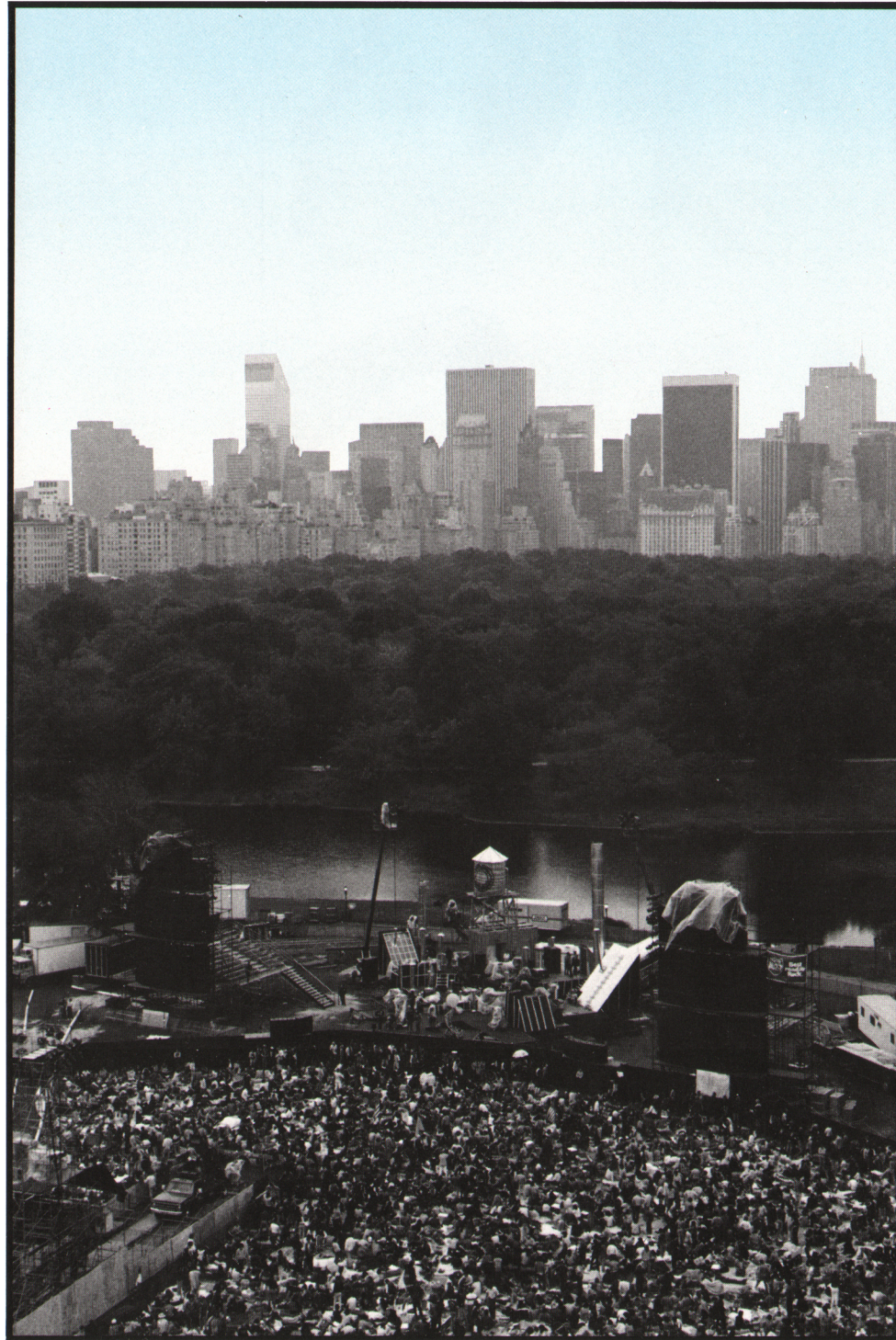
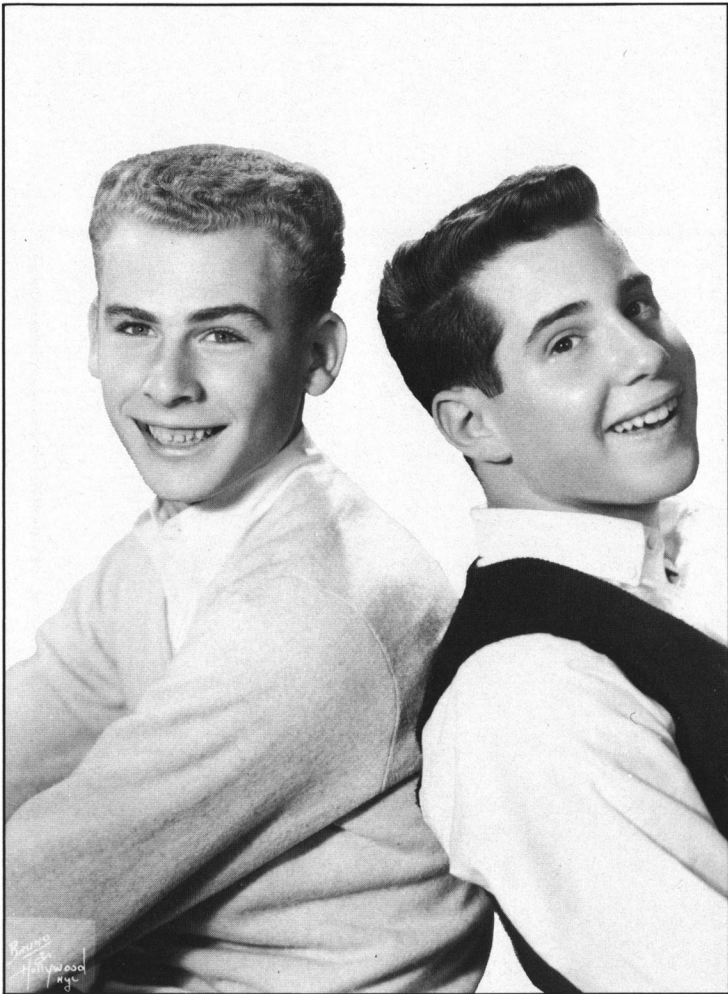


