

Simon

Joan Armatrading

He's from Ohio
Lives with his mother
He loves the woman
Who loves his brotherWhat can he do now?
As she walks across the floor
Here comes his brother
Walkin' sideways through the doorWas the same at school
He played the fool
Or took a back seat
While Simon ruledHe played by himself a lot
And people called him shy
His mother said, "Be more friendly"
And he would ask her, why"Has Simon got to be more friendly
And do I have to be like him?"And mother said, "No son, be yourself
Be more like I tell you, you gotta be like me
Be like I tell you, be like me"Now when Kathleen
She came on the scene
He saw her first
And then Simon spokeHe took her to places
That completely turned her head
Gave her practical things
Like diamonds for her neckHas Simon got to be so friendly?
Sometimes he makes me want to killLook at 'em dancing
While he's standin' by the wall
There's gonna be trouble
When the time to leave is calledAnd Simon won't be feelin' friendly
He'll be lyin' too close to the floorAnd mother said, "Oh, son, be yourself
Be more like I tell you, you gotta be like me
Be like I tell you, you gotta be yourself
Be like I tell you, be yourself"

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