

The Late Great Johnny Ace

Paul Simon

I was reading a magazine
And thinking of a rock and roll song
The year was nineteen fiftyfour
And I hadn't been playing that long
When a man came on the radio
And this is what he said
He said I hate to break it to his fans
But johnny ace is dead, yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, I really wasn't
Such a johnny ace fan
But I felt bad ali the same
So I sent away for his photograph
And I waited till it came
It came all the way from texas
With a sad and sim-ple face
And they signed it on the bottom
From the late great johnny ace, yeah, yeah, yeah

It was the year of the beatles
It was the year of the stones
It was nineteen sixtyfour
I was living in london
With the girl from the summer be-fore

It was the year of the beatles
It was the year of the stones
A year after j.f.k.
We were staying up all night
And giving the days away
And the music was flowing amazing
And blowing my way

On a cold december evening
I was walking through the christmas tide
When a stranger came up and asked me
If I'd heard john lennon had died
And the two of us went to this bar
And we stayed to close the place
And every song we played
Was for the late great johnny ace, yeah, yeah, yeah