SIMON AND
GARFUNKEL





SIDE ONE

MRS. ROBINSON
(Paul Simon)

We'd like to know
A little bit about you
For our files.
We'd like to help you learn
To help yourself.
Look around you, all you see
Are sympathetic eyes.
Stroll around the grounds
Until you feel at home.

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson,
Jesus loves you more than you will know,
(Wo. wo. wo.)
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson,
Heaven holds a place for those who pray,
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.)

Hide it in a hiding place
Where no one ever goes,
Put in in your pantry with your cupcakes.
It's a little secret,
Just the Robinsons' affair,
Most of all, you've got to hide it
From the kids.
Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson,
Jesus loves you more than you will know,
(Wo. wo. wo.)
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson,
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.)

Sitting on a sofa
On a Sunday afternoon,
Going to the candidates' debate,
Laugh about it,
Shout about it,
When you've got to choose,
Ev'ry way you look at it, you lose.

Where have you gone, Joe Di Maggio?
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you,
(Woo, woo, woo.)
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
"Joltin' Joe" has left and gone away
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.)

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HOMeward BOUND
(Paul Simon)

I'm sitting in the railway station,
Got a ticket for my destination.
On a tour of one-night stands my suitcase
and guitar in hand
And ev'ry stop is neatly planned for a poet
and a one-man band.

Homeward Bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward Bound.
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Ev'ry day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines.
And each town looks the same to me, the
movies and the factories
And ev'ry stranger's face I see reminds me
that I long to be,
Homeward Bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward Bound.
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Tonight I'll sing my songs again,
I'll play the game and pretend.
But all my words come back to me in
shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony I need some-
one to comfort me.

