

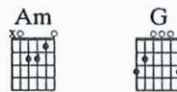
SATIN SUMMER NIGHTS

MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON
LYRICS BY PAUL SIMON AND DEREK WALCOTT

Moderately, doo - wop style 



I been sleep - ing on the



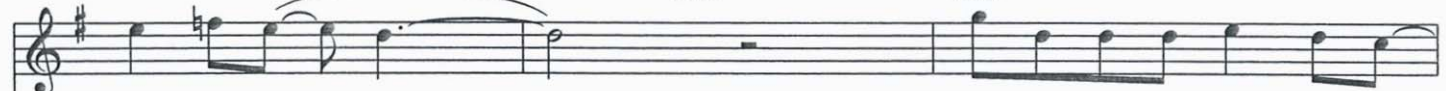
roof of my build - ing — It's cool - er than — the street.



I been watch - ing the set - ting sun — As it bounc - es off the av - en - ue



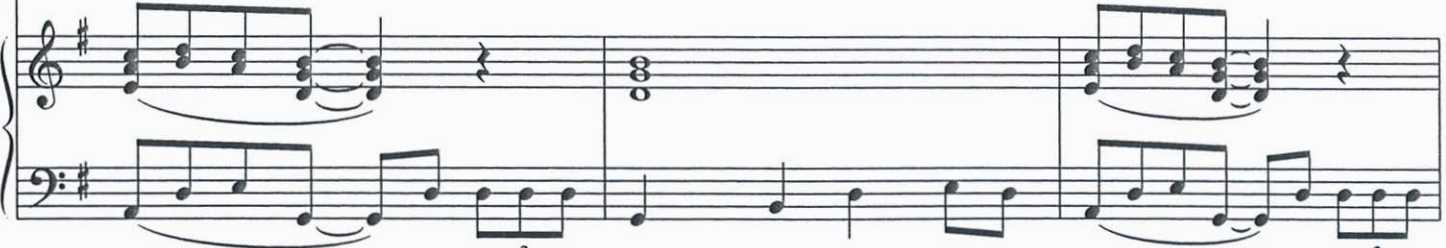
Turn-ing in - to gold— dust at my— feet.



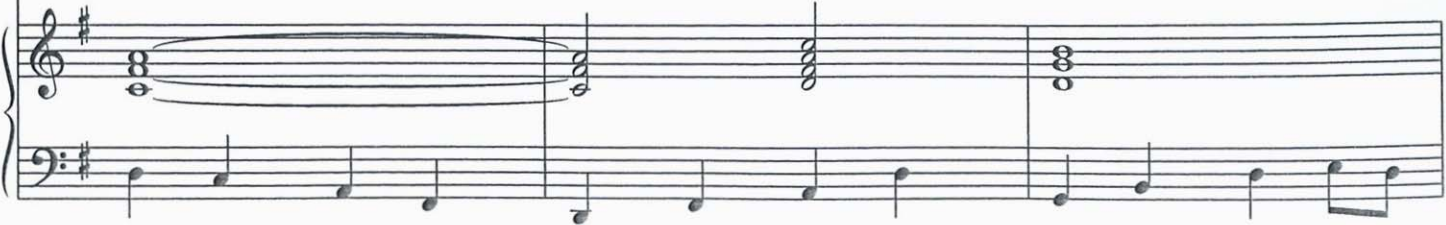
Oh - woh - oh— Car - los and Yo - lan - da Danc-



ing— in the hall-way To an old mel - o - dy—



Span - ish eyes and soft— brown curls— My love,— my love— come to—



Am G Am G

me.— I be - lieve— I'm in the pow - er of Saint Laz - a - rus.— And he

Am G

holds me in his sight— I know that— these jit -

Am G Am G

ter - bug days I'm liv - in', Well, they won't last for all of us, But they'll last for a long sum - mer night.—

C C7

Oh - woh - oh—

G Am G Am G

I can feel— the fire— in her eyes— To night,—

D7 G Am G

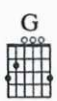
to night— un - der sat - in sum - mer skies.—

G Em

Pum— pum pum ba— oo—
(Instrumental solo)

Am D7

Pum— pum pum ba— oo—



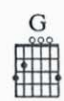
Ba - by, ba - by, ba - by ————— Be my spec - ial one—

Accompanying guitar and bass lines for the first system.



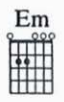
I seen you move in from a - cross the street—

Accompanying guitar and bass lines for the second system.



I like the way you walk I love the way you run— Ba - by,

Accompanying guitar and bass lines for the third system.



ba - by,— No more— ba - by talk—

Accompanying guitar and bass lines for the fourth system.


Am  D7 



Pa - pi this ain't Ma - ya - güez ——— This is the is - land of Nue -




G 


va York ——— We'll go ——— through the proj - ects, ———




Em  Am 

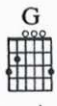
Make out on the roofs ——— Count the stars like



D7 

sil - ver studs ——— on my Mo - tor - cy - cle boots ———





3

"Tengan cuidado con ese tipo."
 "Ay verdad te digo, ese tipo es tan sucio." "Sucio!"



Pum— pum pum ba— oo—
 "You wastin' your time, they don't know what I do"



Pum— pum pum ba— oo—
 You little ghetto weeds... I feel like killin' you.



Ba - na - na— col - ored light— skinned spics,— You feel your— peel so fine?—

Am

3

I'm Her-nan-dez,— The Um-brel-la Man,

D7

3

G

Your fu-ture's locked in mine. The Chap-lains and The Gold-

Em

en Guin-eas The Red Wings— and The Crowns,—

Am

D7

The Might-y Mau Maus, Those Shines from Brook-lyn They want to cut The

G

Vamp-ires— down,— down— The Sav-age Skulls, The Ford-ham Bald-ies,

Em Am

They'll treat you like you're piss— From the heart of the bar-ri-o, now my

D7

broth-er We tell them moth-er fuck-ers suck on this.—

G Em

Pum— pum pum ba— oo—
I think we got something to talk about. You're a coolie from the turf. That's cool,



Pum— pum pum ba— oo—
but you don't get no respect around here unless I mean, you either belong or you get hurt.
you belong to a bopping gang... Or you could buy some protection from me."



'Cause if some-one's got to die— To pay for the shit they done



I be-lieve in an eye for an eye— What do you be-lieve in,



Sal-va-dor Ag - ron?— Mis-ter Ag - ron?—

Am  D7 



Señ - or Ag - ron? ———



G 



I be - lieve ——— I'm in the pow - er of Saint Laz - a - rus And he



Em  Am 

holds — me in his sight ——— I be - lieve he watch - es ov - er us all — Don't tear —



D7  G 

— a - part — This sat - in sum - mer night. ———

