

# Still Crazy After All These Years

[Paul Simon](#)

I met my old lover on the street last night  
She seemed so glad to see me, I just smiled  
And we talked about some old times  
And we drank ourselves some beers  
Still crazy after all these years  
Still crazy after all these years  
I'm not the kind of man who tends to socialize  
I seem to lean on old familiar ways  
And I ain't no fool for love songs  
That whisper in my ears  
Still crazy after all these years  
Still crazy after all these years

Four in the morning, crapped out, yawning  
Longing my life away  
I'll never worry, why should I?  
It's all gonna fade  
Now, I sit by my window and I watch the cars  
I fear I'll do some damage one fine day  
But I would not be convicted  
By jury of my peers  
Still crazy after all these years  
Oh, still crazy, still crazy  
Still crazy after all these years

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