Homeward Bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward Bound.
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

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AMERICA
(Paul Simon)

"Let us be lovers,
We'll marry our fortunes together.
I've got some real estate
Here in my bag."
So we bought a pack of cigarettes,
And Mrs. Wagner's pies,
And walked off
To look for America.
"Kathy," I said,
As we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,
"Michigan seems like a dream to me now.
It took me four days
To hitchhike from Saginaw.
I've come to look for America."

Laughing on the bus,
Playing games with the faces,
She said the man in the gabardine suit
Was a spy.
I said, "Be careful,
His bowtie is really a camera."
"Toss me a cigarette,
I think there's one in my raincoat."
"We smoked the last one
An hour ago."

So I looked at the scenery,
She read her magazine;
And the moon rose over an open field.
"Kathy, I'm lost," I said,
Though I knew she was sleeping.
"I'm empty and aching and
I don't know why."
Counting the cars
On the New Jersey Turnpike.
They've all come
To look for America,
All come to look for America.

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ME AND JULIO DOWN BY THE
SCHOOLYARD
(Paul Simon)

The mama pajama rolled out of bed,
And she ran to the police station,
When the papa found out, he began to
shout,
And he started the investigation.
It's against the law, it was against the law,
What the mama saw, it was against the law.

The mama looked down and spit on the
ground
Ev'ry time my name gets mentioned,
The papa said, "Oy, if I get that boy
I'm gonna stick him in the house of
detention."
Well, I'm on my way,
I don't know where I'm going,
I'm on my way,
I'm taking my time but I don't know
where.

Goodbye to Rosie, the Queen of Corona,
See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.



Art Garfunkel's bedroom in Queens, N.Y., 1957

See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.

In a couple of days they come and
take me away,
But the press let the story leak,
And when the radical priest come to
get me released,
We was all on the cover of Newsweek.
Well, I'm on my way,
I don't know where I'm going,
I'm on my way,
I'm taking my time but I don't know
where.

Goodbye to Rosie, the Queen of Corona,
See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.

See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.

See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.

See you, Me And Julio Down
By The Schoolyard.

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SCARBOROUGH FAIR
(Arranged by Paul Simon and
Art Garfunkel)

Are you going to Scarborough Fair:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Without no seams nor needle work,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Between the salt water and the sea
strand,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

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SIDE TWO

APRIL COME SHE WILL
(Paul Simon)

April Come She Will
When streams are ripe and swelled with
rain;
May, she will stay,
Resting in my arms again.

June, she'll change her tune,
In restless walks she'll prow! the night;
July, she will fly
And give no warning to her flight.

August, die she must,
The autumn winds blow chilly and cold;
September I'll remember.
A love once new has now grown old.

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WAKE UP LITTLE SUSIE
(Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant)

Wake up, little Susie, wake up;
Wake up, little Susie, wake up;

We've both been sound asleep,
Wake up, little Susie, and weep;
The movie's over, it's four o'clock
and we're in trouble deep;

Wake up, little Susie
Wake up, little Susie

Well, what are we gonna tell your Mama?
What are we gonna tell your Pa?
What are we gonna tell our friends
when they say "Ooh la la"

Wake up, little Susie
Wake up, little Susie

Well, we told your Mama that we'd be in
by ten;



School yard dance, New York, 1958

Well, Susie baby, looks like we goofed
again.
Wake up, little Susie,
Wake up, little Susie,
We gotta go home.

Wake up, little Susie, wake up;
Wake up, little Susie, wake up;
The movie wasn't so hot,
It didn't have much of a plot;
We fell asleep, our goose is cooked,
Our reputation is shot;
Wake up, little Susie
Wake up, little Susie.

