Bonnie Brae

Harper Simon

Close my account with reality the day we met
When I saw you on the courthouse steps
I though our golden moment was prearranged
I tried to call you but your number had changed
You came over with a jacket over your shoulder
Reaching look like Patty Smith
I heart you said your Christian name was Bonnie Brae
And I never thought to ask you who you were with
And then you were gone
And then you were goneGone with the elephants, gone with the morning paper
Gone
Gone like the Dj, I will see you around, gonna see you later
Gone.
Yay into the arms of summer
The arms of summer timeI've got some reasons to care about where you are
I've got the numbers right here
I hear you calling a phone dead like a fallen stare
I get disheartened when you disappear
The moment you're gone, the moment you're gone.Gone with the elephants, gone with the morning paper
Gone
Gone like the Dj, I will see you around, gonna see you later
Gone.Yay into the arms of summer
The arms of summer timeThe flights, I guess
And I'm sure that we can stay friends
It's just another mourning
And if I ever see you again with the times
This never happened.
Close my account with reality the day we met
When I saw you on the courthouse steps
I though our golden moment was prearranged
I tried to call you but your number had changed.And then you were gone
Again you were gone.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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