Bernadette

Paul Simon

Whoa, I got time on my hands tonight
You're the girl of my dreams
When I'm near you, my future seems bright
Ooh, I want you to be my girl
I want you to be my movie
I am Sal Mineo and I need you so
Sweet Bernadette
Whoa, you got style from your hair to your heels
Though my words may be jumbled
Still I'm telling you just how it feels
I love you
I love you and the breeze that wraps around you
Satin summer nights
Satin summer nights
A girl I can't forget
Whoa, you're the smile of the moon, Bernadette
Dom, dom, dom, doo
Well, a well I'm home

Dom, dom, dom, doo
Well, a well I'm home
Wop, wop, wop, wop
Come with me
There's a place I want you to see
When the leaves are dark
I've got a hiding place in Central Park
And the sky is a coat of diamonds
There's a wooden cross over my bed
The city is lit with candles
They're shining for you Bernadette
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Ooh, ooh, Bernadette
Dom, dom, dom, doo
Well, a well, I'm home
Dom, dom, dom, doo
Well, a well, I'm home
Wop, wop, wop, wop

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