SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS

Bridge Over Troubled Water / Mrs. Robinson / The Sound Of Silence / The Boxer / The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy) / Scarborough Fair / Canticle / I Am A Rock / Kathy's Song / Cecilia / America / Bookends / Homeward Bound / El Condor Pasa / For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her
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August 1988
Mrs. Robinson

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Chorus:

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson, Jesus loves you more...

than you will know, (Wo, wo, wo,)

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Verse:

G7

1. We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files.
We'd like to help you learn to help your
self. Look a-round you, all you see are
sympathetic eyes, Stroll a-round
the grounds until you feel at home. And here's to you
2. Hide it in a hiding place where
   no one ever goes,
   Sunday afternoon,
   Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes,
   Going to the candidates' debate,
   It's a little secret, just the Rob-

3. Sitting on a sofa on a
- in - son's af - fair,
When you've got to choose,
Most of all,
Ev - ry way you look.

you've got to hide it from the kids
at it, you lose.
Coc, coo, ca - choo,
Where have you gone.

Chorus:
Mrs. Rob - in - son,
Joe Di - mag - gi - o?
A Je - sus loves you more
A na - tion turns it's

than you will know,
lone - ly eyes to you,
(Wo, wo, wo)
(Woo, woo, woo)
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson.
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson.

Heaven holds a place for those who pray.
"Joltin' Joe" has left and gone away.

(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.)
For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderate tempo

What a dream I had: Pressed in or-

Clothed in crinoline

of smoky Burgundy; Softer than the
C

F

rain. I wandered empty streets down,

passed the shop displays. I heard cars

Eb Bb

the-dral bells tripping down the alley ways, as I

C F

walked on. And when you ran to me your
cheeks flushed with the night.

We walked on

frosted fields of juniper and lamp-light,

I held your hand.

And when I awoke and felt you warm and near,
I kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears.

Oh I love you, girl.

Oh, I love you.
The Boxer

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderate tempo

I am just a poor boy. Though my

story's seldom told, I have squandered my resistance for a

pocketful of mumblings, such are promises.

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All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear,
And disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family, I was
no more than a boy in the company of strangers
in the quiet of a railway station running scared,
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,
Looking for the places only they would
looking for a job, but I get no offers, Just a

come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.

I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I

took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la—la—la—la—la—la—
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home.

Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me,
Going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade, And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down. Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame.
"I am leaving, I am leaving." But the fighter still remains.

Lie la lie la lie la lie Lie la lie

Lie la lie la lie la lie la lie. Lie la
The 59th Street Bridge Song

(FEELIN' GROOVY)

Moderate

Slow down, you move too fast. You got to make the morn-

ing last. Just kick-in' down the cobble stones.

Words and Music by

PAUL SIMON

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lookin' for fun and feelin' groovy.

Hello lamp-post, what cha know-in'
I've come to watch your flow-

ers grow-in'. Ain't cha got no rhymes for me?

Doot-in' doo-doo, Feel-in' groov-y.

Got
no deeds to do, no promises to keep. I'm dappled and drowsy and

ready to sleep. Let the morning time drop all its petals on me.

Life, I love you, All is groovy.
Moderately

\[\text{Dm} \quad \text{C}\]

(1.) Hello darkness, my old friend,

\[\text{p} \quad \text{(Melody)}\]

I've come to talk with you again,

\[\text{Dm} \quad \text{F}\]

Because a vision softly

\[\text{Bb} \quad \text{F}\]

creeping, left its seeds while I was sleeping,

\[\text{Bb} \quad \text{F}\]

And the vision that was planted in my brain still re-
mains with-in The Sound Of

Silence.

(2.) In rest-less dreams I walked a lone
(3.) And in the nak-ed light I saw

nar-row streets of cob-ble stone,
ten thou-sand peo-ple, may-be more.

'Neath the ha-lo of a
Peo-ple talk-ing with-out

street lamp,
I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split the
peoples writing songs that voices never share and no one
night dare and touched The Sound Of Silence.

(4.) "Fools!" said I, "You do not know silence like a cancer grows."

"Hear my words that I might teach you, Take my arms that I might
reach you... But my words like silent raindrops fell, and echoed in the wells of silence. (5.) And the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made. And the sign flashed out its
warning. In the words that it was forming,

And the signs said "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tenement halls" And whispered in The

Sounds Of Silence.
I Am A Rock

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

1. A winter's day
2. walls,
3. love;
4. books

In a deep and dark December
A fortress deep and
But I've heard the word be-
And my poetry to pro-

cemetery:
mighty, fore;
tect me;

That I am alone,
It's sleeping in my memory
I am shielded in my armor

Gazing from my window
I have no need of friendship;
I won't disturb the slumber
Hiding in my room,

To the streets below
Friendship causes pain.
Feelings that have died.
Safe within my womb.

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fresher fallen silent shroud of snow,
laugh and it's loving I disdain.
never loved I never would have cried.
I am a Rock, I am an is
touch no one and no one touches me.

G7

1.2.3.

land.