Well, what are we gonna tell your Mama?
What are we gonna tell your Pa?
What are we gonna tell our friends
when they say "Ooh la la"

Wake up, little Susie
Wake up, little Susie
Wake up, little Susie.

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STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS
(Paul Simon)

I met my old lover
On the street last night
She seemed so glad to see me
I just smiled
And we talked about some old times
And we drank ourselves some beers
Still crazy after all these years
Still crazy after all these years

I'm not the kind of man
Who tends to socialize
I seem to lean on
Old familiar ways.

And I ain't no fool for love songs
That whisper in my ears
Still crazy after all these years
Still crazy after all these years

Four in the morning
Tapped out
Yawning
Longing my life away
I'll never worry
Why should I?
It's all gonna fade

Now I sit by my window
And I watch the cars roll by
I fear I'll do some damage
One fine day
But I would not be convicted
By a jury of my peers
Still crazy after all these years

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AMERICAN TUNE
(Paul Simon)

Many's the time I've been mistaken
and many times confused

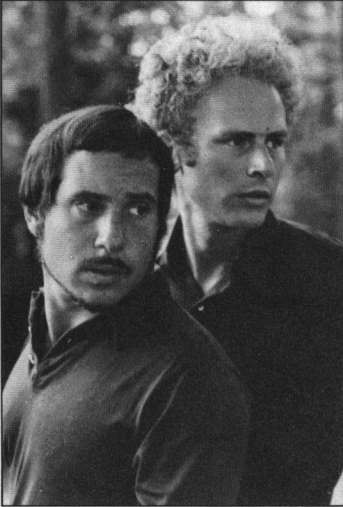


Yes, and I've often felt forsaken
And certainly misused
But I'm all right, I'm all right
I'm just weary to my bones
Still, you don't expect to be
Bright and bon vivant
So far away from home, so far away from
home

And I don't know a soul who's not been
battered
I don't have a friend who feels at ease
I don't know a dream that's not been
shattered or driven to its knees
But it's all right, it's all right
For we've lived so well so long
Still, when I think of the road
We're traveling on
I wonder what's gone wrong
I can't help it, I wonder what's gone
wrong

And I dreamed I was dying
And I dreamed that my soul rose
unexpectedly
And looking back down at me
Smiled reassuringly
And I dreamed I was flying
And high up above my eyes could clearly
see
The Statue of Liberty
Sailing away to sea
And I dreamed I was flying

We come on the ship they call the
Mayflower
We come on the ship that sailed the moon
We come in the age's most uncertain hour
And sing an American Tune
But it's all right, it's all right
You can't be forever blessed
Still, tomorrow's going to be another
working day



And I'm trying to get some rest
That's all I'm trying to get some rest
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LATE IN THE EVENING
(Paul Simon)

The first thing I remember
I was lying in my bed
I couldn't of been no more
Than one or two
I remember there's a radio
Comin' from the room next door
And my mother laughed
The way some ladies do
When it's late in the evening
And the music's seeping through

The next thing I remember
I am walking down the street
I'm feeling all right
I'm with my boys
I'm with my troops, yeah
And down along the avenue
Some guys were shootin' pool
And I heard the sound
Of a cappella groups, yeah
Singing late in the evening
And all the girls out on the stoops, yeah

Then I learned to play some lead guitar
I was underage in this funky bar
And I stepped outside to smoke myself a
"j"

And when I came back to the room
Everybody just seemed to move
And I turned my amp up loud and I began
to play
And it was late in the evening
And I blew that room away

The first thing I remember
When you came into my life
I said I'm gonna get that girl
No matter what I do
Well I guess I'd been in love before
And once or twice I been on the floor
But I never loved no one
The way I loved you
And it was late in the evening
And all the music seeping through

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ISIDE THREE

SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY
(Paul Simon)

Chorus:
Slip slidin' away
Slip slidin' away
You know the nearer your destination
The more you're slip slidin' away

