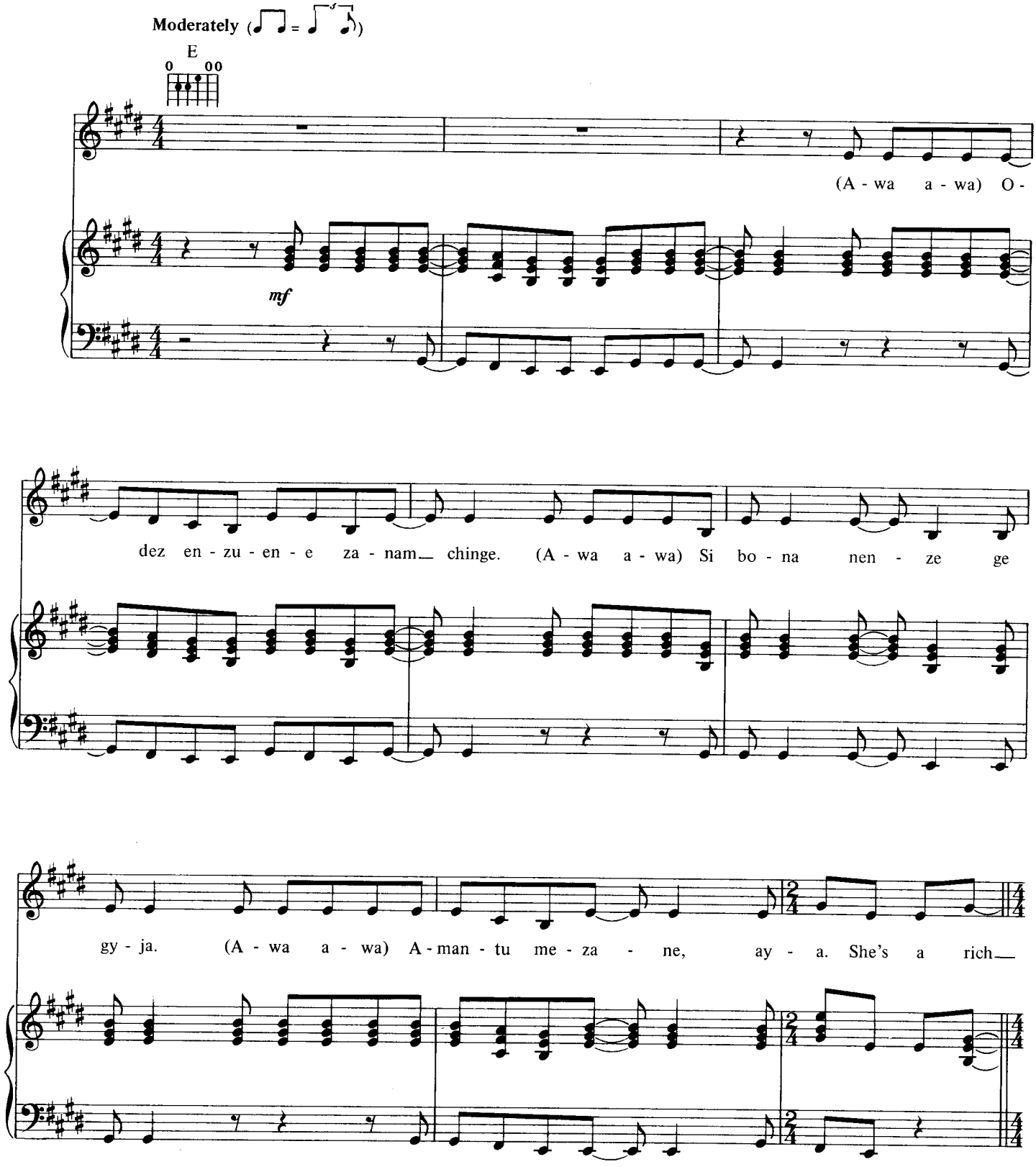
DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES

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



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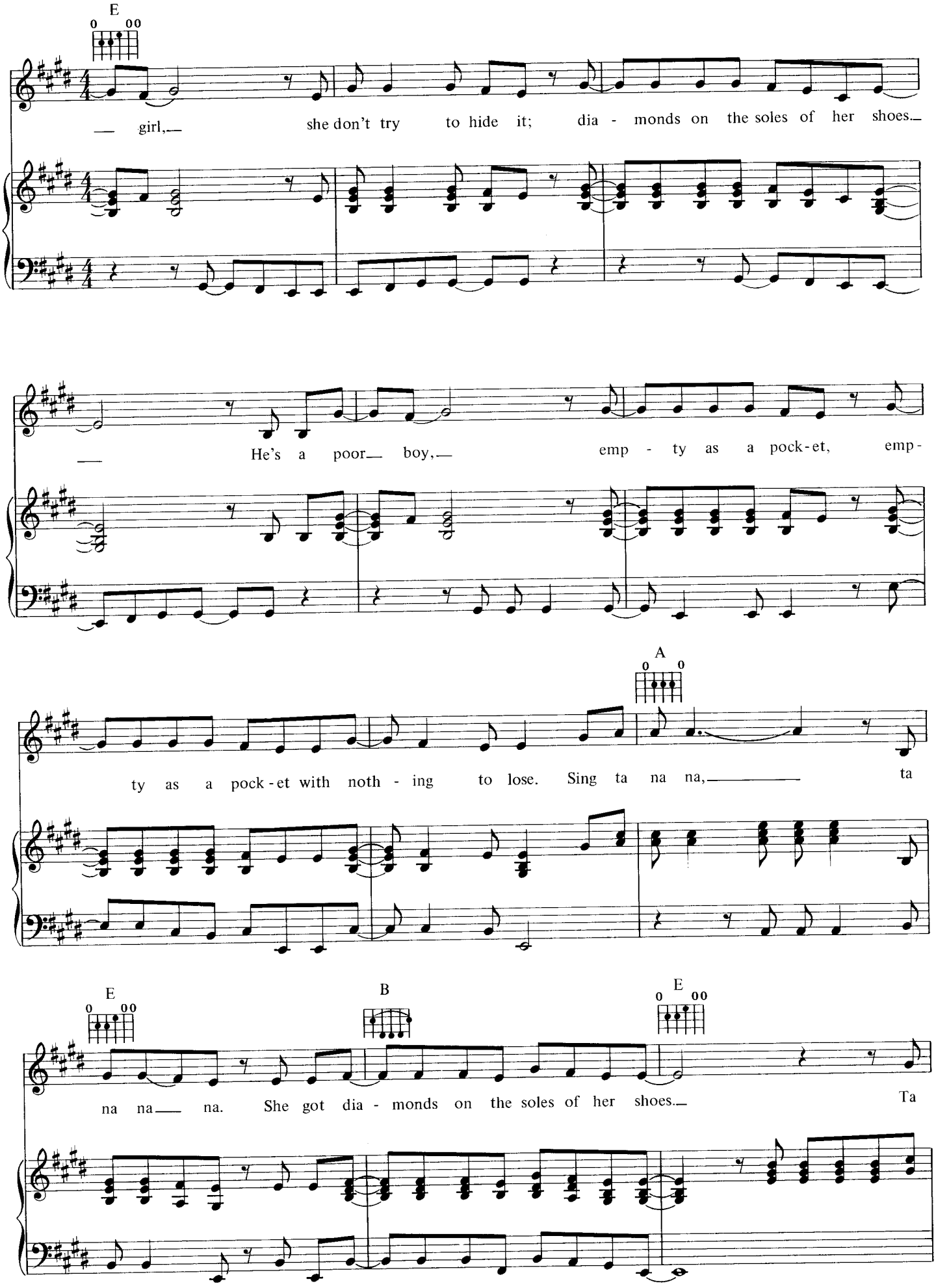
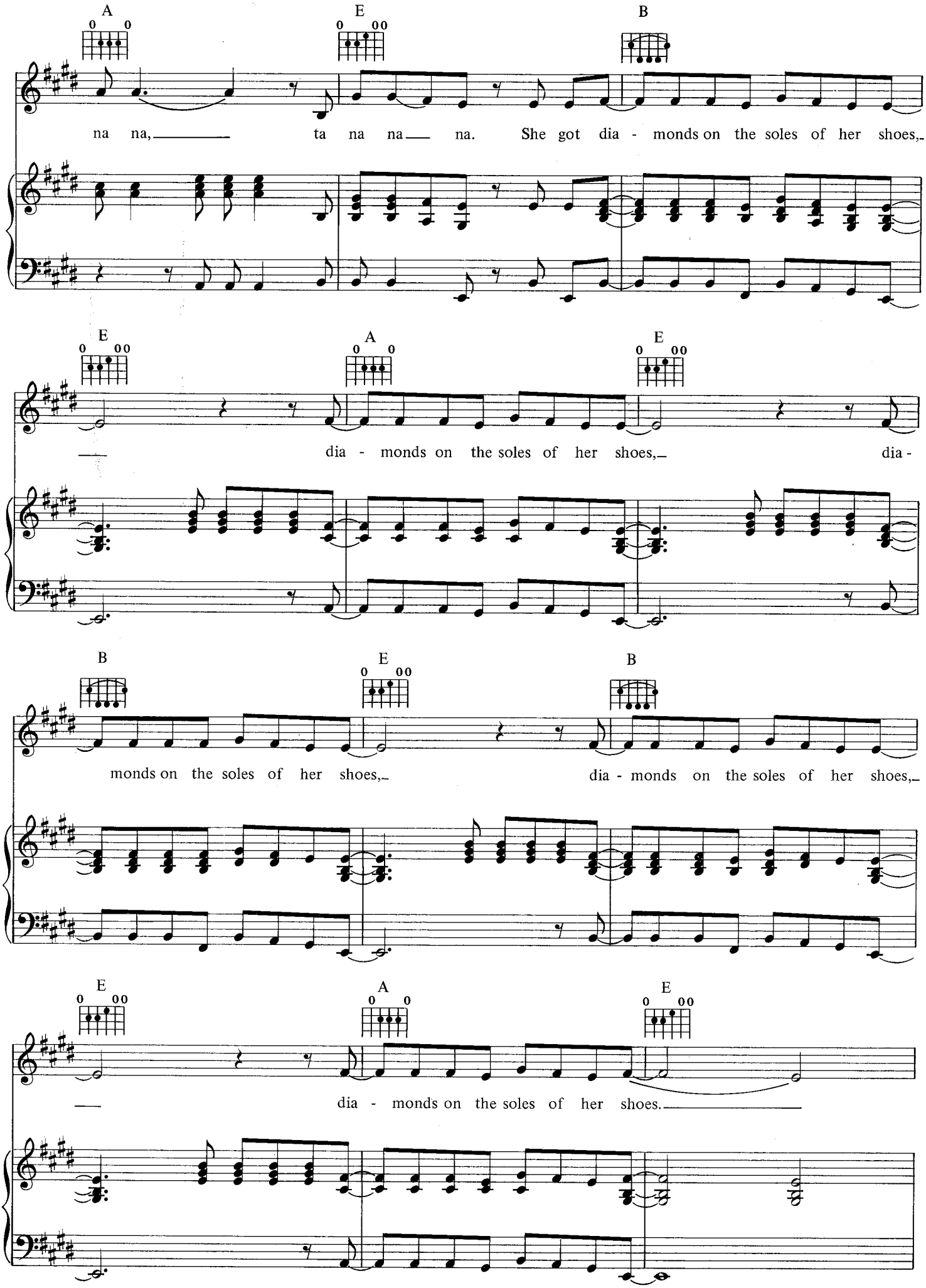
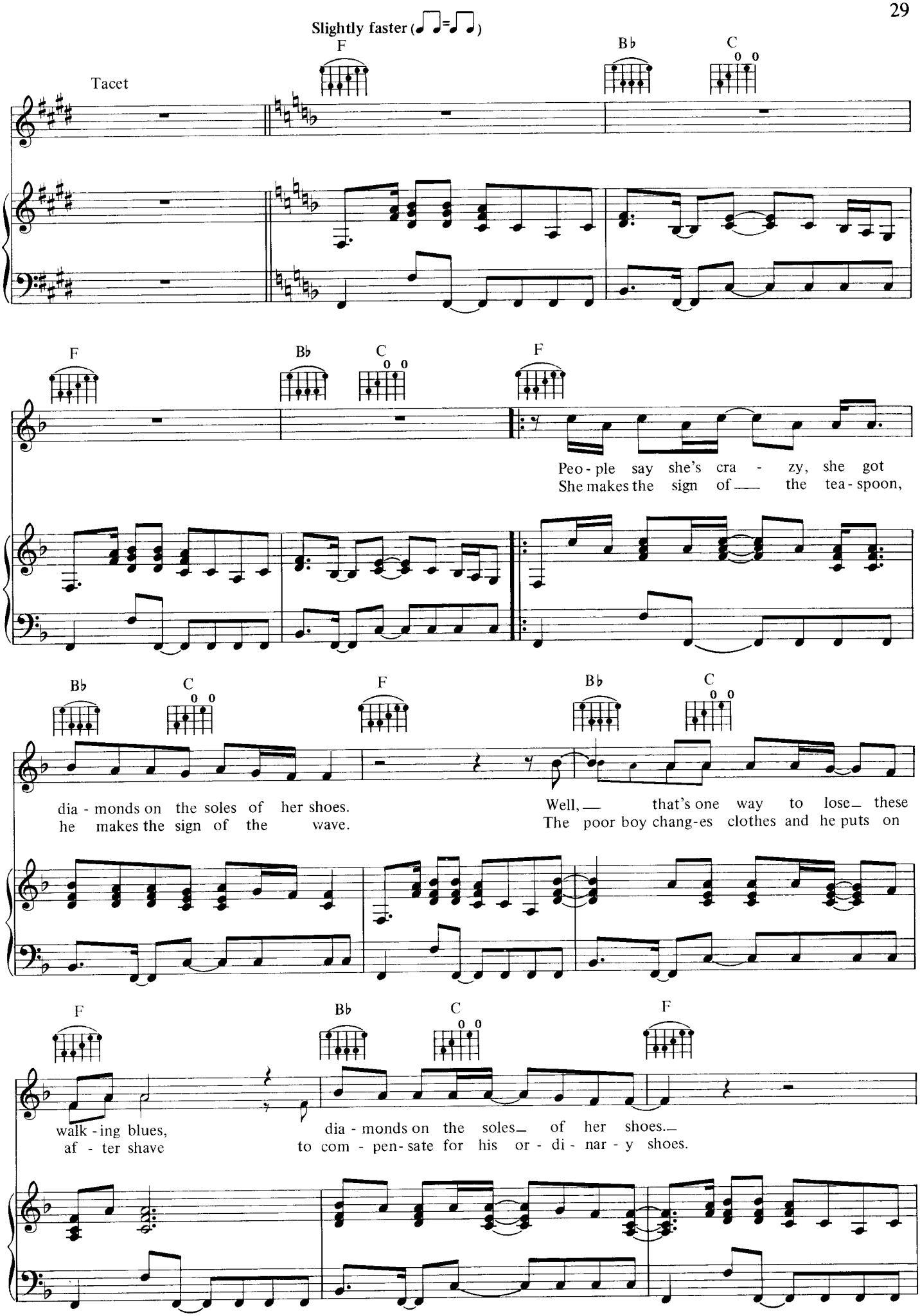
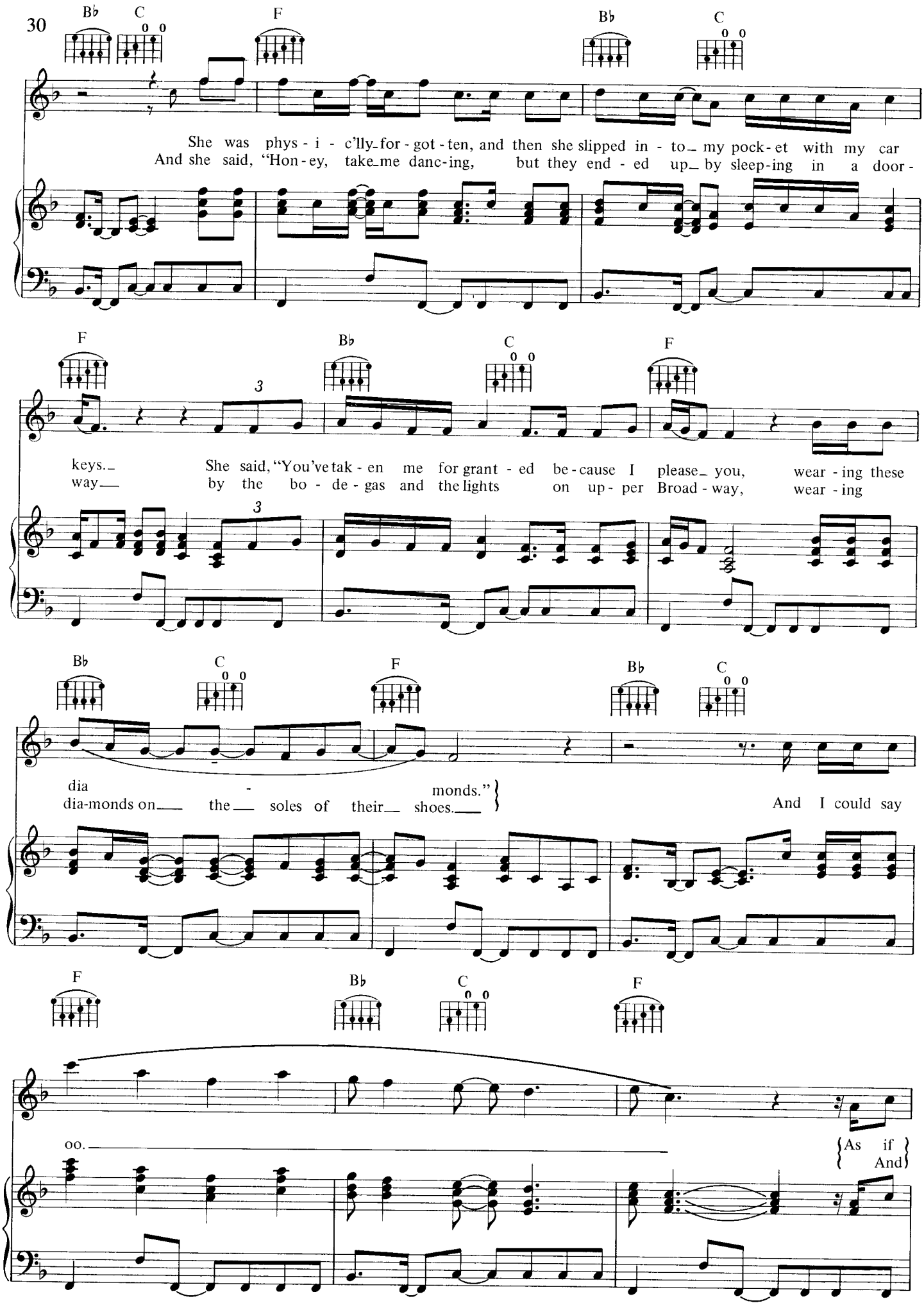
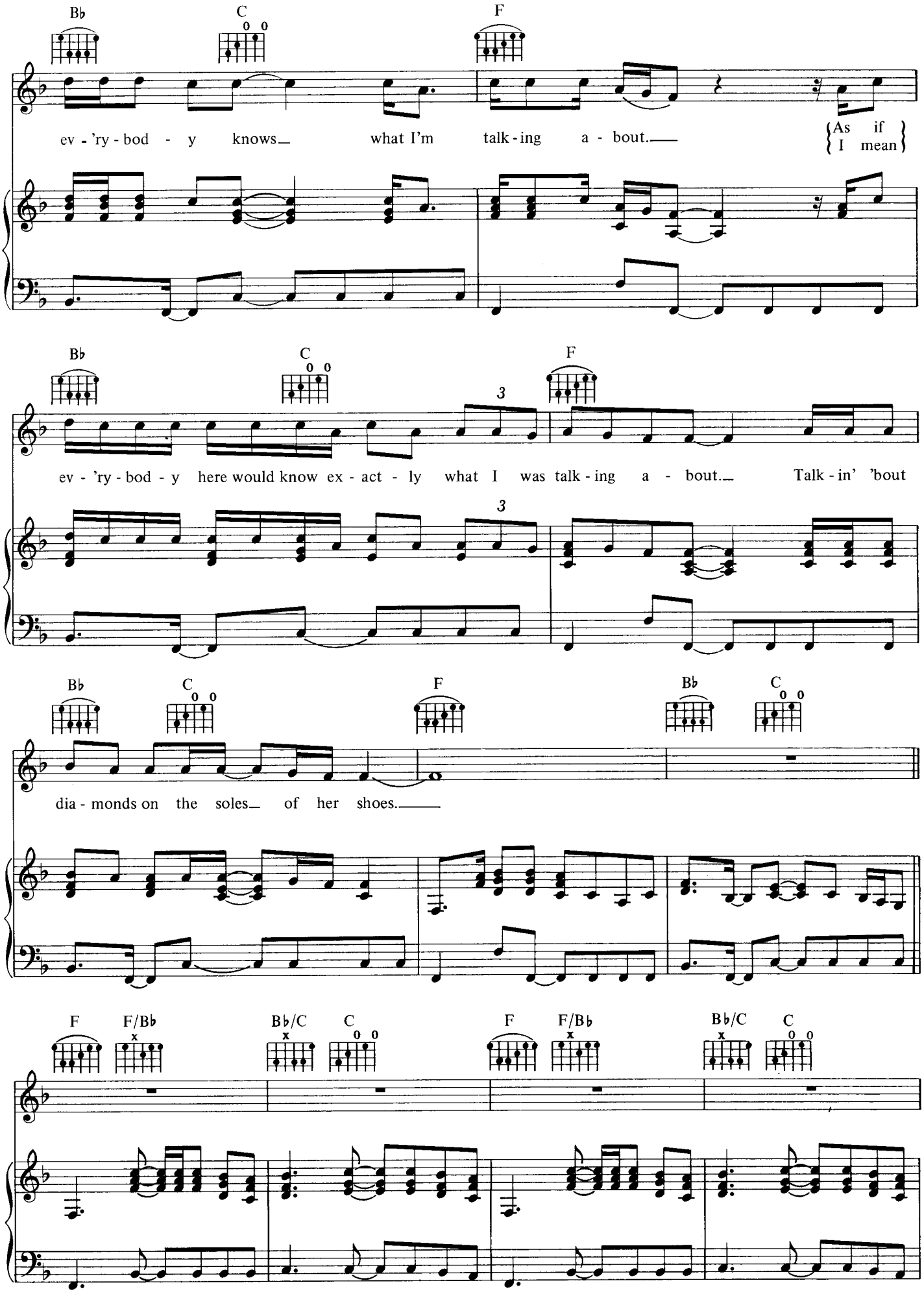
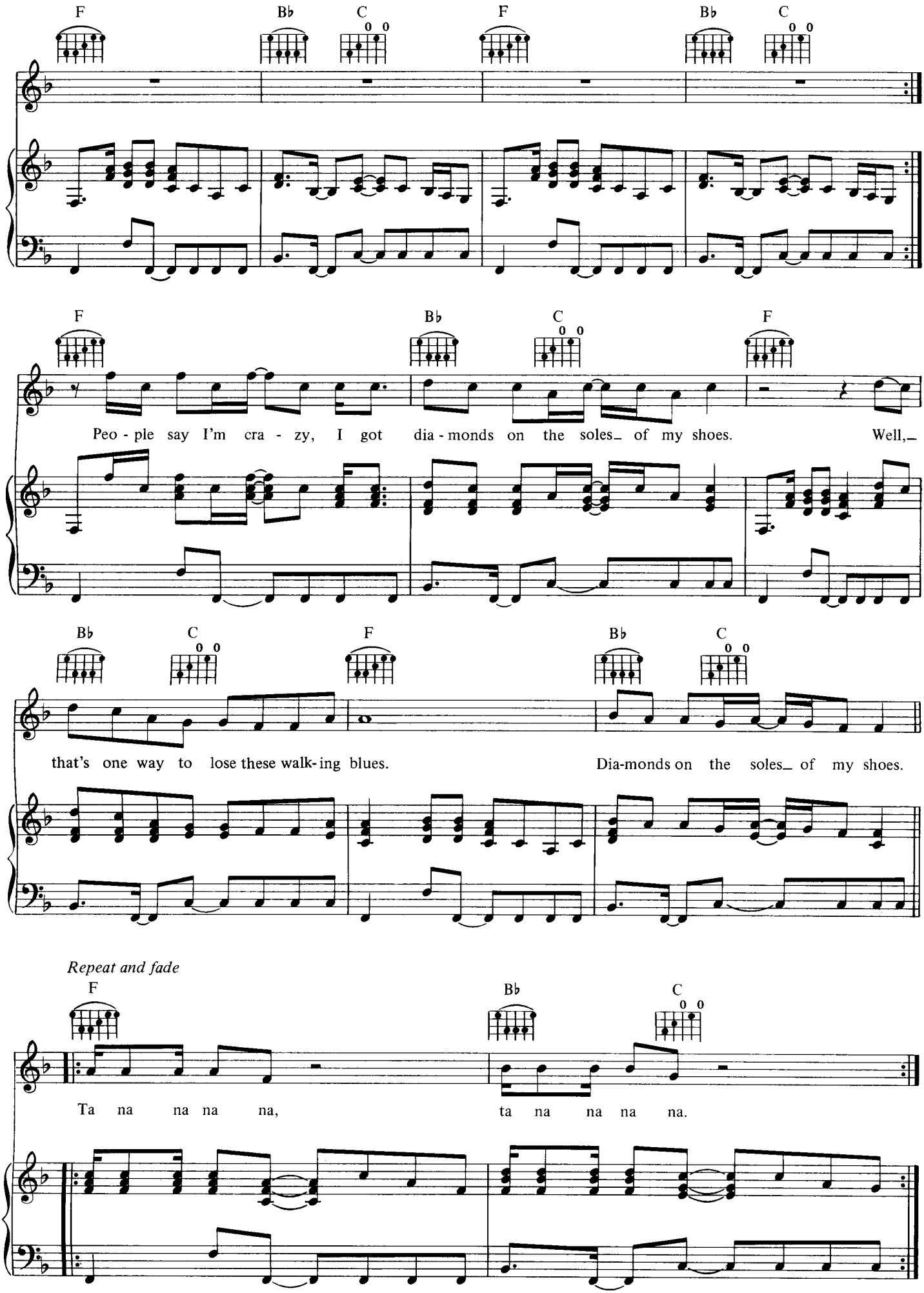