2. I've built.
3. Don't talk of
4. I have my land.
And a rock feels no

C

Dm7 G7 C

pain; And an island never cries.
Scarborough Fair/Canticle

Moderately slow

Are you going to Scarborough Fair:

Parsley, sage, rosemary and

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On the side of a hill in the deep forest
On the side of a hill a sprinkling of
War bel lows blazing in scar let bat

Tell her to make me a cam - brie shirt:
Tell her to find me an ac re of
Tell her to reap it with a sick - le of

Tracing of spar row on
Wash es the grave with
Gener als or der their

Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;
Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;
Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;

snow - cre st ed brown.
Blan - keys and

silver tears.
A sol - dicr

soldiers to kill.
And to fight for a

Without no seams nor needle
Between the salt wa ter and the sea
And gather it all in a bunch of
bed - clothes the child of the moun - tain.
cleans and po - lish - es a gun.
cause they've long a - go for - got - ten.

work,
strands,
heath - er,

Then she'll be a true love of
Then she'll be a true love of
Then she'll be a true love of

Sleeps un - a - ware of the clar - i - on call.

mine.
mine.

3.

D.S. al Fine
Homeward Bound

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON

Moderately

1. I'm sittin' in the railway station, got a ticket for my
   destination.

2. Ev'ry day's an endless stream of cigarettes and
   magazines.

3. To-night I'll sing my songs again, I'll play the game
   and pretend.

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On a tour of one night stands my suitcase and guitar.
And each town looks the same to me, the movies and the faces.
But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity.

In hand and every stop is neatly planned for a torments and every stranger's face I see reality like emptiness in harmony.

poet and a one-man band. minds me that I long to be,
need someone to comfort me.

Chorus:
Homebound, I wish I was,
Home - ward Bound.
Home where my thought's
-
es - cap - ing. Home where my mu - sic's play - ing. Home where my love
-
lies wait - ing si - lent ly for me. 3. To -
Si - lent ly for me.
Bridge Over Troubled Water

Moderato, not too fast, like a spiritual

Rubato

When you're weary,
down and out,
feeling small,
When you're on the street,

When tears are in your eyes,
When evening falls so hard,
I'll dry them all;
I will comfort you. 

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

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I'm on your side,  
I'll take your part.

when times get rough  
when darkness comes

And friends just can't be found,  
And pain is all around

Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water

I will lay me down. Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water
I will lay me down.

When you're troubled water I will lay me down.
Sail on

sil-ver girl,

Sail on by.

Your time has

come to shine.

All your dreams are on their way.

See how they shine.

Oh, if you need a friend
In tempo

I'm sailing right behind. Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.

Rall.
America

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Bright waltz tempo

"Let us be lovers, We'll marry our fortunes together."

I've got some real estate

Here in my bag." So we
America

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Bright waltz tempo

"Let us be lovers, We'll marry our fortunes together.

I've got some real estate

Here in my bag."

So we
bought a pack of cigarettes, And Mrs. Wagner's pies,
And walked off to look for America.
"Kathy," I said, As we
boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,

"Michigan seems like a dream to me now.

It took me four days to hitch-hike from Saginaw. I've come to look for America...
i-ca.

Laughing on the bus,

Playing games with the faces,

She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy.
I said, "Be careful, His bow-tie is really a cam'-ra."

"Toss me a cig-a-rette, I think there's one in my rain-coat."
We smoked the last one An hour ago.

So I looked at the scenery.

She read her magazine; And the

moon rose over an open
"Kathy, I'm lost I said, Though I knew she was sleeping.

I'm empty and aching and I don't know why."
Counting the cars On the New Jersey Turnpike, They've all come to look for America.

All come to look for America.

Repeat and fade.
Kathy's Song

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Moderato

\[ G \]
\[ C \]
\[ G \]

1. I hear the drizzle of the rain
2. And from the shelter of my mind
3. My mind's distracted and confused

\[ Am \]
\[ Em \]
\[ C \]
\[ Bm7 \]

Like a memory it falls
Through the window of my eyes
My thoughts are many miles away

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Soft and warm
I gaze beyond
They lie with you
continuing
When you're asleep

Tapping on
To England
And kiss you
My roof and
Where my heart

Walls, lies, day.

4. And a song I was writing is left undone
5. And so you see I have come to doubt
6. And as I watch the drops of rain
Am      Em      C      Bm7
I don't know why I spend my time
All that I once held as true
Weave their weary paths and die

G      Bm      G      C
writing songs I can't believe
I stand alone without beliefs
I know that I am like the rain

Am      Em      D      G      C
With words that tear and strain to rhyme.
The only truth I know is you.
There but for the grace of you go I.

G      G      C      G
1,2.  G
3.  G      C      G
El Condor Pasa

Slowly  G  Em  G

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail. Yes I would. If I could, I surely would. Hm

I'd rather be a hammer than a nail, Yes I would. If I only could, I surely would. Hm

Away, I'd rather sail away. Like a swan that's here and gone.

A man gets tied up to the ground, He gives the world its saddest

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sound, its saddest sound...

I'd rather be a forest than a

street. Yes I would. If I could, I surely would. I'd rather feel the earth beneath my

feet. Yes I would. If I only could, I surely would.
Gracefully

Time it was, And what a

time it was, it was

in - no - cence, A time of con - fi - den - ces.

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Long ago it must be I have a photograph. Preserve your memories; They're all that's left you.
Cecilia
Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Moderato, not too fast, rhythmically

Cecilia, you're breaking my heart—
You're shaking my confidence daily.

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees,
I'm begging you please to come home.

Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia.
Celi-a, Up in my bed-room, I got up to wash

my face When I come back to bed, some-one’s taken my place.

Celi-a, You’re break-ing my heart, You’re shak-ing my con-

fi-dence dai-

ly.

Oh, Celi-a, I’m down on my knees, I’m

beg-ing you please to come home. Come on home.
Poh poh
poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh
Ju-bi-
la-tion, She loves me again, I fall on the floor and I laugh-
ing.
Ju-bi-ning. Oh oh oh oh oh oh
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh Oh oh

Come on home.