

# Simon

## Joan Armatrading

He's from Ohio  
Lives with his mother  
He loves the woman  
Who loves his brother What can he do now?  
As she walks across the floor  
Here comes his brother  
Walkin' sideways through the door Was the same at school  
He played the fool  
Or took a back seat  
While Simon ruled He 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 spoke He took her to places  
That completely turned her head  
Gave her practical things  
Like diamonds for her neck Has Simon got to be so friendly?  
Sometimes he makes me want to kill Look at 'em dancing  
While he's standin' by the wall  
There's gonna be trouble  
When the time to leave is called And Simon won't be feelin' friendly  
He'll be lyin' too close to the floor And 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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