E
— girl,— she don't try to hide it; dia - monds on the soles of her shoes.—
— He's a poor— boy,— emp - ty as a pock-et, emp-
A
ty as a pock-et with noth - ing to lose. Sing ta na na,——— ta
E
B
E
na na— na. She got dia - monds on the soles of her shoes.— Ta


A
E
B
na na, ta na na na. She got dia - monds on the soles of her shoes,
E
A
E
dia - monds on the soles of her shoes, dia -
B
E
B
monds on the soles of her shoes, dia - monds on the soles of her shoes,
E
A
E
dia - monds on the soles of her shoes.


Slightly faster (♩♩=♩♩)
Tacet
F
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
F
Peo - ple say she's cra - zy, she got
She makes the sign of — the tea - spoon,
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
dia - monds on the soles of her shoes.
he makes the sign of the wave.
Well, — that's one way to lose — these
The poor boy chang-es clothes and he puts on
F
B♭
C
F
walk - ing blues,
af - ter shave
dia - monds on the soles — of her shoes.—
to com - pen - sate for his or - di - nar - y shoes.

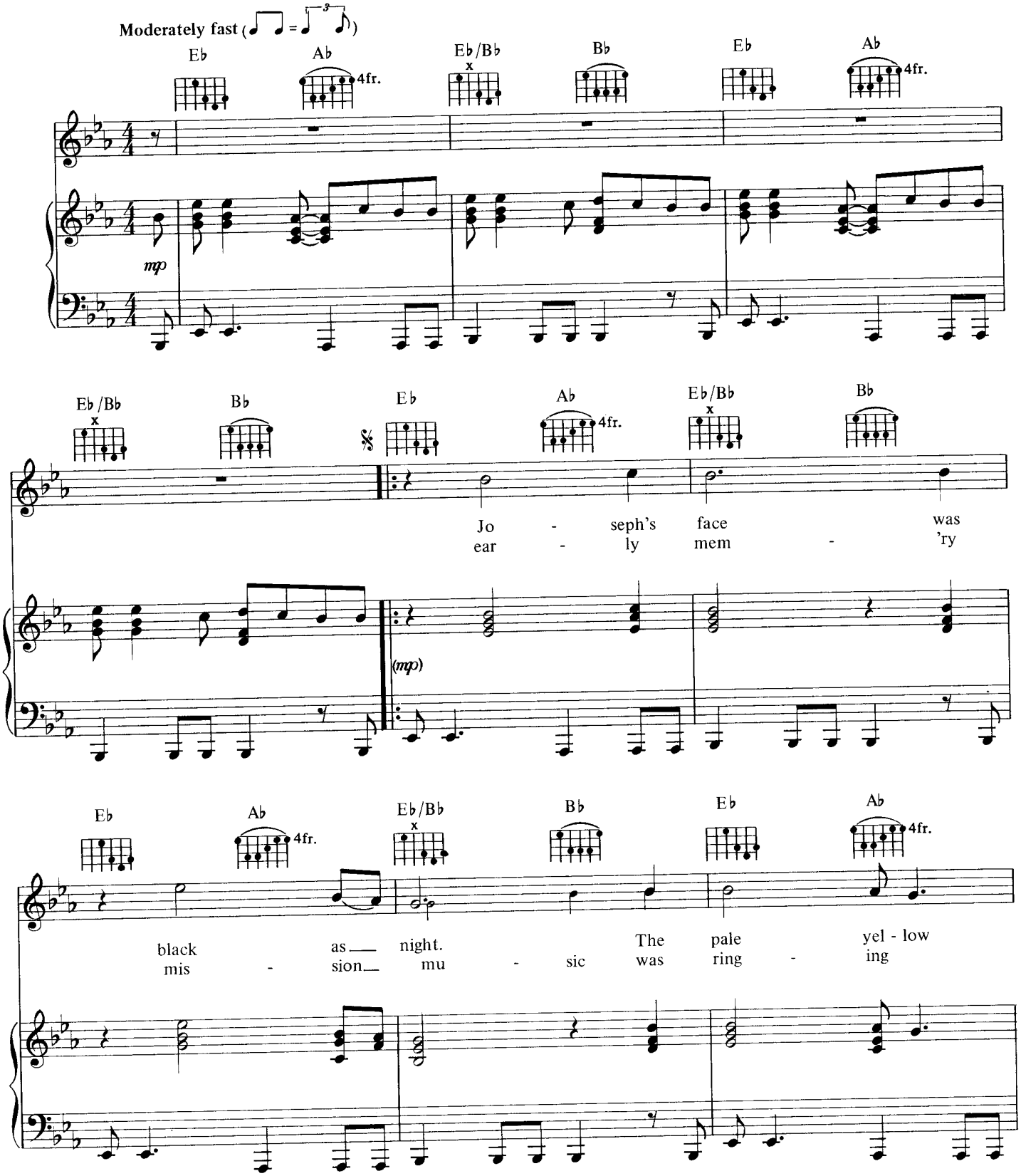

30
B♭ C F B♭ C
She was phys - i - c'lly for - got - ten, and then she slipped in - to my pock - et with my car
And she said, "Hon - ey, take me danc - ing, but they end - ed up by sleep - ing in a door -
F B♭ C F
keys. She said, "You've tak - en me for grant - ed be - cause I please you, wear - ing these
way by the bo - de - gas and the lights on up - per Broad - way, wear - ing
B♭ C F B♭ C
dia - monds."
dia-monds on the soles of their shoes.
And I could say
F B♭ C F
oo.
As if
And


B♭
C
F
ev - 'ry - bod - y knows what I'm talk - ing a - bout.
As if I mean
B♭
C
F
3
ev - 'ry - bod - y here would know ex - act - ly what I was talk - ing a - bout. Talk - in' 'bout
3
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
dia - monds on the soles of her shoes.
F
F/B♭
B♭/C
C
F
F/B♭
B♭/C
C


F
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
F
Peo - ple say I'm cra - zy, I got dia - monds on the soles_ of my shoes. Well,_
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
that's one way to lose these walk-ing blues. Dia-monds on the soles_ of my shoes.
Repeat and fade
F
B♭
C
Ta na na na na, ta na na na na.

UNDER AFRICAN SKIES

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON



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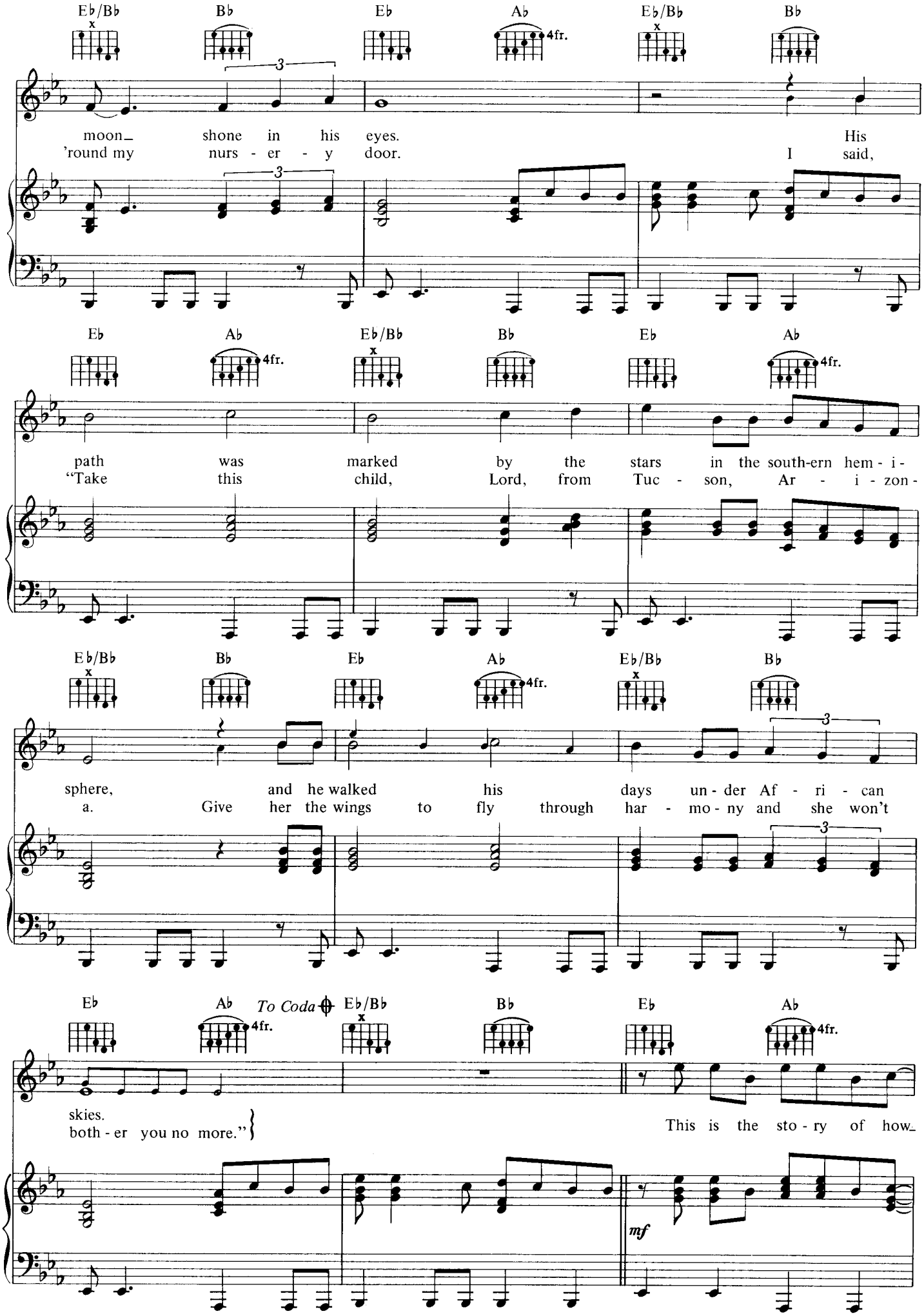
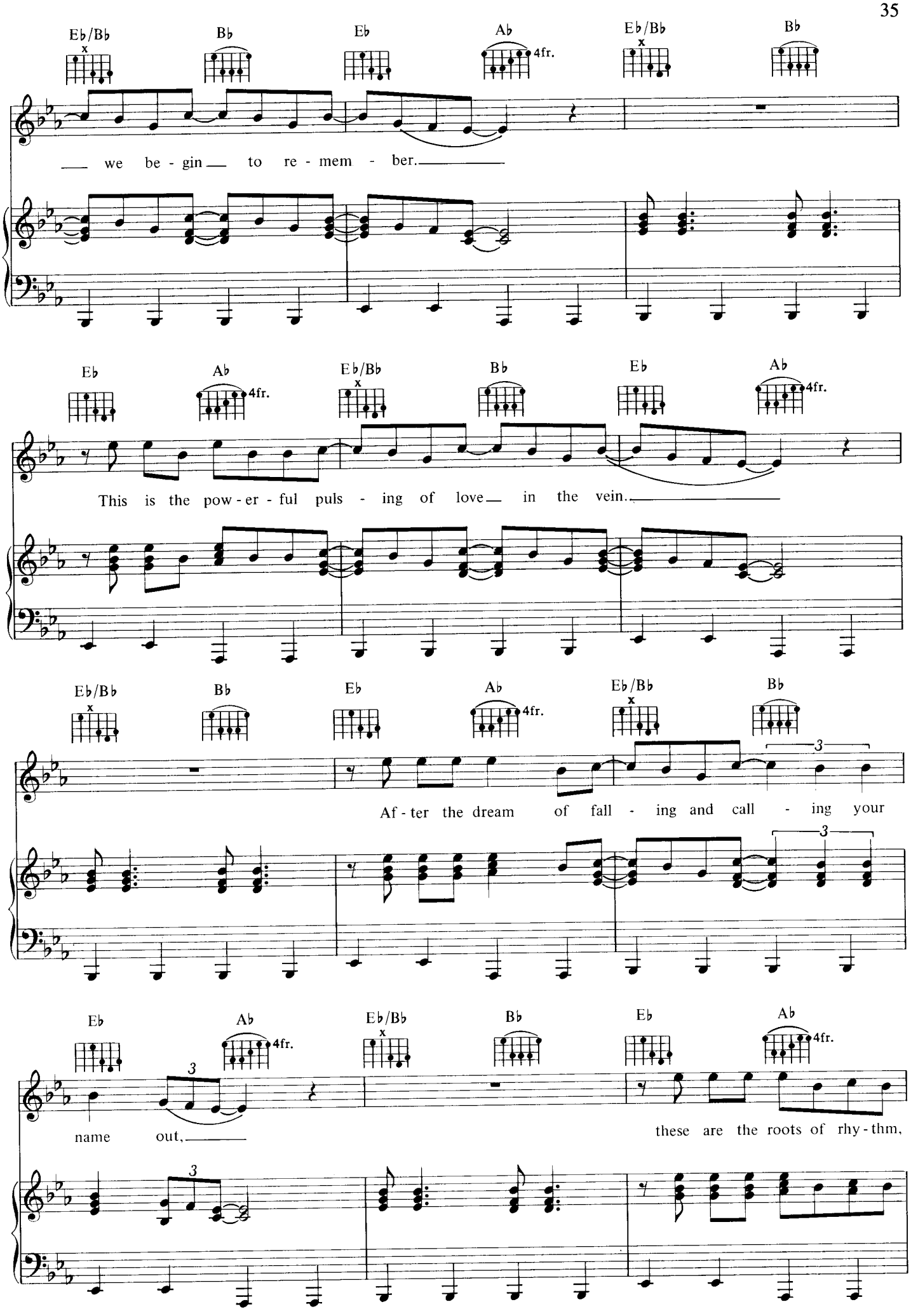
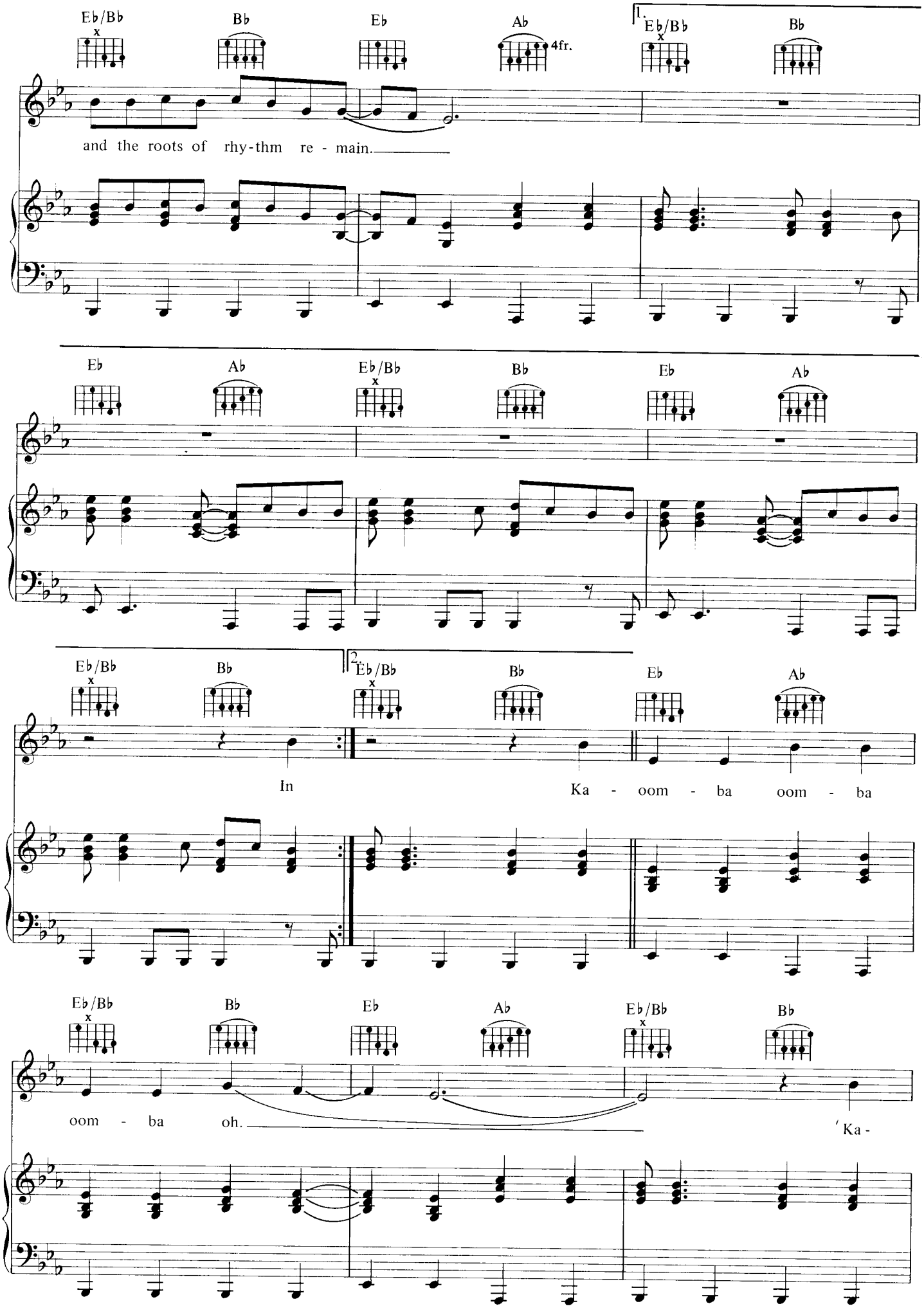
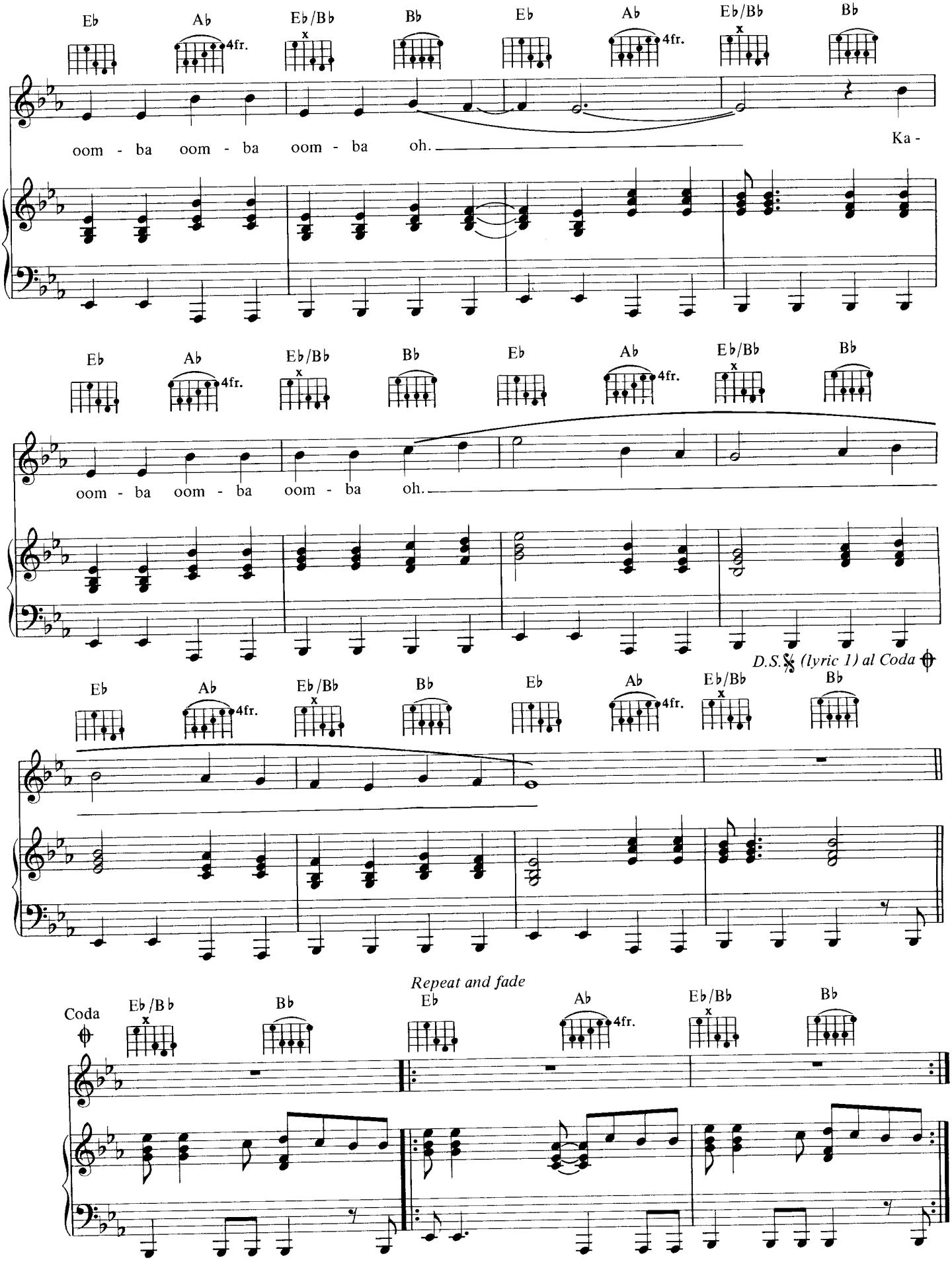

