

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 Oh 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
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
Oo oo, 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, wop

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