I know a man
He came from my home town
He wore his passion for his woman
Like a thorny crown
He said Delores
I live in fear
My love for you's so overpowering
I'm afraid that I will disappear

I know a woman
Became a wife
These are the very words she uses
To describe her life
She said a good day
Ain't got no rain
She said a bad day's when I lie in bed
And think of things that might have been

And I know a father
Who had a son
He longed to tell him all the reasons
For the things he'd done
He came a long way
Just to explain
He kissed his boy as he lay sleeping
Then he turned around and he headed
home again

God only knows
God makes his plan
The information's unavailable
To the mortal man
We work our jobs
Collect our pay
Believe we're gliding down the highway
When in fact we're slip slidin' away

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A HEART IN NEW YORK
(Benny Gallagher and Graham Lyle)

New York—to that tall skyline I come
Flyin' in from London to your door.
New York—lookin' down on Central Park
Where they say you should not wander
after dark.

New York—like a scene from all those
movies.
But you're real enough to me
For there's a heart,
A heart that lives in New York.

A heart in New York, arose on the street.
I write my song to that city heartbeat.
A heart in New York—the love in her eyes.
An open door and a friend for the night.

New York—you got money on your mind
And my words won't make a dime's worth
of difference.
So here's to you New York.

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KODACHROME*
(Paul Simon)

When I think back
On all the crap I learned in high school
It's a wonder
I can think at all
And though my lack of education
Hasn't hurt me none
I can read the writing on the wall

Kodachrome
They give us those nice bright colors
They give us the greens of summers
Makes you think all the world's
A sunny day
I got a Nikon camera
I love to take a photograph
So mama don't take my Kodachrome
away

If you took all the girls I knew
When I was single
And brought them all together
For one night
I know they'd never match
My sweet imagination
Everything looks better
In black and white

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away
Mama don't take my Kodachrome away
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*“KODACHROME” is a registered
trademark for color film.



In front of Paul Simon's childhood house in Queens, N.Y., 1975

MABELLENE
(Chuck Berry, Russ Fratto and Alan
Freed)

Mabellene, why can't you be true?
Oh! Mabellene, why can't you be true?
You've started back doin' the things you
used to do.

As I was motivatin' over the hill,
I saw Mabellene in a Coup de Ville,
A cadillac a-rollin' on the open road,
Nothin' will outrun my V8 Ford,
The Cadillac doin' 'bout ninety five,
She's bumper to bumper, rollin' side by
side.

The motor cooled down, the heat went
down,
And that's when I heard that highway
sound,
The Cadillac a-sittin' like a ton of lead,
Hundred and ten half a mile ahead,
The Cadillac lookin' like it's sittin' still,
And I caught Mabellene at the top of the
hill.

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BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER
(Paul Simon)

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry
them all;
I'm on your side. When times get rough
And friends just can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,
When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you,
I'll take your part.
When darkness comes
And pain is all around,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

Sail on silvergirl,
Sail on by.
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine.
If you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.

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ISIDE FOUR

FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER
(Paul Simon)

The problem is all inside your head
She said to me
The answer is easy if you
Take it logically
I'd like to help you in your struggle
To be free

There must be fifty ways
To leave your lover

She said it's really not my habit
To intrude
Furthermore, I hope my meaning
Won't be lost or misconstrued
But I'll repeat myself
At the risk of being crude
There must be fifty ways
To leave your lover
Fifty ways to leave your lover

You just slip out the back, Jack
Make a new plan, Stan
You don't need to be coy, Roy
Just listen to me
Hop on the bus, Gus
You don't need to discuss much
Just drop off the key, Lee
And get yourself free

She said it grieves me so
To see you in such pain
I wish there was something I could do
To make you smile again
I said I appreciate that
And would you please explain
About the fifty ways

She said why don't we both
Just sleep on it tonight
And I believe that in the morning
You'll begin to see the light
And then she kissed me
And I realized she probably was right
There must be fifty ways
To leave your lover
Fifty ways to leave your lover

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THE BOXER
(Paul Simon)

I am just a poor boy.
Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles,
Such are promises.
All lies and jest,
Still a man hears what he wants to hear,
And disregards the rest.