E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
moon_ shone in his eyes. His
'round my nurs - er - y door. I said,
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
path was marked by the stars in the south-ern hem - i -
"Take this child, Lord, from Tuc - son, Ar - i - zon -
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
sphere, and he walked his days un - der Af - ri - can
a. Give her the wings to fly through har - mo - ny and she won't
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
To Coda
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
skies.
both - er you no more."
This is the sto - ry of how_
mf


E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
— we be - gin — to re - mem - ber.—
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
This is the pow - er - ful puls - ing of love — in the vein.—
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
Af - ter the dream of fall - ing and call - ing your
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭ 4fr.
name out,—
these are the roots of rhy - thm,

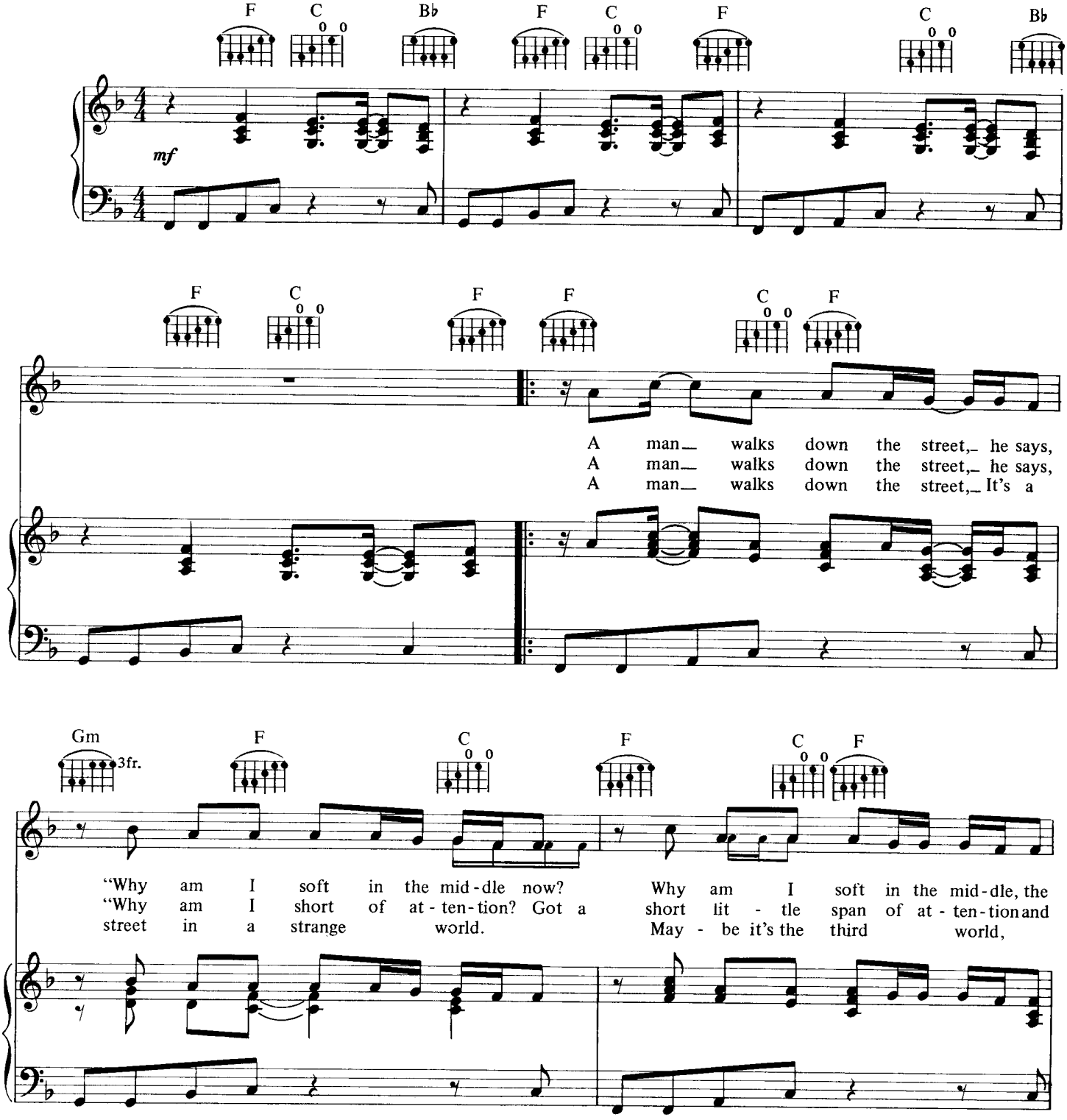

Eb/Bb
Bb
Eb
Ab
4fr.
1.
Eb/Bb
Bb
and the roots of rhy-thm re - main.
Eb
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb
Eb
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb
2.
Eb/Bb
Bb
Eb
Ab
In
Ka - oom - ba oom - ba
Eb/Bb
Bb
Eb
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb
oom - ba oh.
'Ka -


E♭
A♭
4fr.
E♭/B♭
B♭
oom - ba oom - ba oom - ba oh.
Ka -
D.S.𝄋 (lyric 1) al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade

