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
Bone digger bone digger
Dogs in the moonlight
Far away my well lit door
Mr. Beerbelly, Beerbelly
Get these mutts away from me
You know I, 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
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 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, gone
He ducked back down the alley
With some roly-poly little bat-faced girl
All along, all along
There were incidents and accidents
There were hints and allegations
If you'll be my bodyguard
Then I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
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
Holds no currency, he is a foreign man
He is surrounded by the sound
The sound
There's cattle in the marketplace
Scatter lings and orphanages
He looks around, he looks around
He sees angels in the architecture
They're spinning in infinity
He says "Amen, hallelujah"
If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
Betty when you call me
You can call me Al
Call me
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I can be your long lost pal
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