When Numbers Get Serious

Paul Simon

I have a number in my head
Though I don't know why it's there
When numbers get serious
You see their shape everywhereDividing and multiplying
Exchanging with ease
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers are easy to pleaseTake my address, take my phone, oh
Call me if you can
Here's my address, here's my phone, now
Please don't give it to some madmanHey hey, whoa whoa
It's complicated life
Numbers swirling thick and curious
Cut them with a knife
You can cut them with a knifeTwo times two is twenty-two
Four times four is forty-four
When numbers get serious
They leave a mark on your doorUrgent, urgent
A telephone is ringing in the hallways
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers will speak to us alwaysThat is why a man with numbers
Can put your mind at ease
We've got numbers by the trillions
Here and overseasHey hey, whoa whoa
Look at the stink about Japan
All those numbers waiting patiently
Don't you understand?
Don't you understand?So wrap me, wrap me, wrap me do
In the shelter of your arms
I am ever your volunteer
I won't do you any harmI will love innumerably
You can count on my word
When times are mysterious
Serious numbers will always be heardWhen times are mysterious
Serious numbers will always be heardAnd after all is said and done
And the numbers all come home
The four rolls into three
The three turns into two
And the two becomes a one

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