When I left my home
And my family,
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station
Running scared,
Laying low,
Seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go,
Looking for the places
Only they would know.

Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job,
But I get no offers,
Just a come-on from the whores
on Seventh Avenue.

I do declare,
There were times when I was so
lonesome
I took some comfort there.

Now the years are rolling by me
They are rocking evenly
I am older than I once was
Younger than I'll be
But that's not unusual
No it isn't strange
After changes upon changes
We are more or less the same
After changes we are more or less the
same.

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone,
Going home
Where the New York City winters
Aren't bleeding me,
Leading me,
To go home.

In the clearing stands a boxer,
And a fighter by his trade,
And he carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
Or cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame.
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
But the fighter still remains.

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I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to
sleep.
Let the morning time drop all its petals on
me.
Life, I love you,
All is groovy.
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THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE
(Paul Simon)

Hello, darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again.
Because a vision softly creeping,
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my
brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,
Narrow streets of cobblestone,
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash
of a neon light
That split the night.



T.V. show, 1967

OLD FRIENDS
(Paul Simon)

Old Friends,
Old Friends,
Sat on their park bench
Like bookends.
A newspaper blown through the grass
Falls on the round toes
Of the high shoes
Of the Old Friends.

Old Friends,
Winter companions,
The old men
Lost in their overcoats,
Waiting for the sun.
The sounds of the city,
Sifting through trees,
Settle like dust
On the shoulders
Of the Old Friends.

Can you imagine us
Years from today,
Sharing a park bench quietly?
How terribly strange
To be seventy.

Old Friends,
Memory brushes the same years.
Silently sharing the same fears.

Time it was and what a time it was.
It was a time of innocence,
A time of confidences.
Long ago it must be,
I have a photograph,
Preserve your memories,
They're all that's left you.

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THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE SONG
(Feelin' Groovy)
(Paul Simon)

Slow down, you move too fast.
You got to make the morning last.
Just kickin' down the cobblestones,
Lookin' for fun and Feelin' Groovy.

