

# 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 everywhere Dividing and multiplying  
Exchanging with ease  
When times are mysterious  
Serious numbers are easy to please Take 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 madman Hey hey, whoa whoa  
It's complicated life  
Numbers swirling thick and curious  
Cut them with a knife  
You can cut them with a knife Two times two is twenty-two  
Four times four is forty-four  
When numbers get serious  
They leave a mark on your door Urgent, urgent  
A telephone is ringing in the hallways  
When times are mysterious  
Serious numbers will speak to us always That is why a man with numbers  
Can put your mind at ease  
We've got numbers by the trillions  
Here and overseas Hey 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 harm I will love innumerably  
You can count on my word  
When times are mysterious  
Serious numbers will always be heard When times are mysterious  
Serious numbers will always be heard And 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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