YOU CAN CALL ME AL

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON

Moderately



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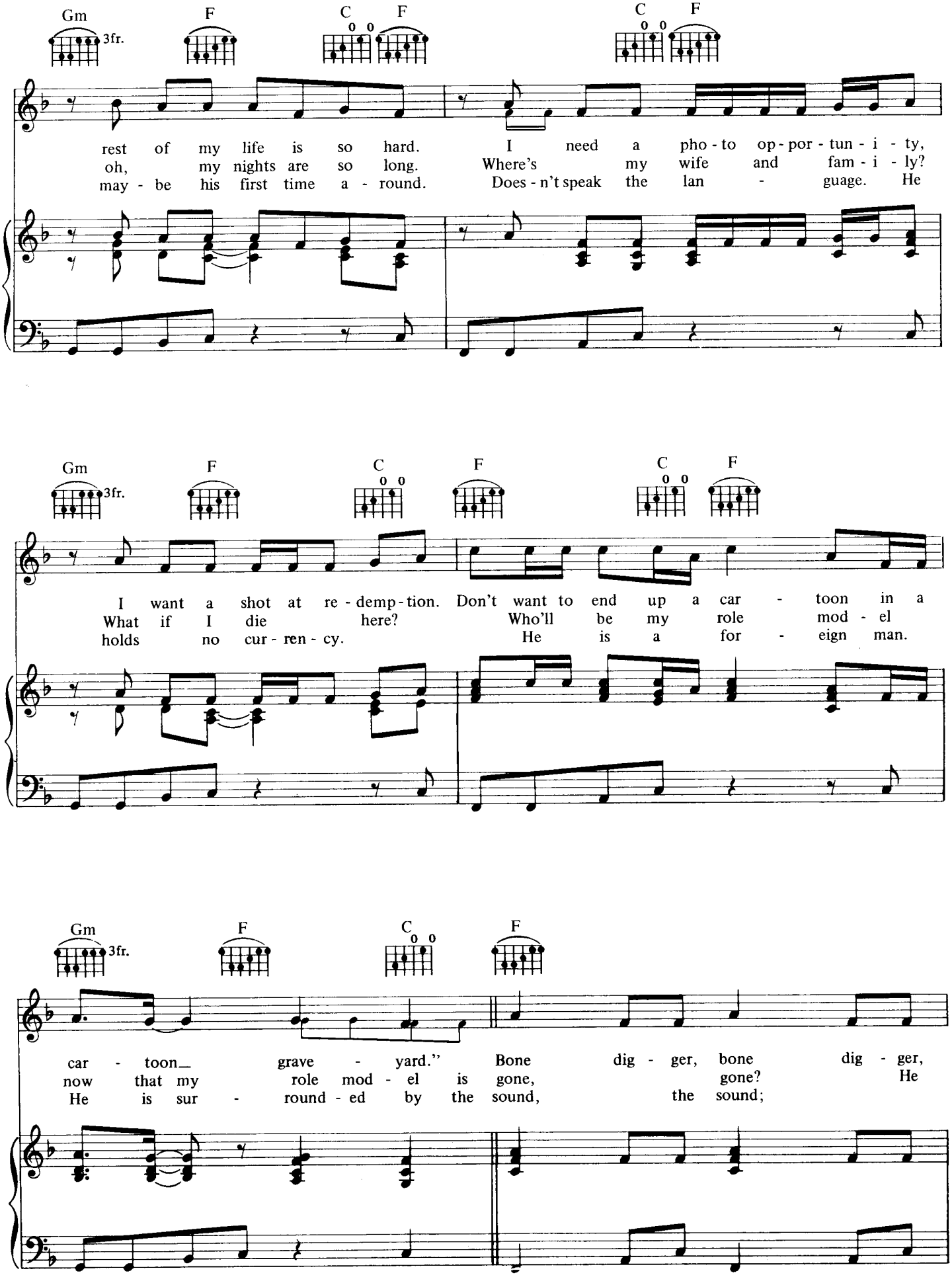
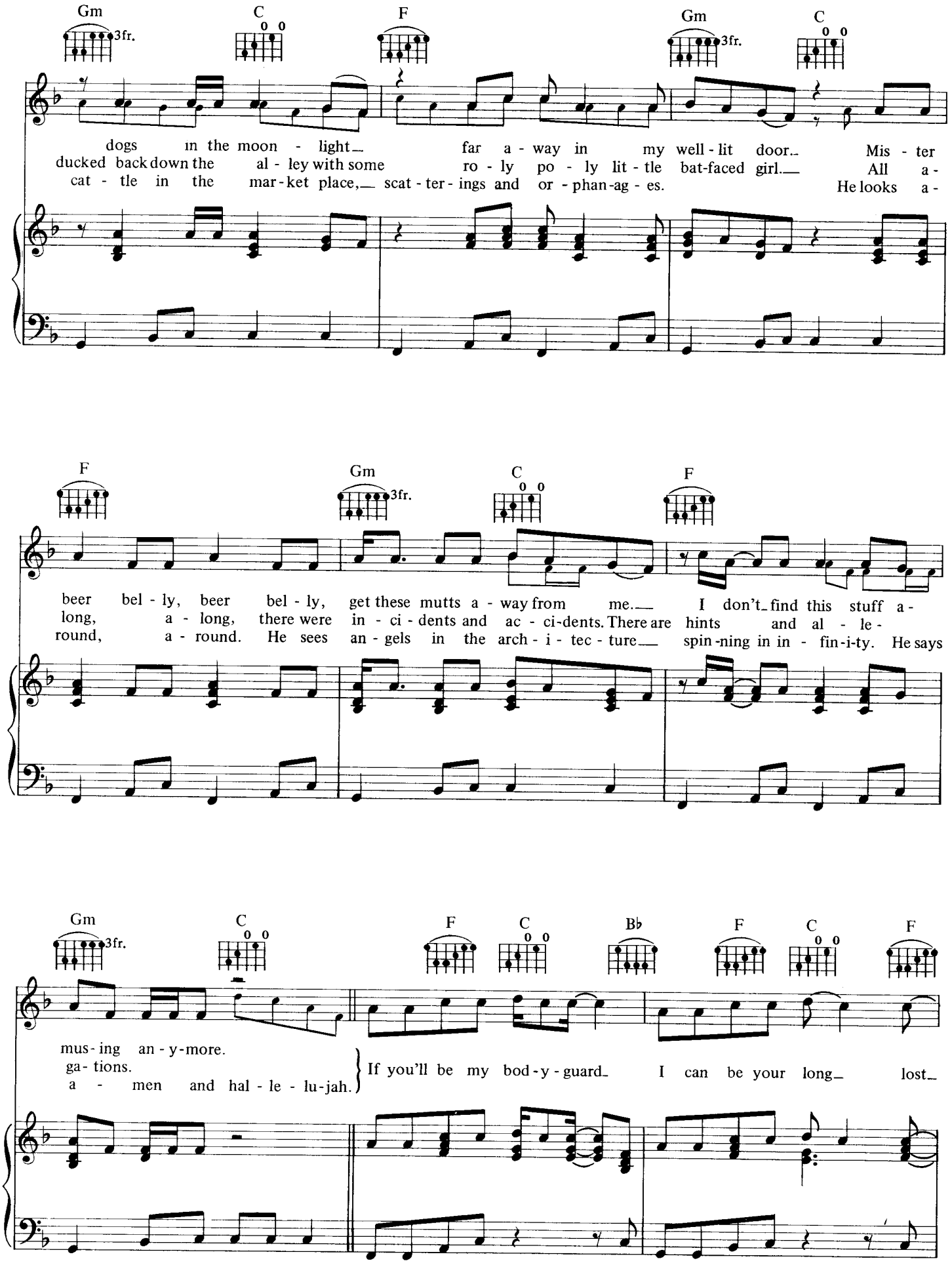
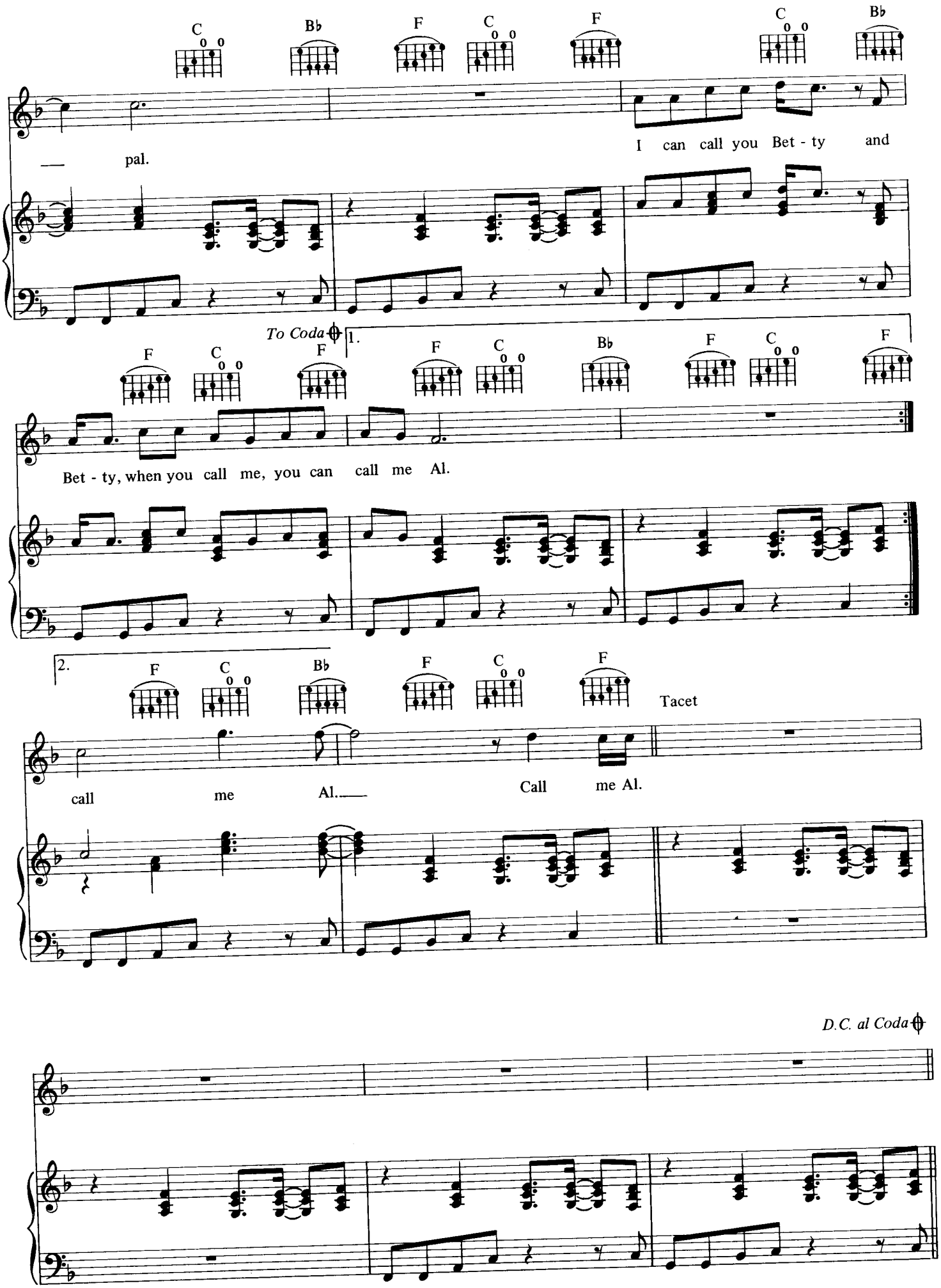
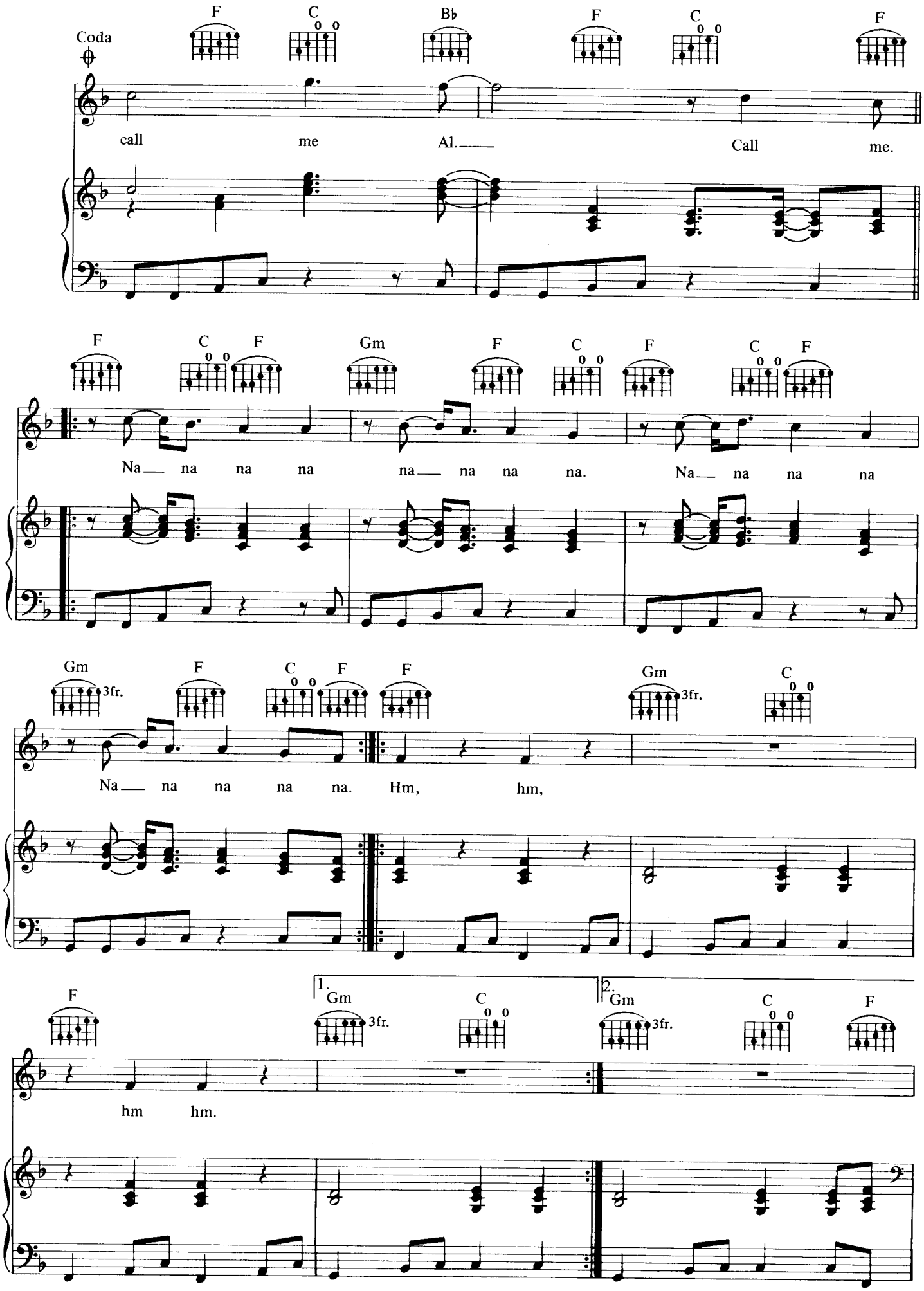
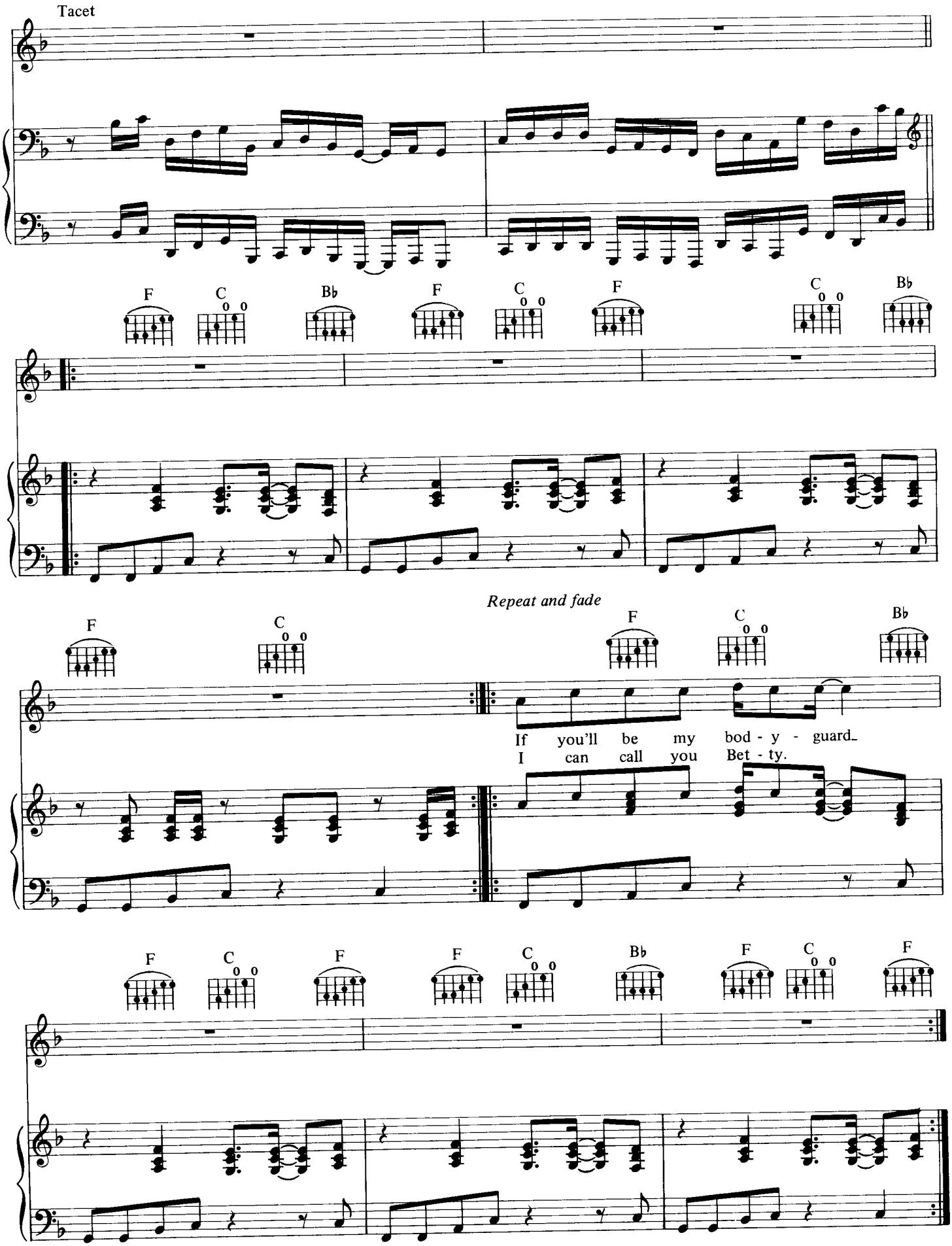

Gm
3fr.
F
C
F
C
F
rest of my life is so hard. I need a pho - to op - por - tun - i - ty,
oh, my nights are so long. Where's my wife and fam - i - ly?
may - be his first time a - round. Does - n't speak the lan - guage. He
Gm
3fr.
F
C
F
C
F
I want a shot at re - demp - tion. Don't want to end up a car - toon in a
What if I die here? Who'll be my role mod - el
holds no cur - ren - cy. He is a for - eign man.
Gm
3fr.
F
C
F
car - toon_ grave - yard." Bone dig - ger, bone dig - ger,
now that my role mod - el is gone, gone? He
He is sur - round - ed by the sound, the sound;


Gm
3fr.
C
F
Gm
3fr.
C
dogs in the moon - light_ far a - way in my well - lit door_ Mis - ter
ducked back down the al - ley with some ro - ly po - ly lit - tle bat-faced girl.__ All a -
cat - tle in the mar - ket place,__ scat - ter - ings and or - phan-ag - es. He looks a -
F
Gm
3fr.
C
F
beer bel - ly, beer bel - ly, get these mutts a - way from me.__ I don't_find this stuff a -
long, a - long, there were in - ci - dents and ac - ci-dents. There are hints and al - le -
round, a - round. He sees an - gels in the arch - i - tec - ture__ spin-ning in in - fin-i-ty. He says
Gm
3fr.
C
F
C
B♭
F
C
F
mus - ing an - y-more.
ga - tions.
a - men and hal - le - lu-jah.
If you'll be my bod - y - guard_ I can be your long_ lost_

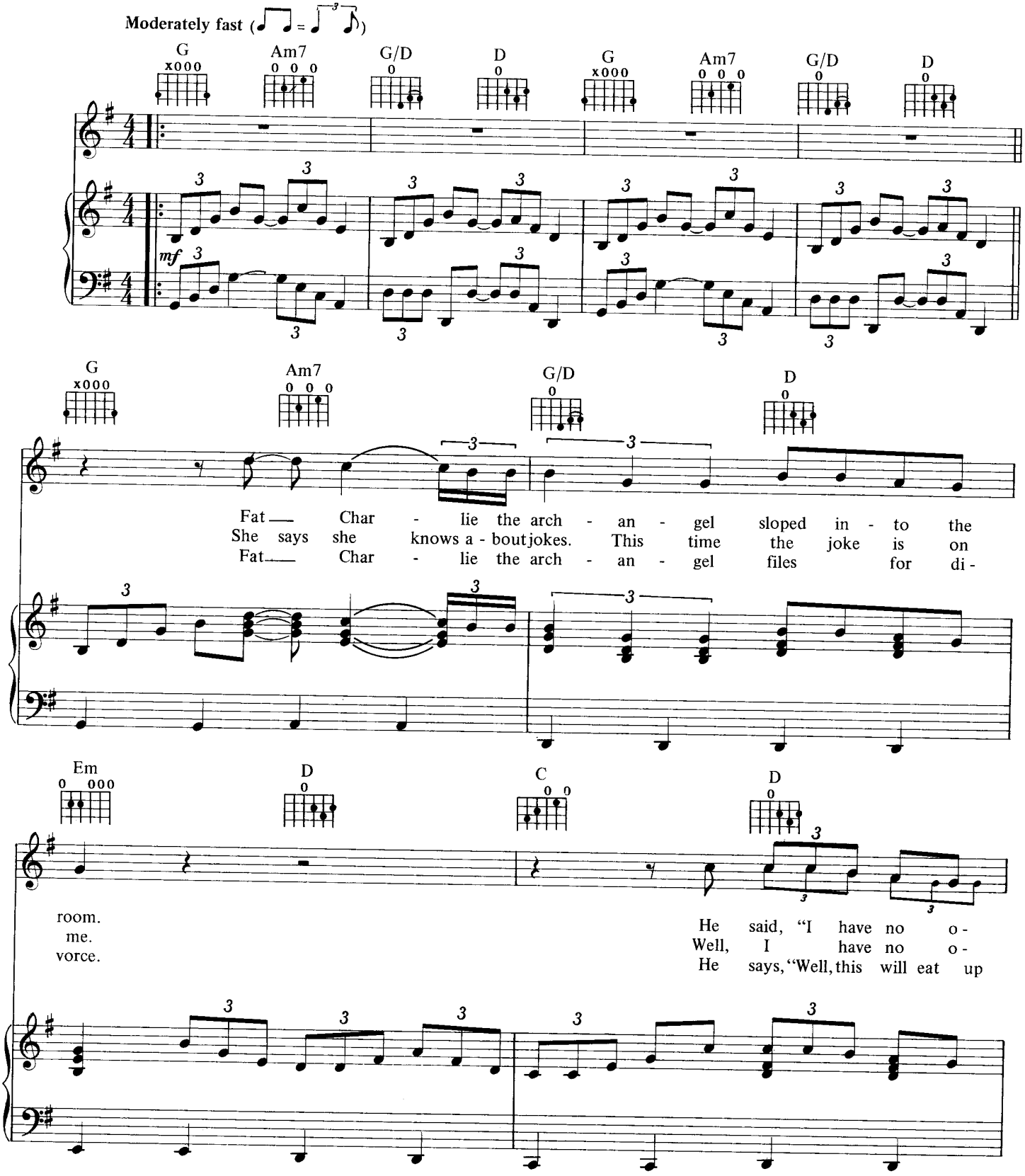

C
B♭
F
C
F
C
B♭
pal.
I can call you Bet - ty and
To Coda
1.
F
C
F
F
C
B♭
F
C
F
Bet - ty, when you call me, you can call me Al.
2.
F
C
B♭
F
C
F
Tacet
call me Al.
Call me Al.
D.C. al Coda


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
Gm F C F F Gm C
3fr. 3fr.
Na na na na na. Hm, hm,
F 1. Gm C 2. Gm C F
3fr. 3fr.
hm hm.


Tacet
F
C
B♭
F
C
F
C
B♭
Repeat and fade
F
C
F
C
B♭
If you'll be my bod - y - guard_
I can call you Bet - ty.
F
C
F
F
C
B♭
F
C
F

