

Outrageous

Paul Simon

It's outrageous to line your pockets off the misery of the poor.
Outrageous, the crimes some human beings must endure.
It's a blessing to wash your face in the summer solstice rain.
It's outrageous a man like me stand here and complain.
But I'm tired.
Nine hundred sit-ups a day.
I'm painting my hair the color of mud, mud okay?
I'm tired, tired. Anybody care what I say?
No! I'm painting my hair the color of mud.
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Aw, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
It's outrageous the food they try to serve in a public school.
Outrageous, the way they talk to you like you're some kind of clinical fool.
It's a blessing to rest my head in the circle of your love.
It's outrageous I can't stop thinking 'bout the things I'm thinking of.
And I'm tired. Nine hundred sit-ups a day.
I'm painting my hair the color of mud, mud okay?
I'm tired, tired.
Anybody care what I say?
No! Painting my hair the color of mud.
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
God will. Like he waters the flowers on your window sill.
Take me. I'm an ordinary player in the key of C.
And my will was broken by my pride and my vanity.
Who's gonna love you when you're looks are gone?
God will. Like he waters the flowers on your window sill.
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?

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