You Can Call Me Al

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?
When 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 graveyardBonedigger, 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 AlA man walks down the street
He says, Why am I short of attention?
Got a short little span of attention
And whoa, 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*long flute solo*
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, sound
Cattle in the marketplace
Scatterlings and orphanages
He looks around, around
He sees angels in the architecture
Spinning into infinityHe 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 meYou can call me Al (Call me)
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na ...
If you'll be my bodyguard...
I can call you Betty...
If you'll be my bodyguard...
I can call you betty...
If you'll be my bodyguard...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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