CRAZY LOVE, VOL. II

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON



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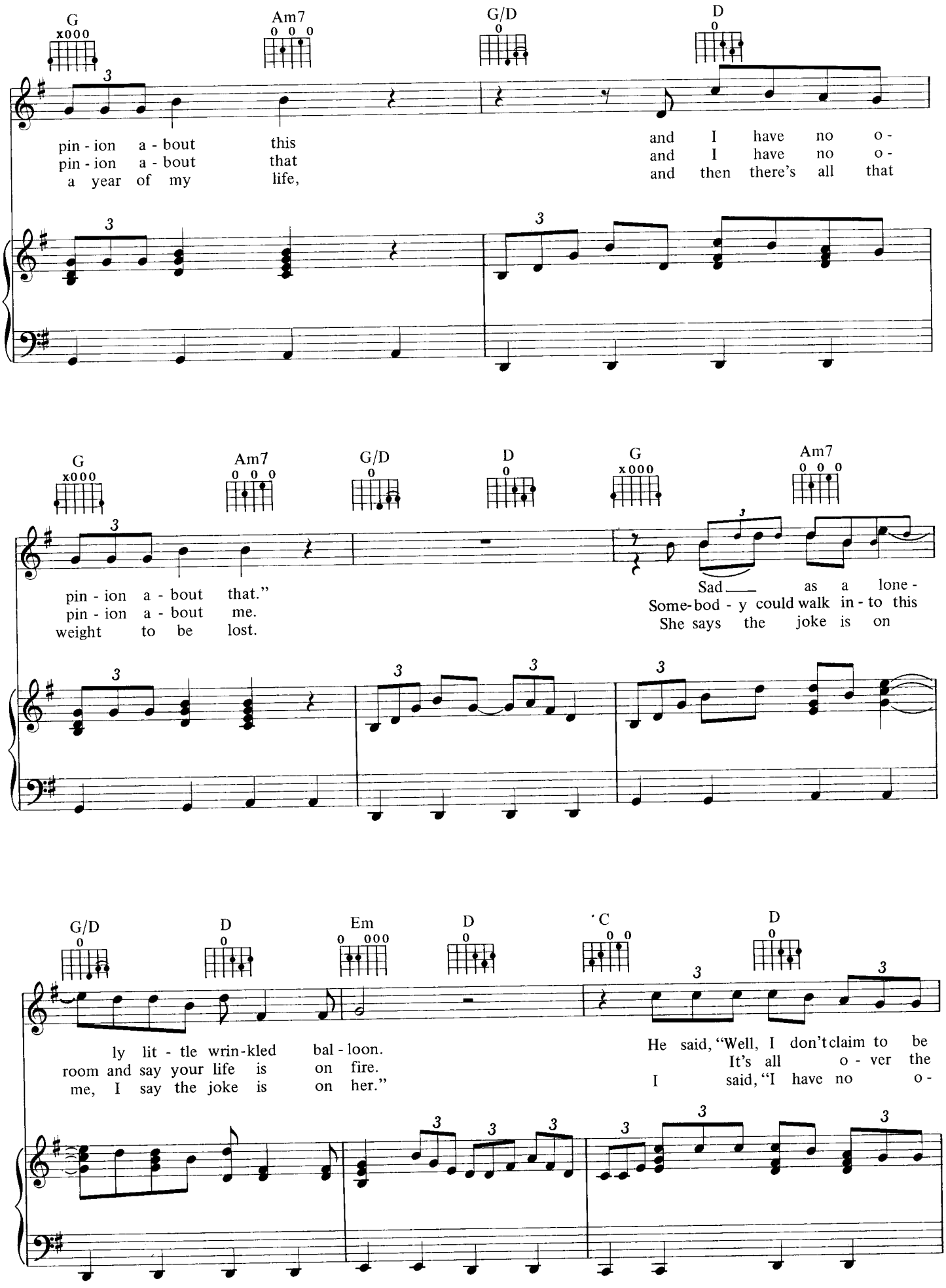
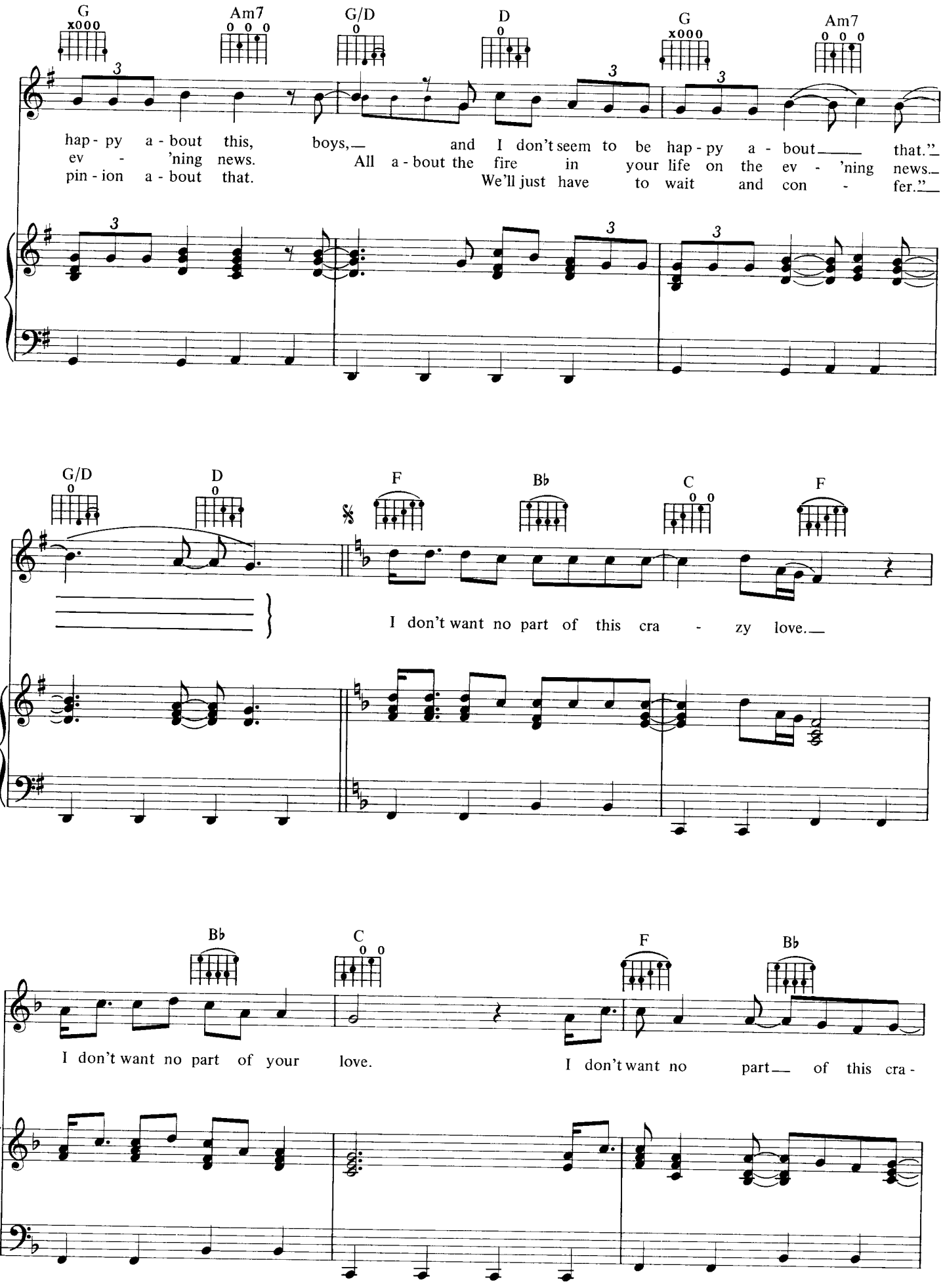
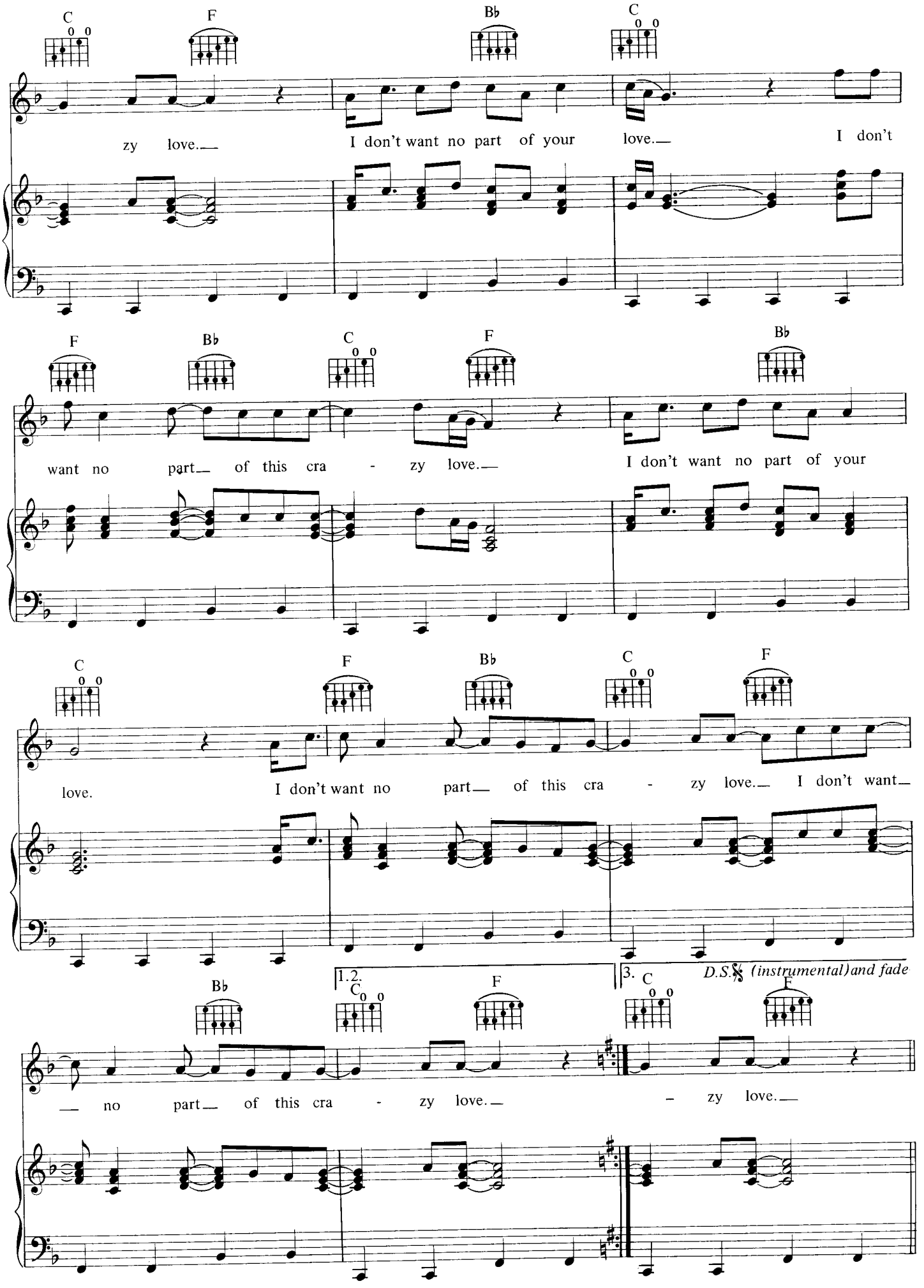
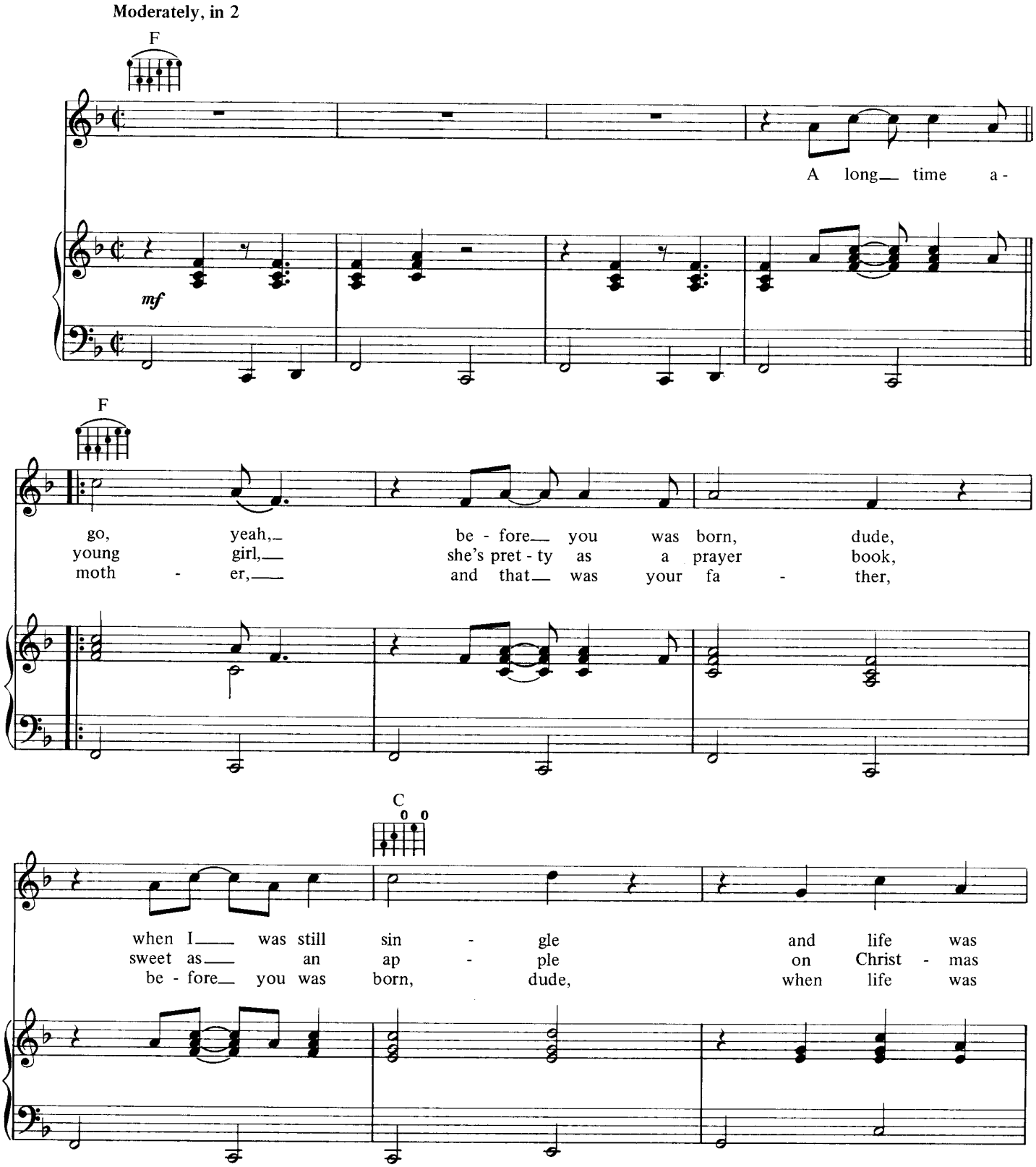

G
Am7
G/D
D
pin - ion a - bout this
pin - ion a - bout that
a year of my life,
and I have no o -
and I have no o -
and then there's all that
G
Am7
G/D
D
G
Am7
pin - ion a - bout that."
pin - ion a - bout me.
weight to be lost.
Sad as a lone -
Some-bod - y could walk in - to this
She says the joke is on
G/D
D
Em
D
C
D
ly lit - tle wrin-kled bal - loon.
room and say your life is on fire.
me, I say the joke is on her."
He said, "Well, I don't claim to be
It's all o - ver the
I said, "I have no o -


G
Am7
G/D
D
G
Am7
hap - py a - bout this, boys,— and I don't seem to be hap - py a - bout— that."—
ev - 'ning news. All a - bout the fire in your life on the ev - 'ning news.—
pin - ion a - bout that. We'll just have to wait and con - fer."—
G/D
D
F
B♭
C
F
I don't want no part of this cra - zy love.—
B♭
C
F
B♭
I don't want no part of your love.
I don't want no part— of this cra -


C F B♭ C
zy love. I don't want no part of your love. I don't
F B♭ C F B♭
want no part of this cra - zy love. I don't want no part of your
C F B♭ C F
love. I don't want no part of this cra - zy love. I don't want
1.2. 3.
D.S.𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
B♭ C F F
no part of this cra - zy love. - zy love.

THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON



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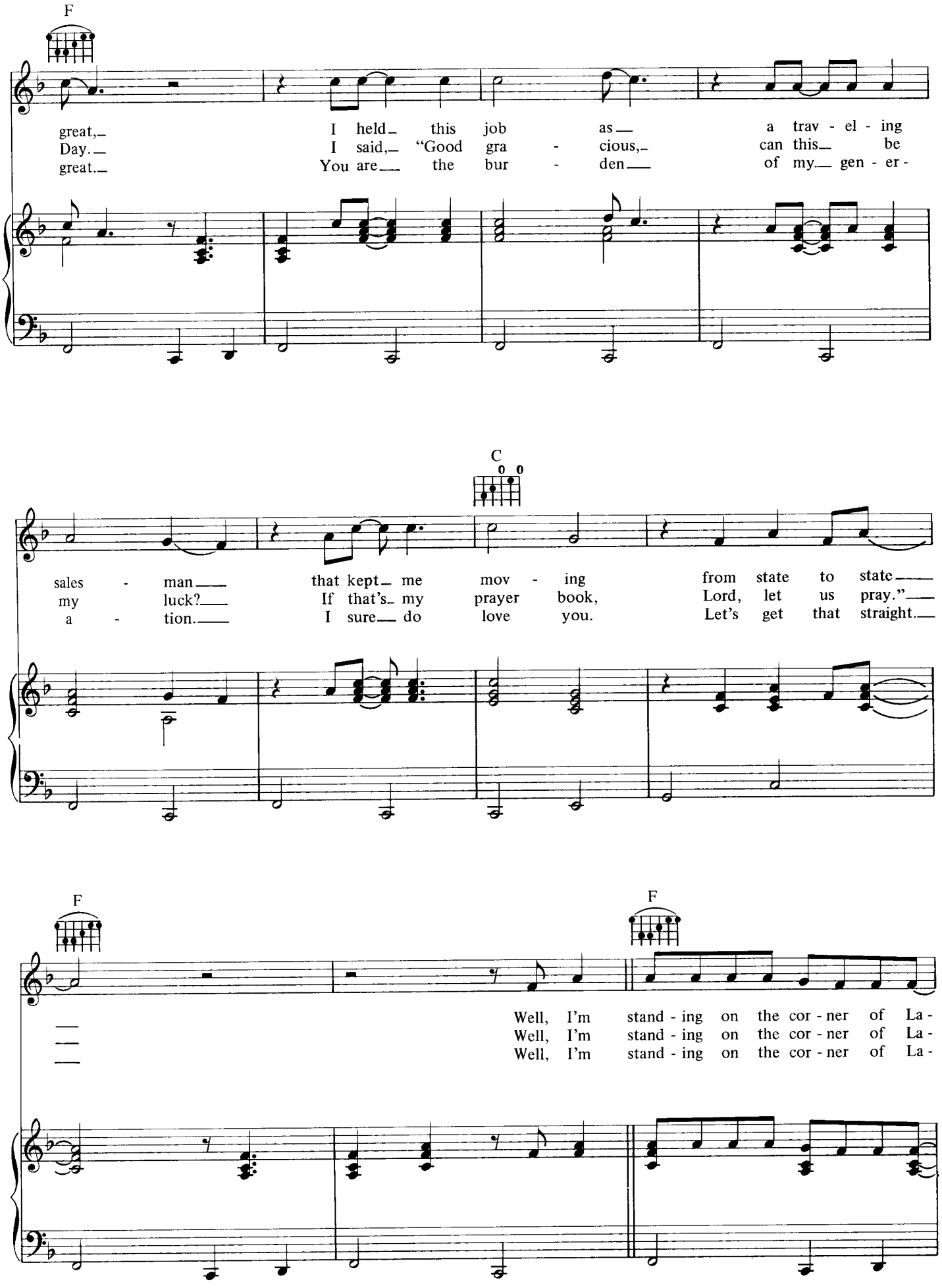
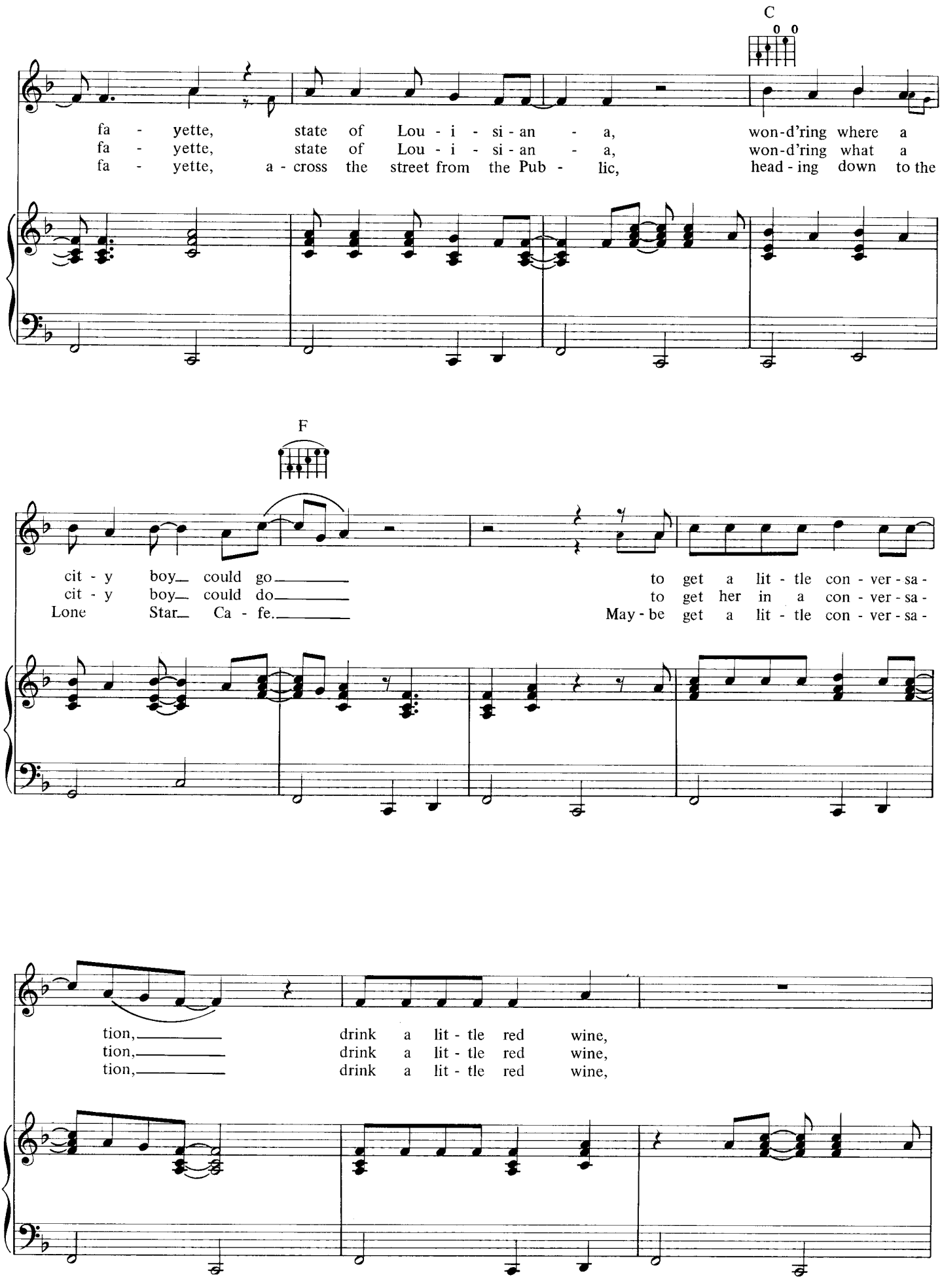
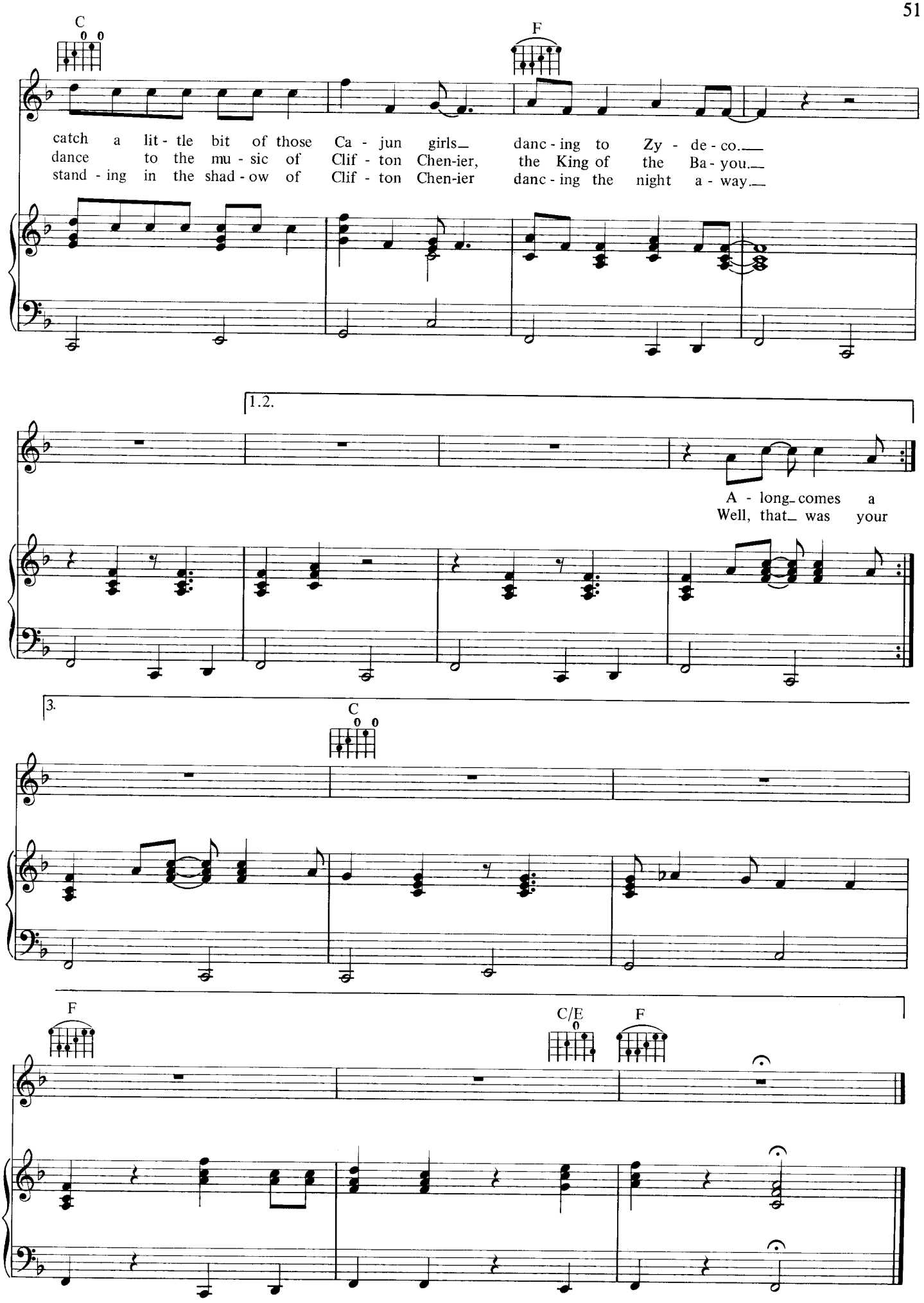
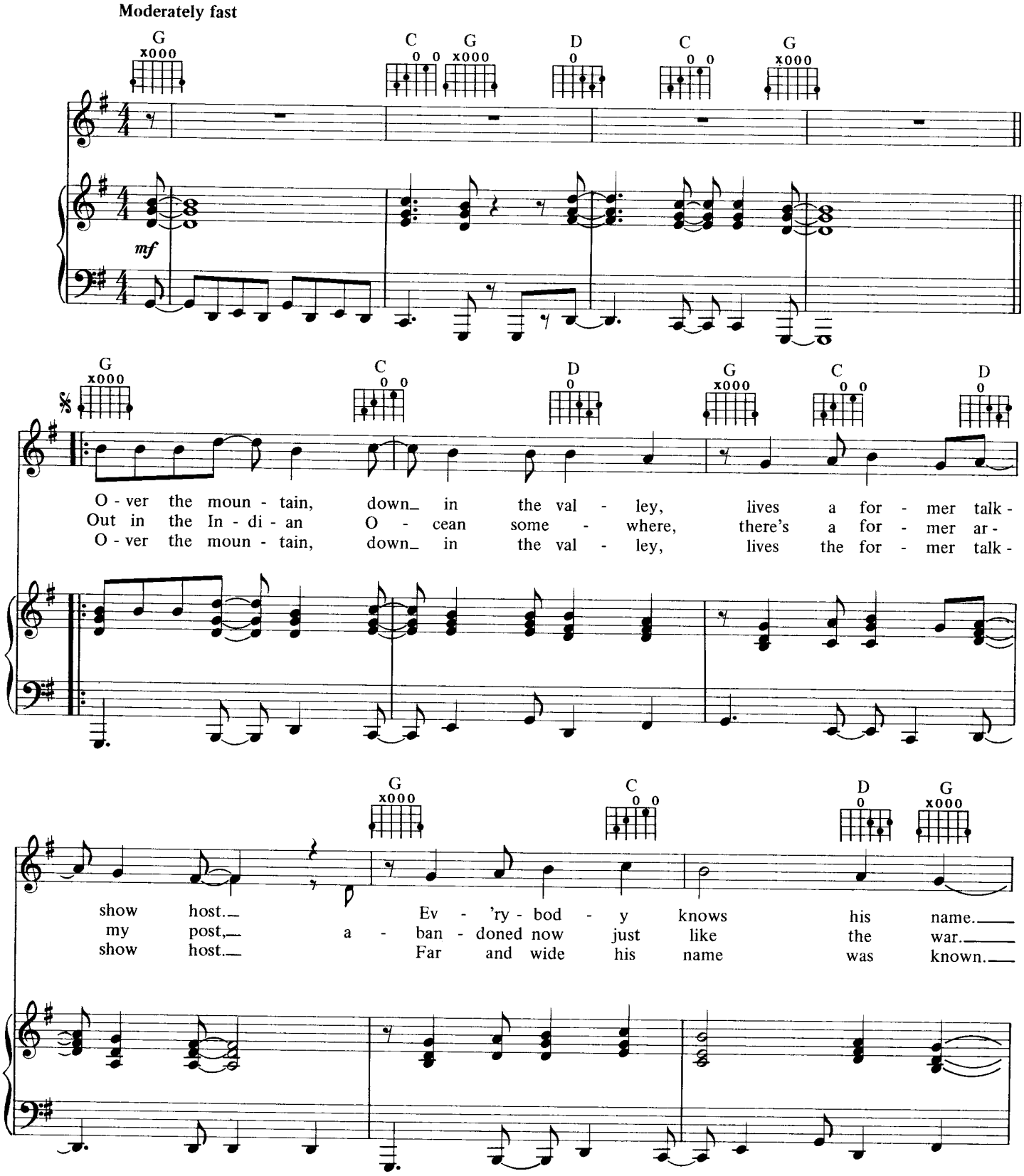

