

When Numbers Get Serious

Paul Simon

I have a number in my head
Though I don't know why it's there
When numbers get serious
You see their shape everywhere
Dividing and multiplying
Exchanging with ease
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers are easy to please
Take my address
Take my phone
Call me if you can
Here's my address
Here's my phone
Please don't give it to some madman
Hey hey, whoa whoa
Complicated life
Numbers swirling thick and curious
You can cut them with a knife
You can cut them with a knife
Two times two is twenty-two
Four times four is forty-four
When numbers get serious
They leave a mark on your door
Urgent. Urgent.
A telephone is ringing in the hallways
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers will speak to us always
That is why a man with numbers
Can put your mind at ease
We've got numbers by the trillions
Here and overseas
Hey hey, whoa whoa
Look at the stink about Japan
All those numbers waiting patiently
Don't you understand?
Don't you understand?
So wrap me
Wrap me
Wrap me do
In the shelter of your arms
I am ever your volunteer
I won't do you any harm
I will love innumerably
You can count on my word
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers
Will always be heard
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers will always be heard
And after all is said and done
And the numbers all come home
The four rolls into three
The three turns into two
And the two becomes a
One