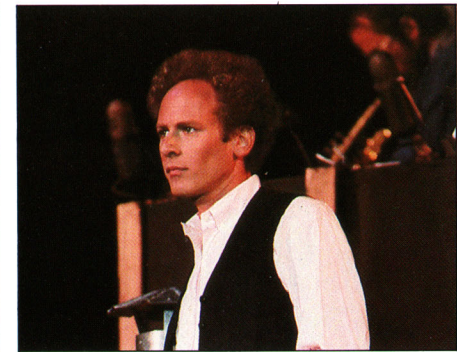
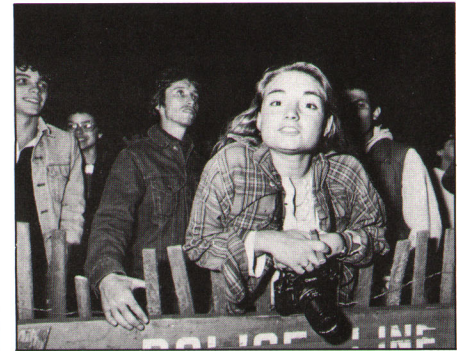
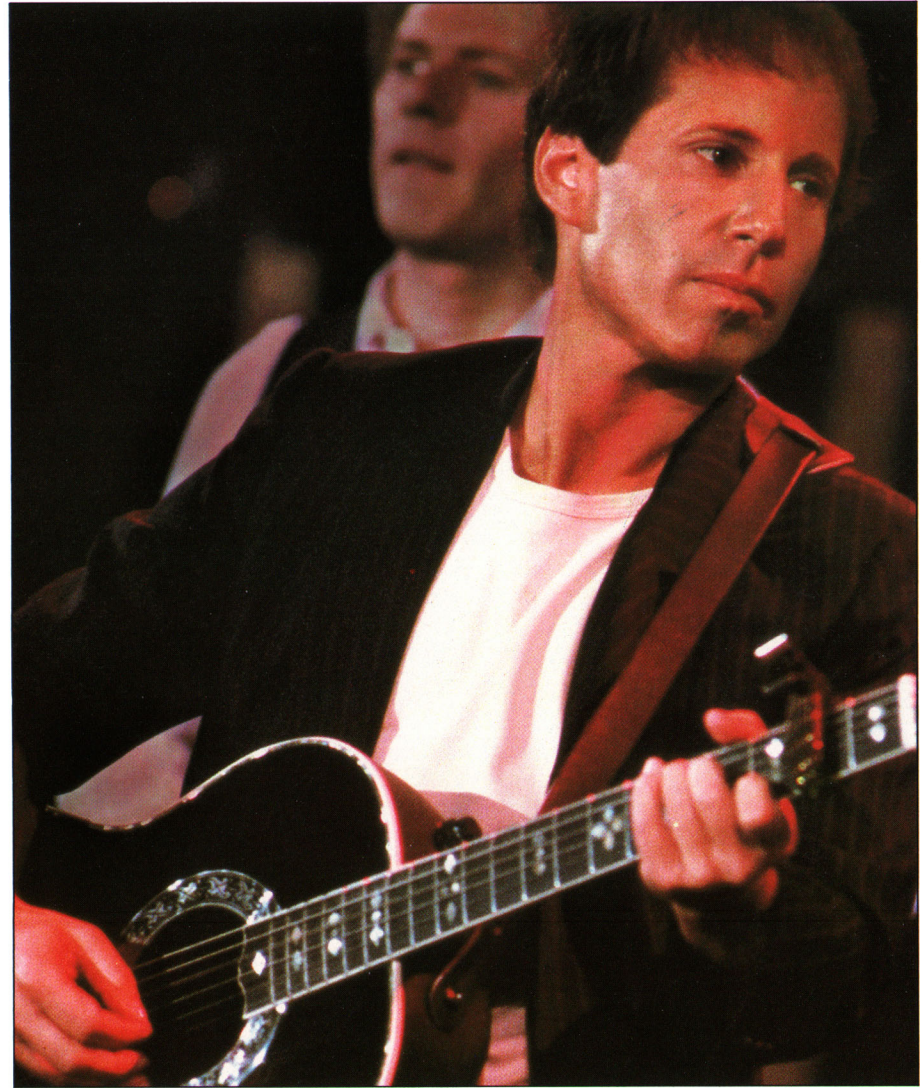
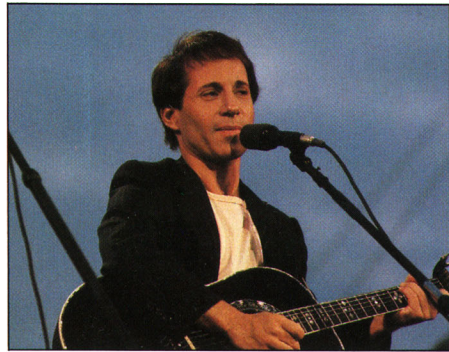
Hello lamppost,
what cha knowing?
I've come to watch your flowers growing.
Ain't cha got no rhymes for me?
Dootin' doo-doo,
Feelin' Groovy.

I got no deeds to do,
No promises to keep.

THE CONCERT
IN CENTRAL PARK



On September 19, 1981, 500,000 people gathered in Central Park to hear Simon & Garfunkel.







Booklet photography by Jim Anderson; Bruno of Hollywood/NYC; Stu Chernoff; Joe Forristal; Andy Freeberg; Harrison Funk; Lynn Goldsmith/LGI; Ebet Roberts; Video prints by Broadway Video.