F
great, I held this job as a trav - el - ing
Day. I said, "Good gra - cious, can this be
great. You are the bur - den of my gen - er -
C
sales - man that kept me mov - ing from state to state
my luck? If that's my prayer book, Lord, let us pray."
a - tion. I sure do love you. Let's get that straight.
F
F
Well, I'm stand - ing on the cor - ner of La -
Well, I'm stand - ing on the cor - ner of La -
Well, I'm stand - ing on the cor - ner of La -


C
fa - yette, state of Lou - i - si - an - a, won-d'ring where a
fa - yette, state of Lou - i - si - an - a, won-d'ring what a
fa - yette, a - cross the street from the Pub - lic, head - ing down to the
F
cit - y boy could go to get a lit - tle con - ver - sa -
cit - y boy could do to get her in a con - ver - sa -
Lone Star Ca - fe. May - be get a lit - tle con - ver - sa -
tion, drink a lit - tle red wine,
tion, drink a lit - tle red wine,
tion, drink a lit - tle red wine,


C
F
catch a lit - tle bit of those Ca - jun girls_ danc - ing to Zy - de - co.__
dance to the mu - sic of Clif - ton Chen-ier, the King of the Ba - you.__
stand - ing in the shad - ow of Clif - ton Chen-ier danc - ing the night a - way.__
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



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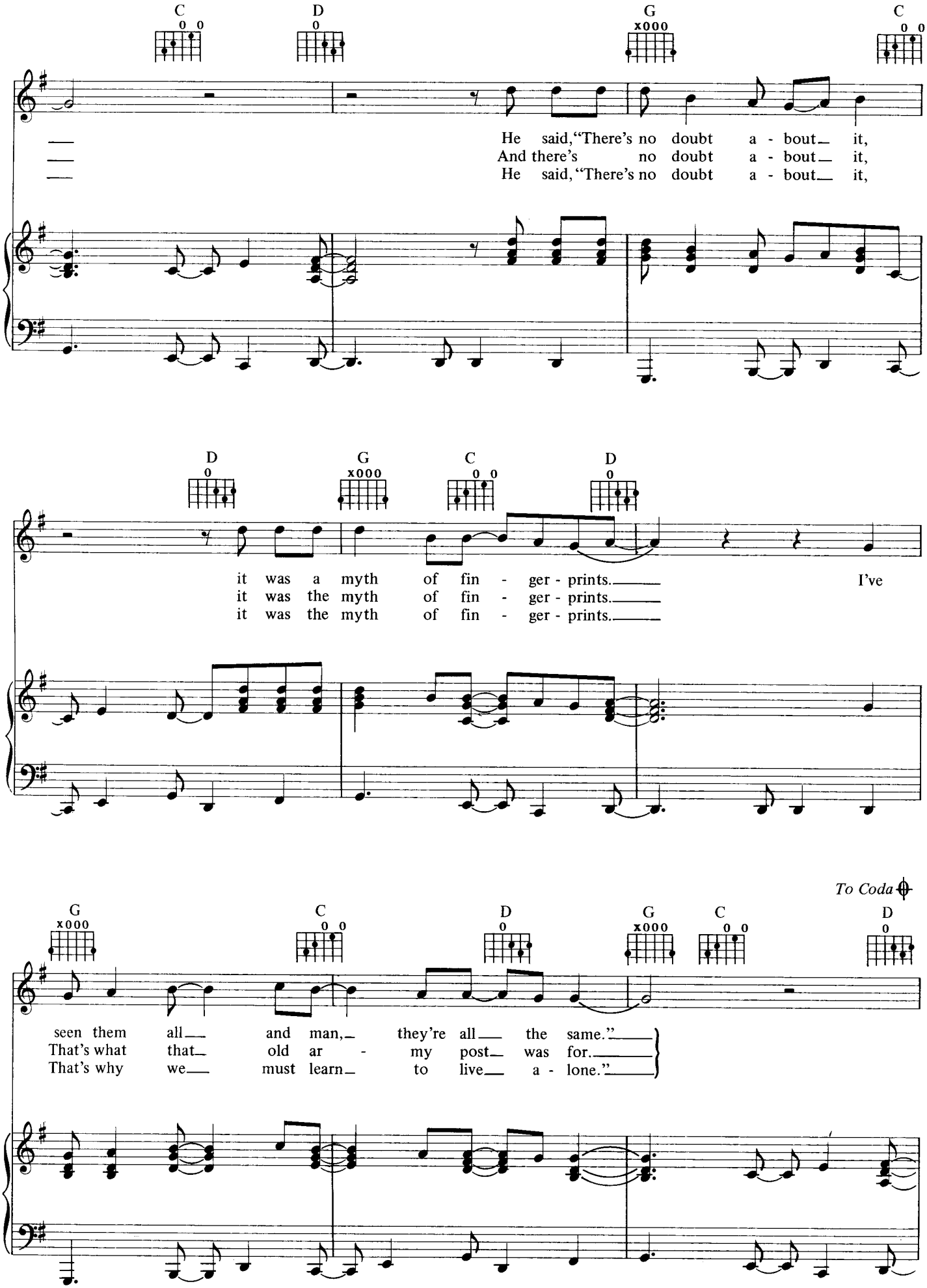
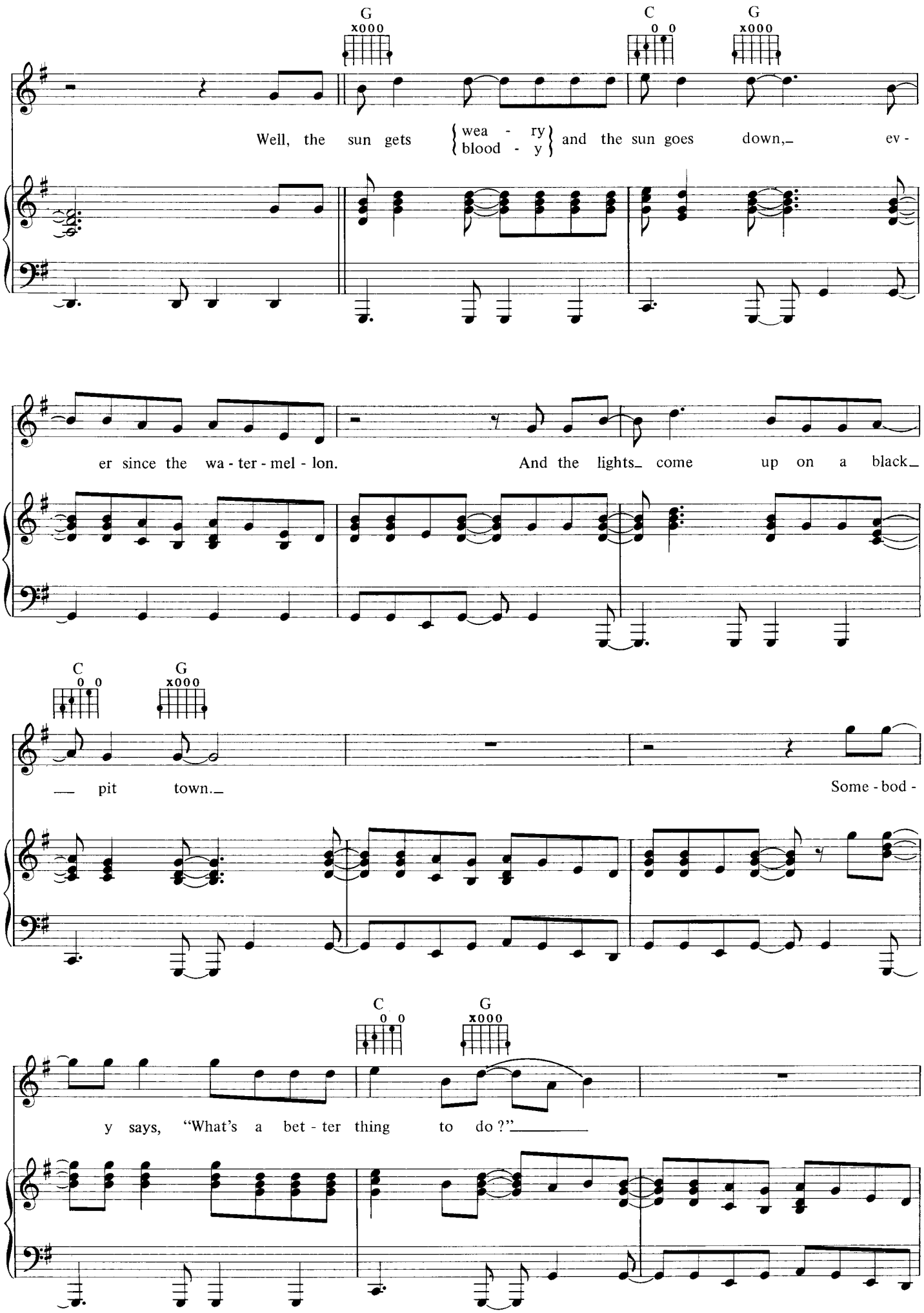
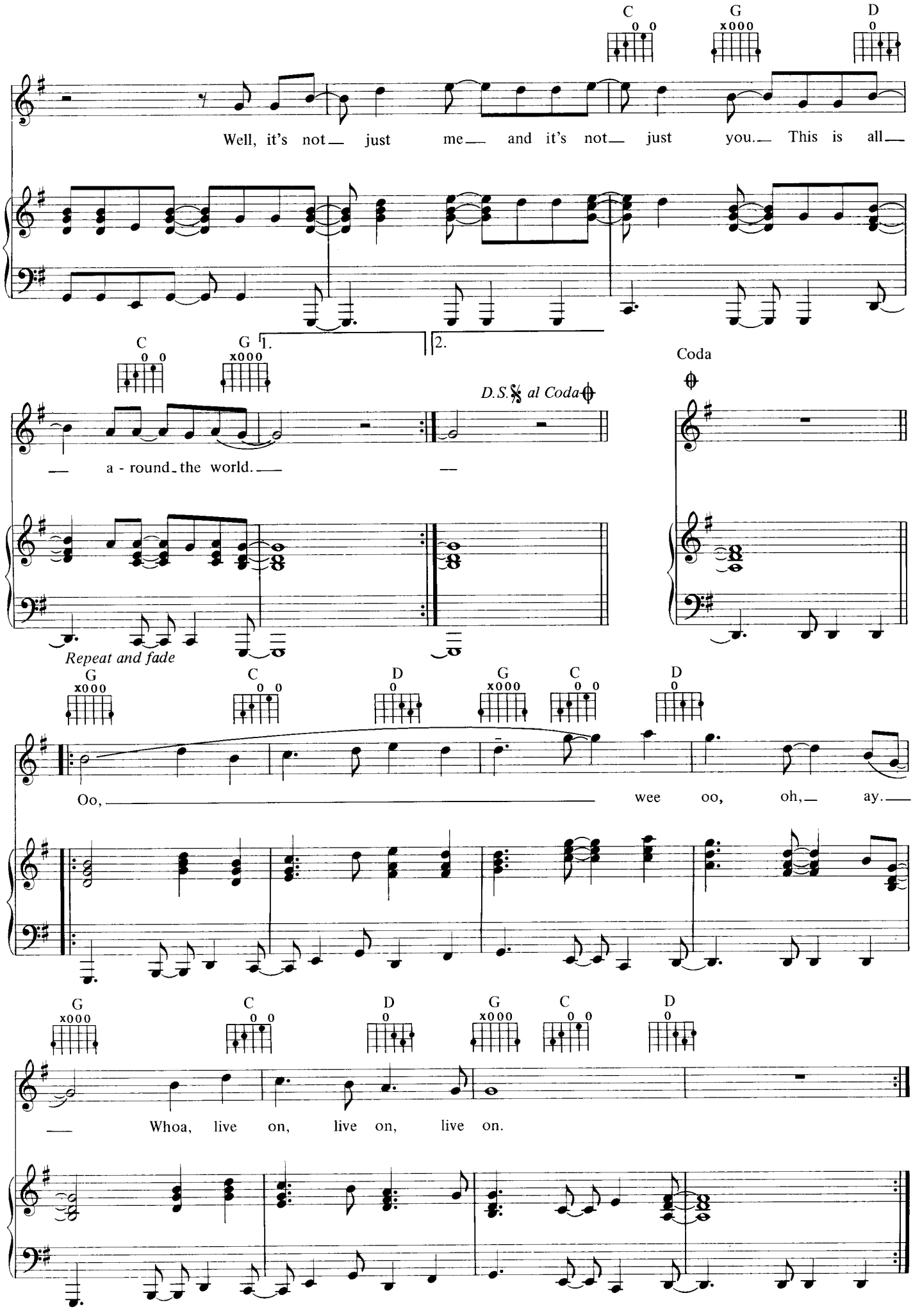
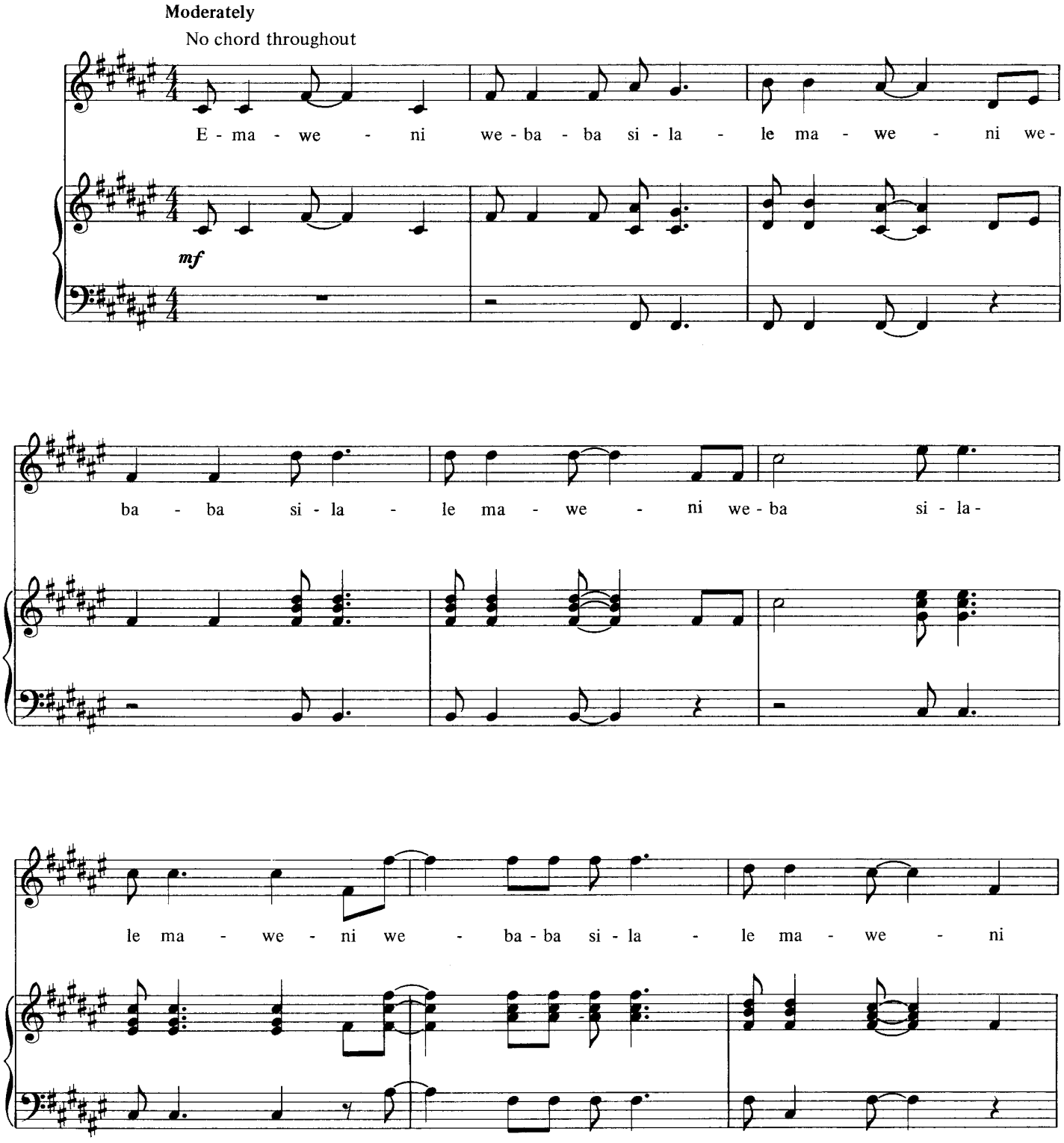

C
D
G
C
He said,"There's no doubt a - bout it,
And there's no doubt a - bout it,
He said,"There's no doubt a - bout it,
D
G
C
D
it was a myth of fin - ger - prints. I've
it was the myth of fin - ger - prints.
it was the myth of fin - ger - prints.
To Coda
G
C
D
G
C
D
seen them all and man, they're all the same."
That's what that old ar - my post was for.
That's why we must learn to live a - lone."


