BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderato, not too fast, like a spiritual

When you're weary,
When you're down and out,
When you're in a small,
When you're on the street,

When tears are in your eyes,
When evening falls so hard
I'll dry them all;  I will comfort you.

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Troubled Water I will lay me down.

Still on sil- ver girl, Sail on by.

Your time has come to shine.

All your dreams are on their way.

Bridge Over Troubled Water
EL CONDOR PASA

Slowly  

G  Em  G  Em  G  Em  G

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail. Yes I would. If I could, I surely would.

G  Em  G

Hm    I'd rather be a hammer than a nail. Yes I would. If I only could, I surely would.

G  C  G

Hm    A-way, I'd rather sail a-way. Like a swan that's here and gone.

A man gets tied up to the ground. He gives the world its saddest
I'd rather be a forest than a sound, its saddest sound...

Em
street. Yes I would. If I could, I surely would. I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet.

G

Em. C

G

C

Em
Moderato, not too fast, rhythmically

Cecilia, you're breaking my heart, You're shaking my confidence daily.

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees, I'm begging you please to come home.

Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia.
Ceilin, Up in my bedroom, I got up to wash my face. When I come back to bed, someone's taken my place.

Ceilin, You're breaking my heart. You're shaking my confidence daily.

Oh, Ceilin, I'm down on my knees, I'm begging you please to come home. Come on home.
KEEP THE CUSTOMER SATISFIED

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Gee, but it's great to be back home.
Deep-ty Sheriff said to me,
Home is where I want to be.
Tell me what you come here for.

You've been on the road so long,
My friend, I've been on the road so long,
You're in trouble boy, And now you're heading into more
It's the same old story

(Ahhh) Ev'rywhere I go, I get

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But it's the same old story

Ev'rywhere I go, I get slan-dered, Li-beled, I hear words.

I nev-er heard in the Bl ble, And I'm so
tired, I'm ooh so tired, But I'm

Trying to keep my cus-tom-ers sat-is-fied, Sat-is-fied.
I'll remember

Frank Lloyd Wright

All of the nights we'd harmonize till dawn

I never laughed so long

So long
Ar-chi-tec-ta may come and Ar-chi-tec-ta may go and nev-
er change your point of view.

When I run dry I stop a while and think of you.

Ar-chi-tec-ta may come and Ar-chi-tec-ta may go and nev-
er change your point of view.
INTRO.
Moderately fast

VERSE:

There goes my baby— with someone new; She sure looks
I'm through with romance— I'm through with love— I'm through with

hap - py— I sure am blue; She was my baby— till he stepped
count - ing the stars above; And here's the reason that I'm so

in— Good - bye to romance— that might have been; My lov - in' baby— is through with me;

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waiting all my life

Thinking it over, I've been sad
Thinking it over, I'd be

more than glad to change my ways
for the asking
Ask me and I will

play All the love that I hold inside.

Song for The Asking-2
Moderato, not too fast

I know your part’ll go fine.

Fly down to Mexico.

The only living boy in New York

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On - ly Liv - ing Boy In New York.

I get the news I need from the weather report.

I can gather all the news I need from the weather report.

Hey, I've got nothing to do today but smile. Da - n - ds - n - do - n - do - n

The Only Living Boy in New York-4
The Only Living Boy in New York

Here I am, in New York,

Half of the time we're gone but we don't know where. And we don't know where.

Tom, get your plane right on time.

I know that you've been eager to fly.
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME?

Moderato, with a strong beat

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

E5

Why Don't You Write Me? I'm out in the jungle, I'm hun-

F7

gry to hear you. Send me a card, I am wait-

Cm

ing so hard to be near you.

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(.Fa) La la
(Sasso) Why don't you write? Something is wrong

and I know I got to be there, (yeah)

May - be I'm lost, but I can't make the cost of the air -

Cm

- fare, (oo) Tell me why

Why

Tell me why

Why

Why Don't You Write Me? 4
Why Don't You Write Me? A letter would brighten my lonely evenings.

Mail it today if it's only to say that you're leaving me.

 Española: La la la.

(Sung:) Monday morning, sitting in the sun Hoping and wishing for the mail to come.
Tuesday, nev-er got a word, mmm. Wednes-day, Thurs-day, ain't no sign, Drunk.

a half a bot-tle of i-o-dine. Fri-day, woe is me, I'm

got-na hang my bod-y from the high-est tree. (Pizzetto) Why Don't You Write.

Me? (Sling) Why Don't You Write Me?

Why Don't You Write Me?

Why Don't You Write
THE BOXER

Moderate tempo

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

I am just a poor boy. Though my story's seldom told, I have squandered my resistance For a pocketful of mum-blies, such are promises

All lies and jest still a man hears what he wants to hear... And

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C  G

dis - re-gards the rest.

C

When I

Am

left my home and my fam - i - ly, I was no more than a boy in the

G  Dm7  C

com - pa - ny of stran - gers in the qui - et of a rail - way sta - tion

Am  G

run - ning scared, Lay - ing low, seek - ing out the poor - er
quarters Where the ragged people go, Looking for the places only they would

know.

lie lie la lie

lie la lie la la Lie-

la la la lie.

Am only workman's wages I come looking for a job, but I get no of-

The Hotel
Just a common from the whor-es on Seventh Av-
er-
emue
I do de-clare, there were times—when I was
so lone-some I took some com-fort there,
Then I'm lay-ing out my
winter clothes—and wish-ing I was gone,—go-ing home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,

Leading me,

In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade And he carries the marks of every glove that laid him down. Or cut him till he cried.
out in his anger and his shame...

leaving, I am leaving. But the fighter still remains...

Lie-la-lie la la la lie...
BABY DRIVER

Moderate bright tempo

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

1. My dad- dy was a fam-i-ly bass-man My ma-
2. (My) dad- dy was a prom-i- sent frog-man My ma-
3. (My) dad- dy got a big pro-mo-tion My ma-

ma was an en-gi-neer And I was born one dark.
ma's in the Na-val re-serve When I was young I car-
ma got a raise in pay There's no one home, we're all-

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wonder how your engine feels.

Scoot down the road "What's my number?"

1, 2.

2. My
3. My

Repeat and fade.