

Paranoia Blues

Paul Simon

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

I got the paranoia blues
From knockin' 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