G
C
G
Well, the sun gets wea - ry / blood - y and the sun goes down, ev -
er since the wa - ter - mel - lon. And the lights come up on a black
C
G
pit town. Some - bod -
C
G
y says, "What's a bet - ter thing to do ?"


C
G
D
Well, it's not just me and it's not just you. This is all
1.
2.
C
G
a - round the world.
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
G
C
D
G
C
D
Oo, wee oo, oh, ay.
G
C
D
G
C
D
Whoa, live on, live on, live on.

HOMELESS

Words and Music By
PAUL SIMON and JOSEPH SHABALALA



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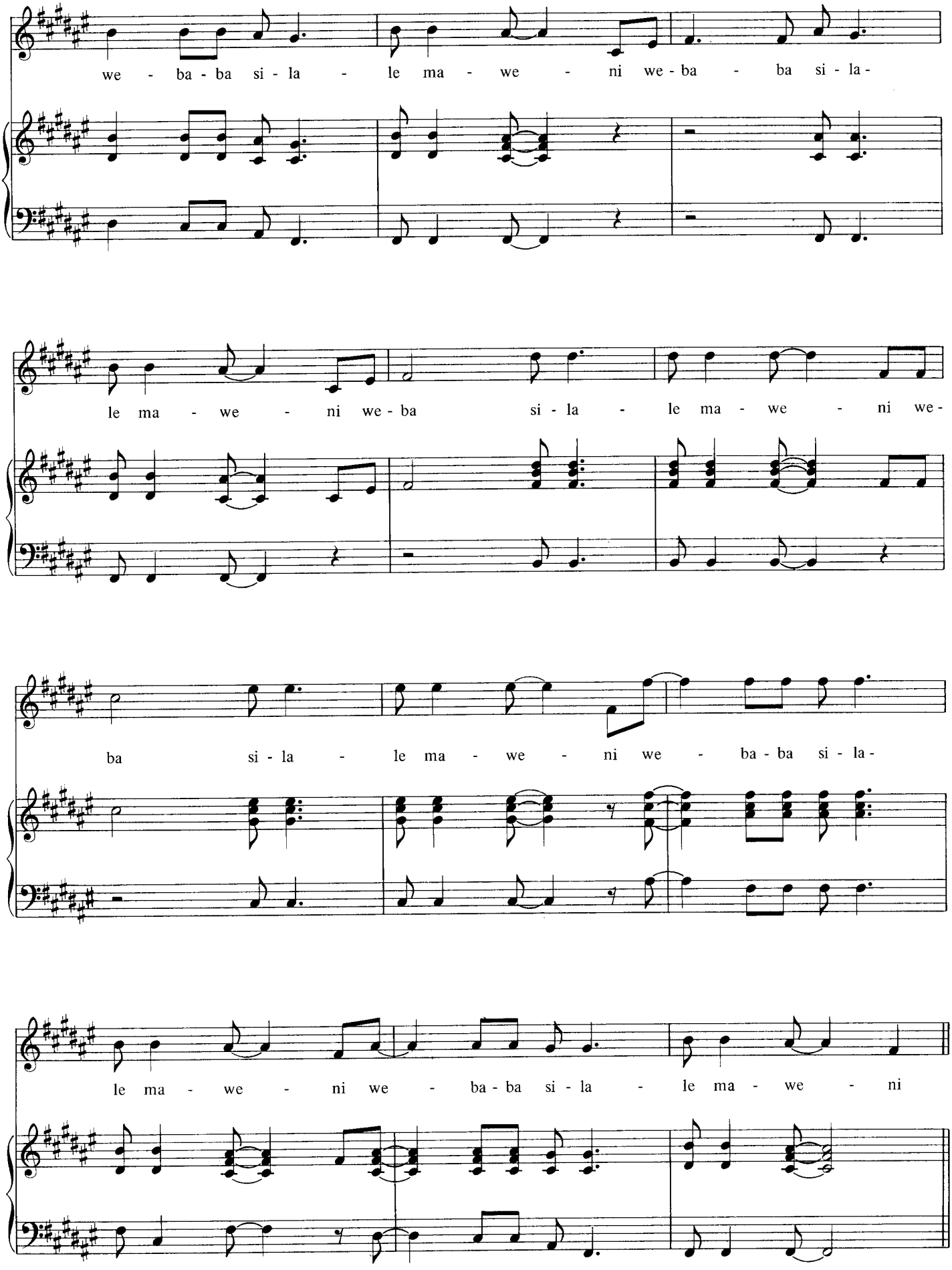
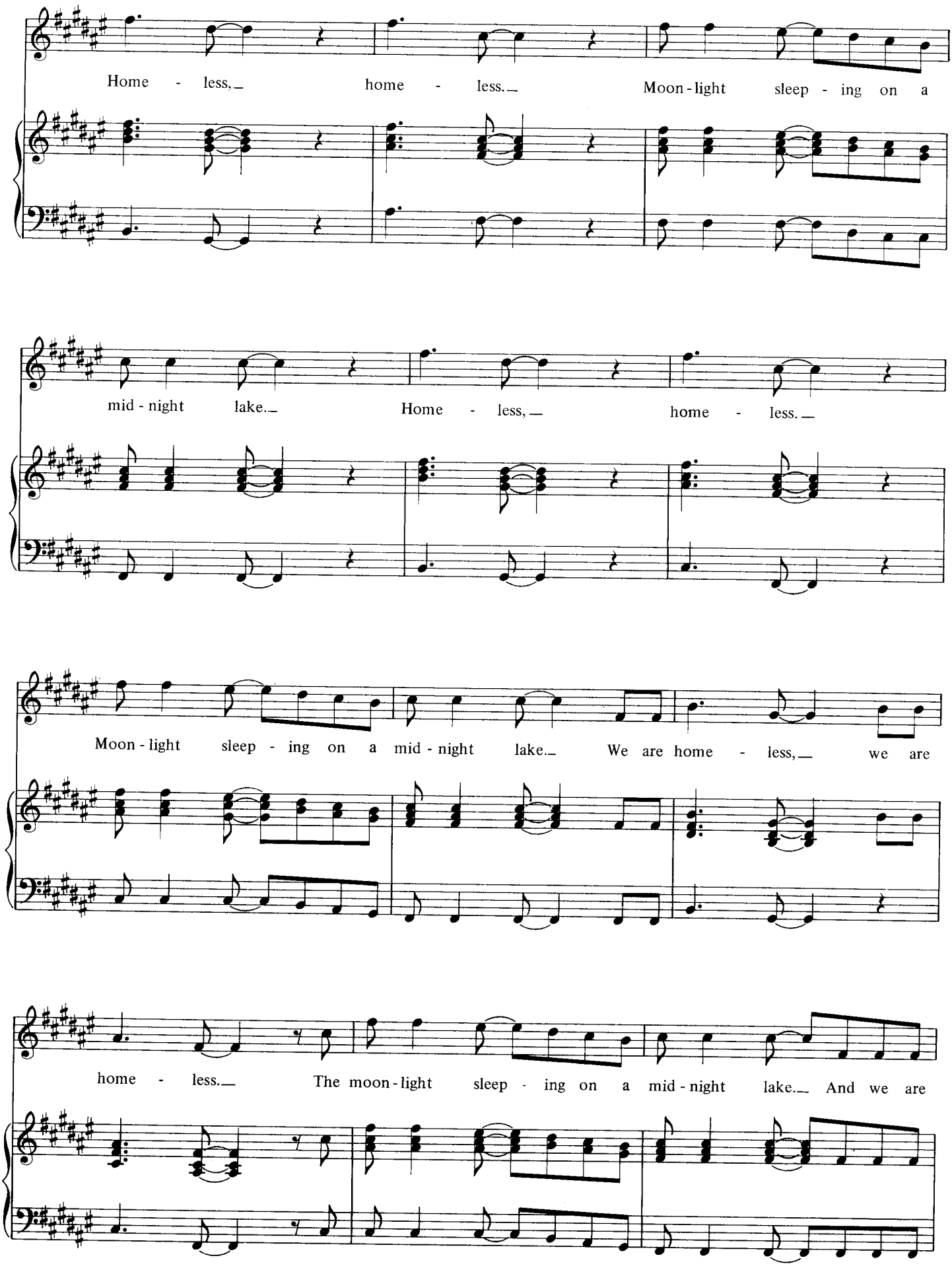
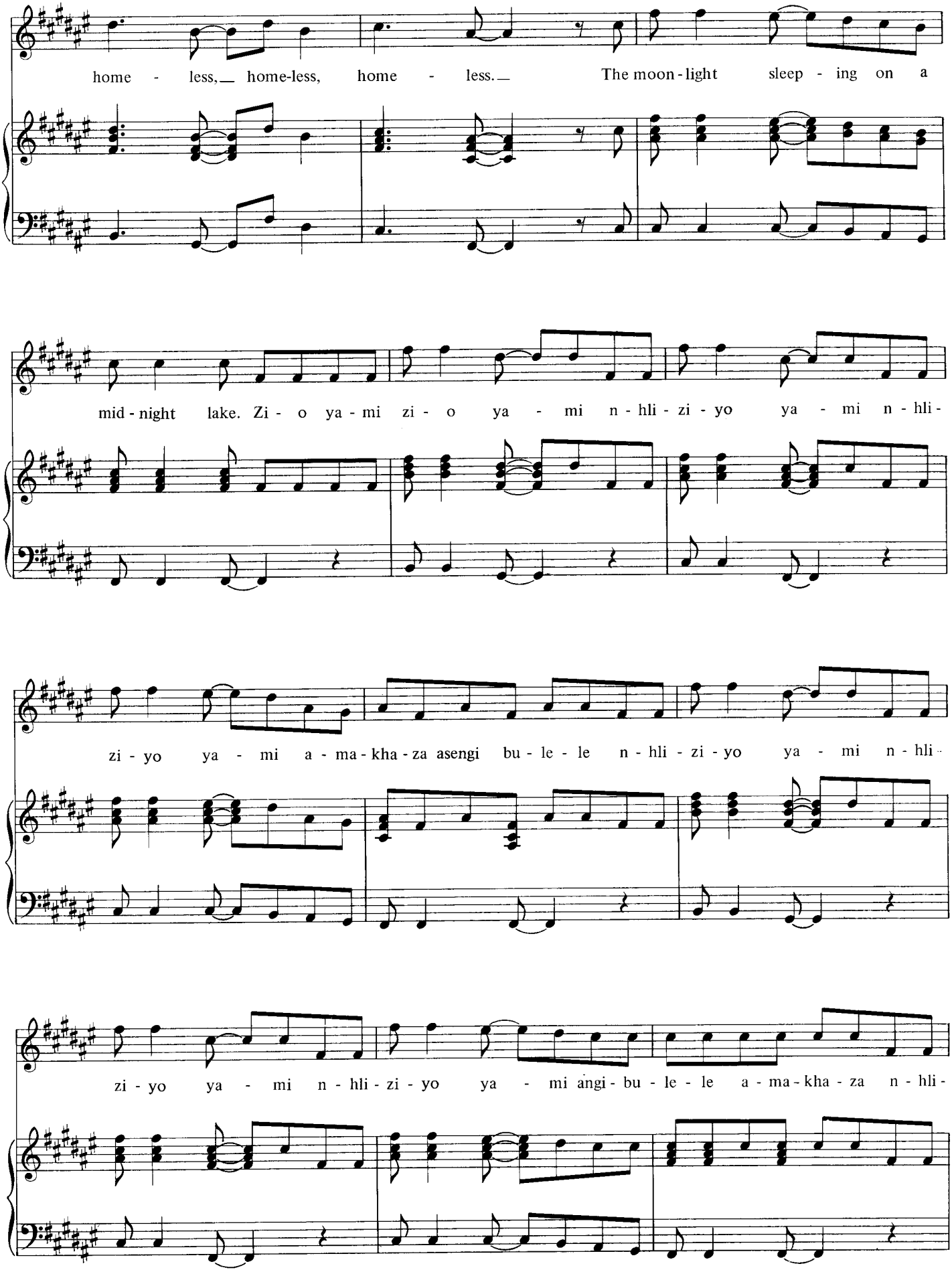
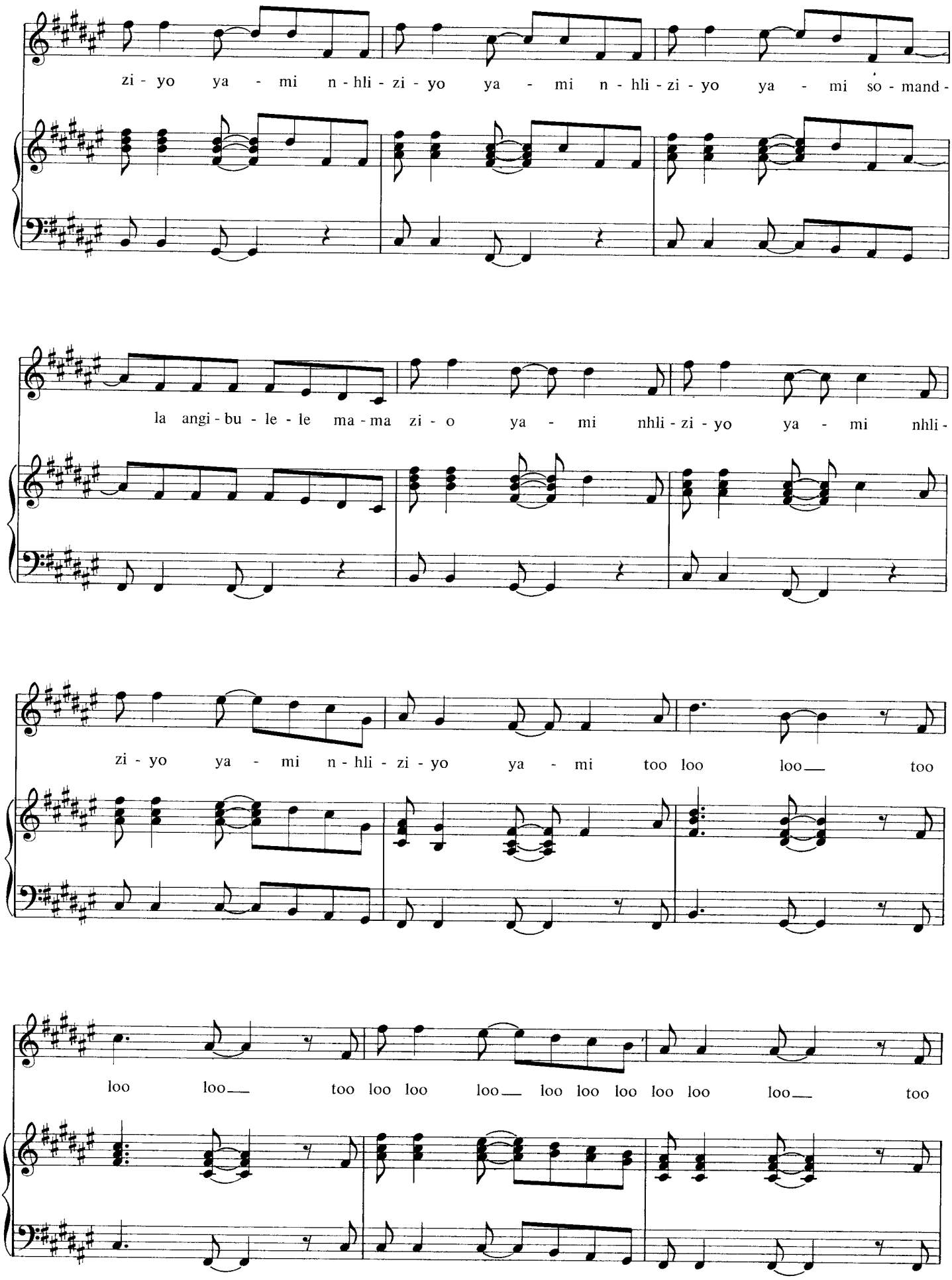
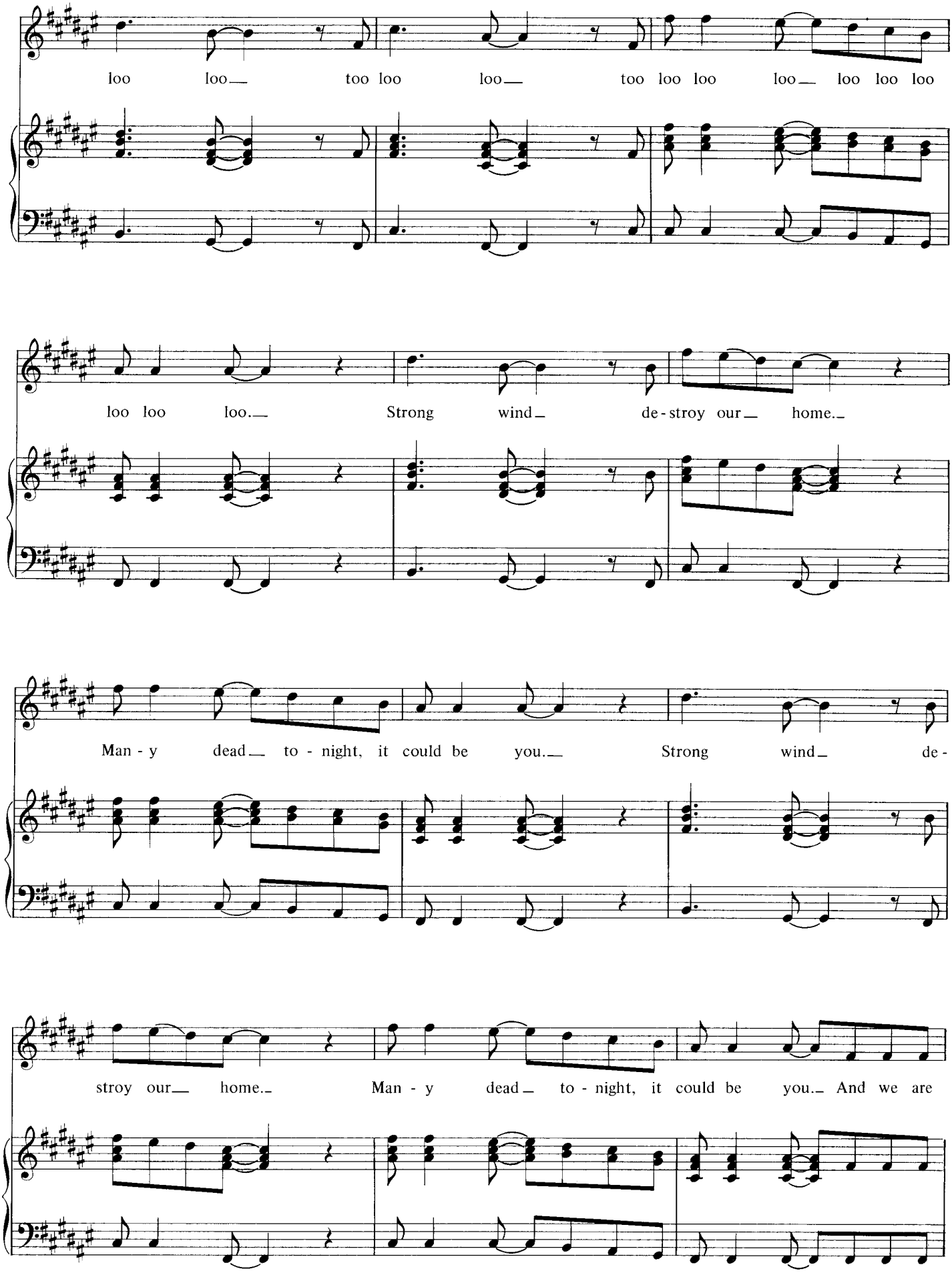
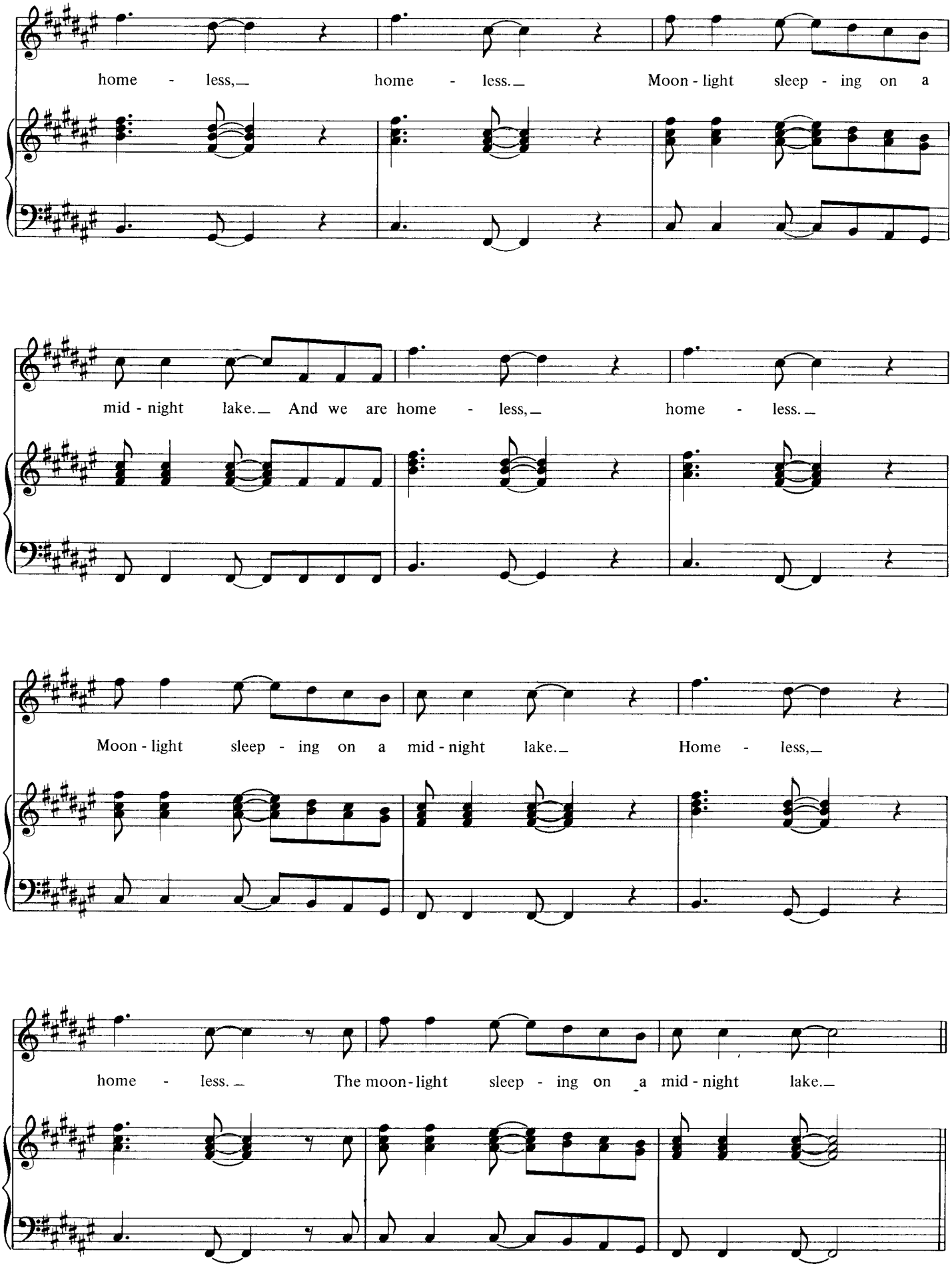

