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**You Can Call Me Al**

**By 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, woe 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 -ost 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

Na na na na …

If you’ll be my bodyguard  
I can be your long lost pal  
I can call you Betty