

The Late Great Johnny Ace

Paul Simon

I was reading a magazine
And thinking of a rock and roll song
The year was nineteen fifty four
And I hadn't been playing that long When a man came on the radio
And this is what he said
He said "I hate to break it to his fans"
But Johnny Ace is dead, yeah, yeah, yeah Well, I really wasn't, such a Johnny Ace fan
But I felt bad all the same
So I sent away for his photograph
And I waited till it came It came all the way from Texas
With a sad and simple face
And they signed it on the bottom
From the late great Johnny Ace, yeah, yeah, yeah It was the year of the Beatles
It was the year of the Stones
It was nineteen sixty four, I was living in London
With the girl from the summer before It was the year of the Beatles
It was the year of the Stones, a year after J.F.K
We were staying up all night and giving the days away
And the music was flowing amazing and blowing my way On a cold December evening
I was walking through the Christmas tide
When a stranger came up and asked me
If I'd heard John Lennon had died And the two of us went to this bar
And we stayed to close the place
And every song we played
Was for the late great Johnny Ace, yeah, yeah, yeah

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