we - ba - ba si - la - le ma - we - ni we - ba - ba si - la -
le ma - we - ni we - ba si - la - le ma - we - ni we -
ba si - la - le ma - we - ni we - ba - ba si - la -
le ma - we - ni we - ba - ba si - la - le ma - we - ni

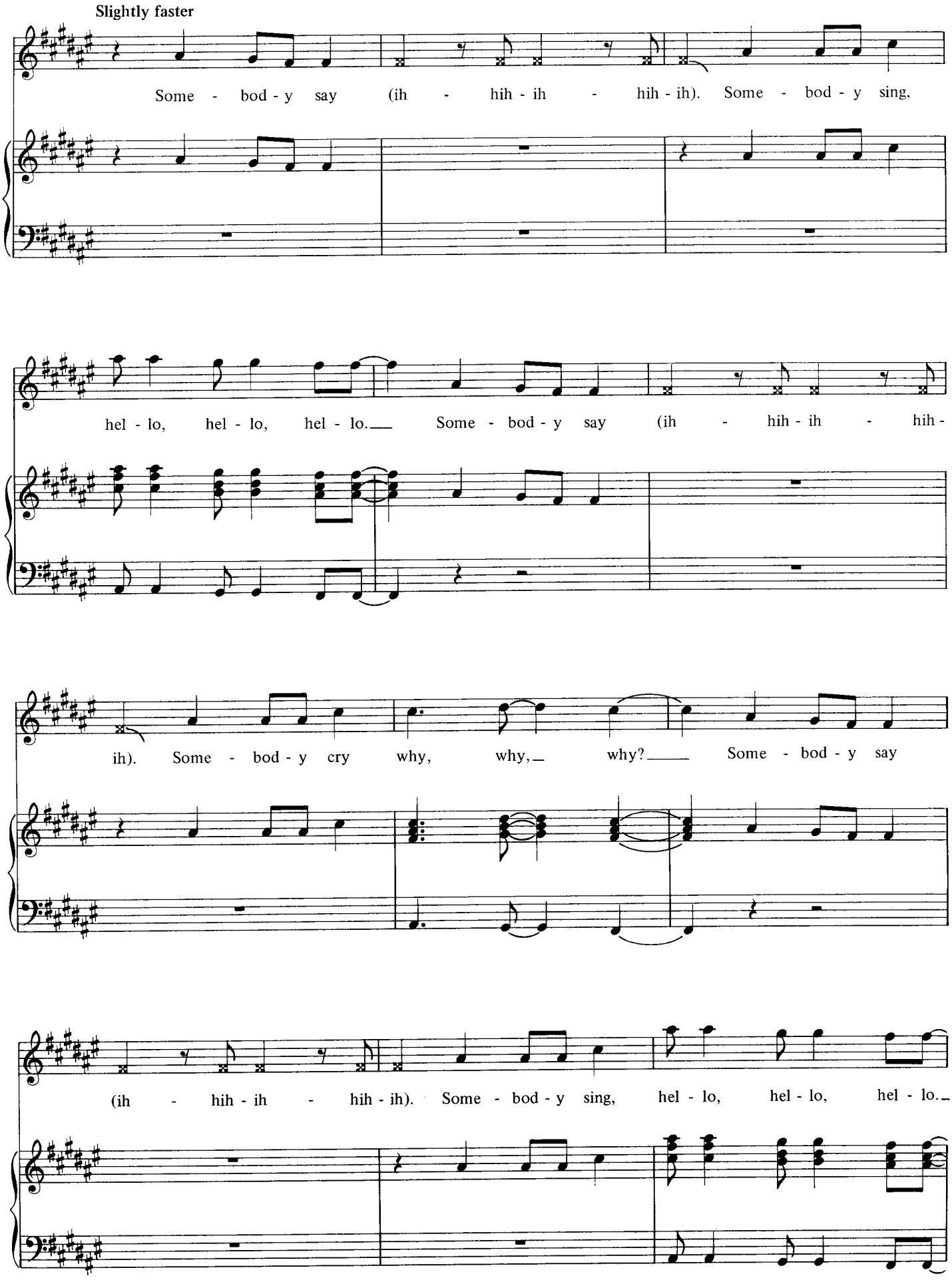

Home - less, home - less. Moon - light sleep - ing on a
mid - night lake. Home - less, home - less.
Moon - light sleep - ing on a mid - night lake. We are home - less, we are
home - less. The moon - light sleep - ing on a mid - night lake. And we are

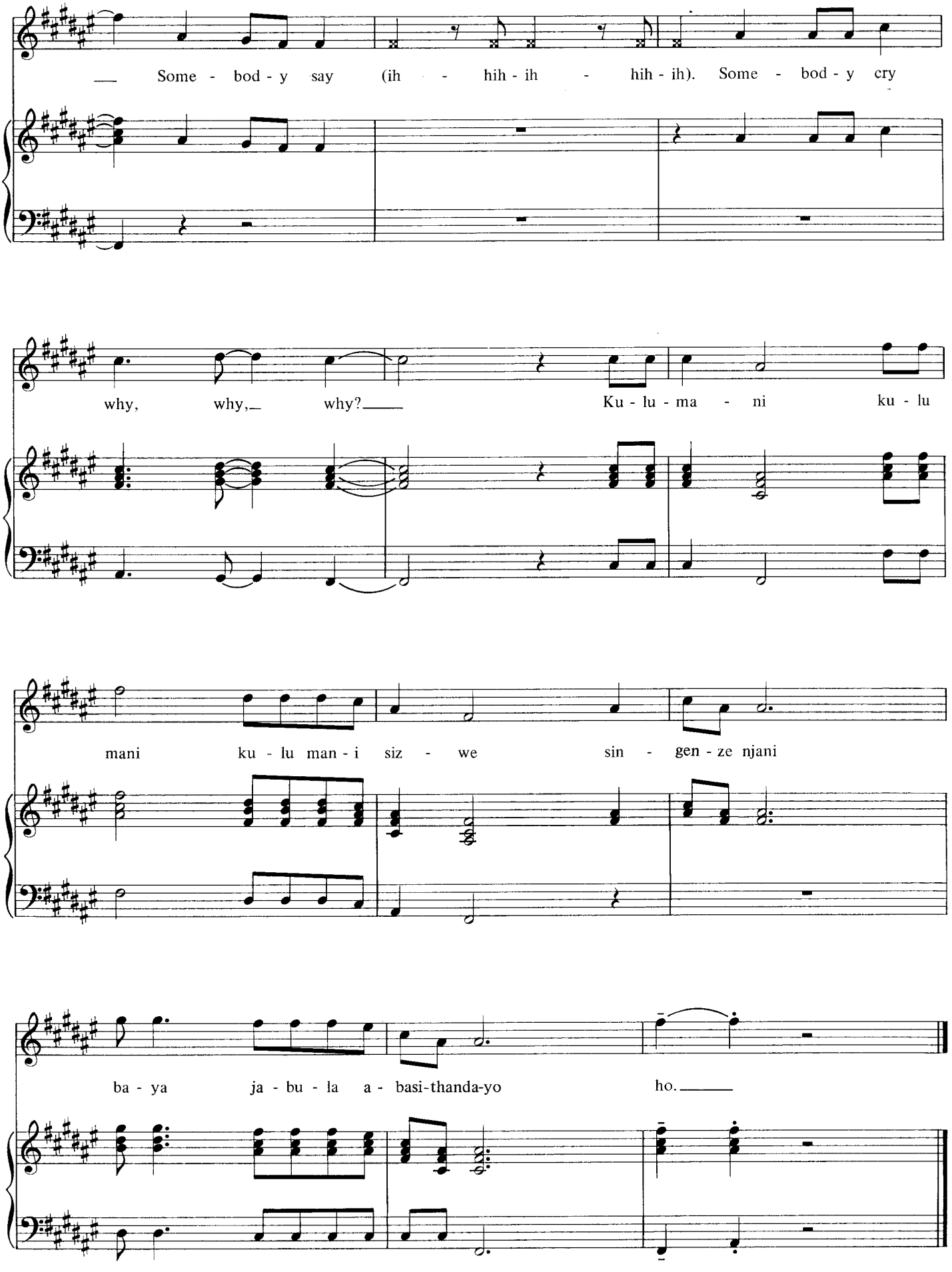

home - less,_ home-less, home - less._ The moon-light sleep - ing on a
mid-night lake. Zi - o ya-mi zi - o ya - mi n-hli-zi-yo ya - mi n-hli-
zi-yo ya - mi a-ma-kha-za asengi bu-le-le n-hli-zi-yo ya - mi n-hli-
zi-yo ya - mi n-hli-zi-yo ya - mi angi-bu-le-le a-ma-kha-za n-hli-


zi - yo ya - mi n - hli - zi - yo ya - mi n - hli - zi - yo ya - mi so - mand -
la angi - bu - le - le ma - ma zi - o ya - mi nhli - zi - yo ya - mi nhli -
zi - yo ya - mi n - hli - zi - yo ya - mi too loo loo too
loo loo too loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo too


loo loo too loo loo too loo loo loo loo loo loo
loo loo loo. Strong wind de-stroy our home.
Man-y dead to-night, it could be you. Strong wind de-
stroy 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
Some - bod - y say (ih - hih - ih - hih - ih). Some - bod - y sing,
hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo. Some - bod - y say (ih - hih - ih - hih -
ih). Some - bod - y cry why, why, why? Some - bod - y say
(ih - hih - ih - hih - ih). Some - bod - y sing, hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo.


Some - bod - y say (ih - hih - ih - hih - ih). Some - bod - y cry
why, why, why? Ku - lu - ma - ni ku - lu
mani ku - lu man - i siz - we sin - gen - ze njani
ba - ya ja - bu - la a - basi-thanda-yo ho.

In the summer of 1984, a friend gave me a cassette of an album called **GUMBOOTS: ACCORDION JIVE HITS, VOLUME II.** It sounded vaguely like '50s rock 'n' roll out of the Atlantic Records school of simple three-chord pop hits: **MR. LEE** by the Bobettes, **JIM DANDY** by Laverne Baker. It was very up, very happy music—familiar and foreign-sounding at the same time. The instrumentation (accordion, bass, drums and electric guitars) and the name of the record label (Gallo Records) made me think that **GUMBOOTS** probably hadn't been recorded by an American or British band.

In fact, the album turned out to be "township jive" or "Mbaqanga"—the street music of Soweto, South Africa.

With the help of Warner Bros. Records, I was put in touch with Hilton Rosenthal, a record producer working in Johannesburg and known for having produced the group Juluka, the first racially-integrated band to become a hit in South Africa. He sent me twenty or so albums that covered the spectrum of black music from traditional to funk and I began to listen to South African music steadily.

In February '85, my friend and engineer Roy Halee and I flew to Johannesburg to record with three groups that I had heard on these records: Tao Ea Matsekha, General M.D. Shirinda and the Gaza Sisters, and the Boyoyo Boys Band used on **GUMBOOTS: ACCORDION JIVE HITS, VOLUME II.**

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GRACELAND
GUMBOOTS
HOMELESS
I KNOW WHAT I KNOW
THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER
UNDER AFRICAN SKIES
YOU CAN CALL ME AL

THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE was recorded with Tao Ea Matsekha (the name means "Lion of Matsekha"), a group from Lesotho. Their music, described as "Sotho traditional" on their album jacket, had a very powerful medium-paced rhythmic groove with the bass playing lead and accordion supplying harmonic structure.

GRACELAND is less typical of South African music than most of the other tracks, largely because of the flexibility and collaborative musical gifts of two extraordinary musicians—fretless bass player Baghiti Khumalo and guitarist Ray Phiri. In fact, it almost has the feel of American country music. After the recording session, Ray told me that he'd used a relative minor chord—something not often heard in South African music— because he said he thought it was more like the chord changes he'd heard in my music. The addition some months later of Demola Adepoju, the pedal steel guitarist with the King Sonny Ade band of Nigeria, also contributes a musical texture that is common to both American country music and West African Music.

The music for **I KNOW WHAT I KNOW** comes from an album by General M.D. Shirinda and the Gaza Sisters, a Shangaan group from Gazankulu, a small town near Petersburg in northern South Africa. As more and more Shangaan people have migrated to Johannesburg, their music has grown increasingly popular, and several Shangaan records have recently become hits. An unusual style of guitar playing and the distinctive sound of the women's voices were what attracted me to this group in the first place.

GUMBOOTS, the track I first fell in love with, is the term used to describe the type of music favored by miners and railroad workers in South Africa. The term refers to the heavy boots they wear on a job. We added saxophone solos to the original track, using soprano and alto saxes—instruments often heard in bands playing "township jive" music.

DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES was recorded in May of '86 in New York a week after an appearance with Ladysmith Black Mambazo and the Soweto Rhythm Section on "Saturday Night Live." The beginning is a collaboration with Ladysmith and the body of the song has a "township jive" beat similar to **GUMBOOTS.** Youssou N'dour is a popular singer from Senegal. He and two percussionists from his band were overdubbed onto the South African rhythm section.

Returning to the chronological development of the album, three months after the trip to Johannesburg, I brought the rhythm sections of Ray Phiri, Baghiti Khumalo and Isaac Mtshali to New York. Our work together resulted in the next two tracks, **YOU CAN CALL ME AL,** a kind of South African funk/dance groove, and **UNDER AFRICAN SKIES,** which Hilton Rosenthal describes as a Zulu walking rhythm. The pennywhistle solo on **YOU CAN CALL ME AL** is played by Morris Goldberg, a white South African who's been living in New York since the mid '60s.

HOMELESS was co-written with Joseph Shabalala, composer and lead singer of Ladysmith Black Mambazo. I'd seen Ladysmith on the BBC documentary "Rhythm of Resistance: The Music of South Africa." The ten-member a capella church group take their name from the township of Ladysmith, their home near Durban on the Indian Ocean. They are one of their country's best-known and loved groups.

Joseph Shabalala and I wrote in English and in Zulu, starting the piece in the middle and working outwards to the beginning and the end. The process began when I sent him a demo of **HOMELESS** with the melody and words: "We are homeless, homeless/moonlight sleeping on the midnight lake." In my note accompanying the cassette, I suggested that he make any changes in harmony or words that he wanted, and told him to feel free to continue the story in Zulu, adding whatever melodic changes he felt appropriate.

A month later we met for the first time in London's Abbey Road studios. After hearing Joseph's additions to the song, both felt we were on to something and decided to expand the piece. Thinking of a track from one of my favorite Ladysmith albums, I tried writing English lyrics that would slip into that pre-existing song. This is the "somebody say..." section, and we used it as a bridge from the end of the "homeless..." lyrics to the Zulu part that follows.

At this point, we attached a typical Ladysmith ending, one that Joseph had used on many of his songs. A rough translation of these final words comes out as, "We would like to announce to the entire nation that we are the best at singing in this style." That concluded day one.

On the second day, the group showed me an introduction they'd worked on late into the night. The melody came from a traditional Zulu wedding song, but the new lyrics now told of people living in caves on the side of a mountain, cold and hungry, their fists used as pillows. This new introduction fell into the body of the song and completed the collaboration.

The musicians playing on **CRAZY LOVE** are part of a band called Stimela, which has had several hits on the local South African charts. This is guitarist Ray Phiri's group, but his playing on **CRAZY LOVE** is more like the music of Malawi and Zimbabwe—more gentle and syncopated than the hard 4/4 rhythms of Soweto.

Searching for a musical connection to home, I thought of accordion and saxophone music I'd heard in South Africa, and the Zydeco bands of Cajun Louisiana. Dicky Landry, a composer and saxophone player who splits his time between Cecilia, Louisiana, and New York City, introduced me to Good Rockin' Dopsie And The Twisters. I watched them work a dance hall bar in Lafayette, Louisiana, and the next day we began our recording sessions in a small studio behind a music store.

Los Lobos is a well known East L.A. band whose music I admire. They also use accordion and saxophone, and combine them with straight-ahead rock 'n' roll. The Los Lobos sessions were completed in June of '85 at Amigo Studios in Los Angeles.

Paul Simon, May 1986

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