

# 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  
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 graveyard  
Bonedigger 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 Al

A man walks down the street  
He says why am I short of attention  
Got a short little span of attention  
And wo 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

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  
The sound  
Cattle in the marketplace  
Scatterlings and orphanages  
He looks around, around  
He sees angels in the architecture  
Spinning in infinity

He 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 me  
You can call me Al  
Call me Al