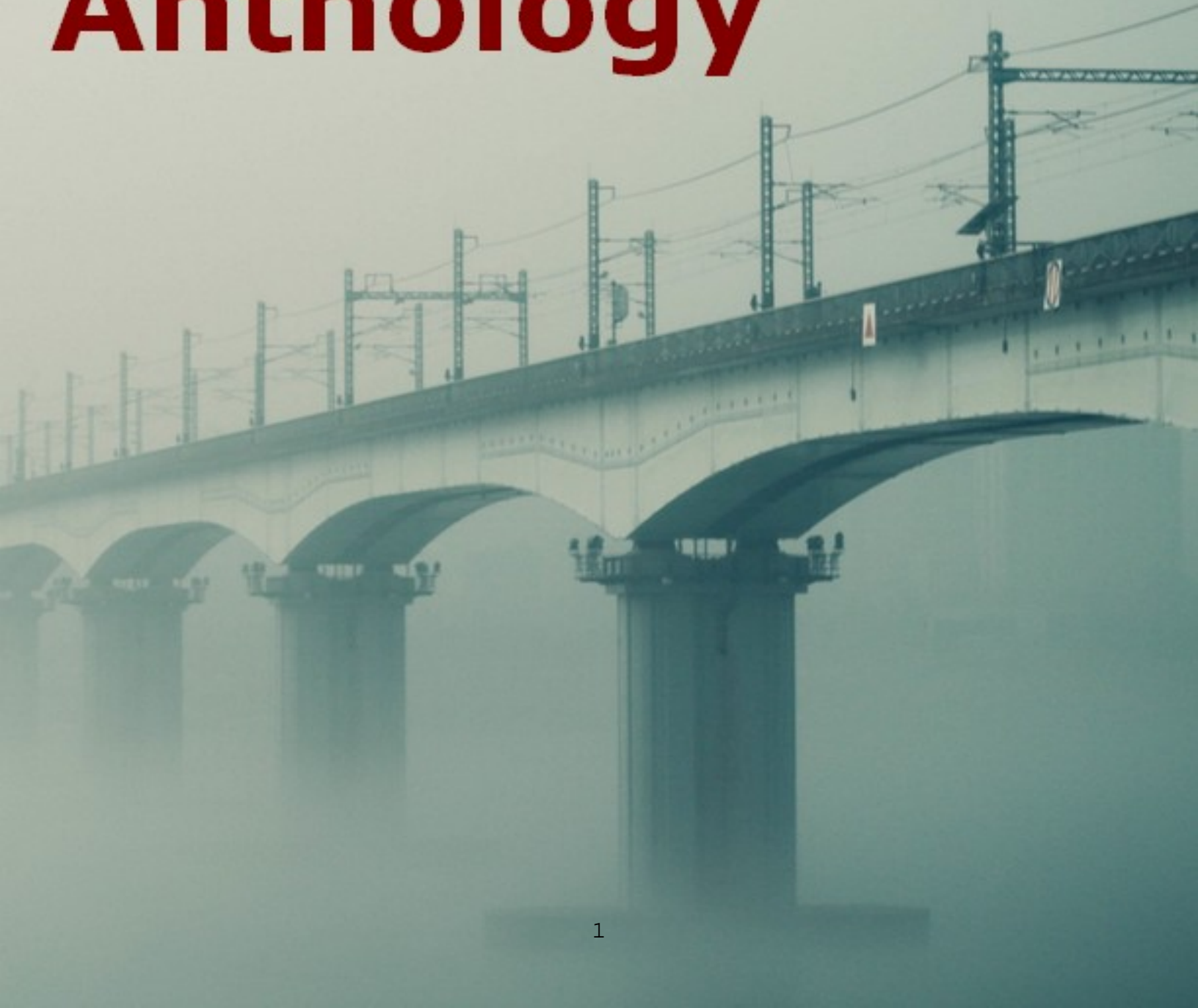


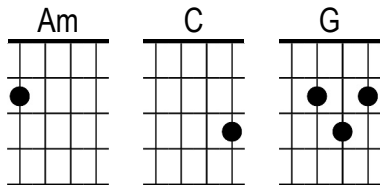
2021-06-19

Simon & Garfunkel Anthology



The 59th Street Bridge Song

Simon & Garfunkel



Intro

C **G** **Am** **G** x2

C Slow **G** down, you **Am** move too **G** fast
C You got to **G** make the **Am** mornin' **G** last
Just **C** kickin' **G** down the **Am** cobble **G** stones
C Lookin' for **G** fun and **Am** feelin' **G** groovy

C **G** **Am** **G** Ba da da
C Da da **G** da da **Am** feelin' **G** groovy

C **G** **Am** **G**

C Hello **G** lamppost **Am** whatcha **G** knowin'?
C I've come to **G** watch your **Am** flowers **G** growin'
C Ain't cha **G** got no **Am** rhymes for **G** me?
C Dootin' **G** do-do **Am** feelin' **G** groovy

C **G** **Am** **G** Ba da da
C Da da **G** da da **Am** feelin' **G** groovy

C **G** **Am** **G**

Got **C** no deeds to **G** do, no **Am** promises to **G** keep
I'm **C** dappled and **G** drowsy and **Am** ready to **G** sleep
Let the **C** mornin' time **G** drop all its **Am** petals on **G** me
C Life I **G** love you **Am** all is **G** groovy

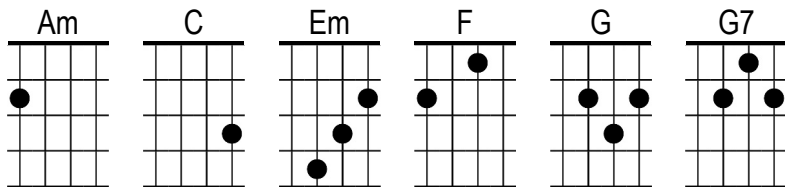
C **G** **Am** **G** Ba da da
C Da da **G** da da **Am** feelin' **G** groovy, ba da da
C Da da **G** da da **Am** feelin' **G** groovy, ba da da
C Da da **G** da da **Am** feelin' **G** groovy

C **G** **Am** **G**↓

Wed Dec 11 2019 09:46:17 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

The Boxer

Simon & Garfunkel



C I am just a | poor boy though my | story's seldom **Am** told
I have **G** squandered my | resistance
For a **G7** pocket full of | mumbles such are **C** promises | |
All lies and **Am** jests still a **G** man hears what he **F** wants to hear
And | disregards the **C** rest, hmm **G7** mmmm | **C** | | |

C When I | left my home and my | family I was | no more than a **Am** boy
In the **G** company of | strangers
In the **G7** quiet of the | railway station **C** running scared | |
Laying **Am** low seeking **G** out the poorer **F** quarters
Where the | ragged people **C** go
Looking **G7** for the places **F** only they would **C** know |

Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**Em** lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**G7** -lie la la la | la lie la la la la **C** lie | |

C Asking | only workman's | wages I come | looking for a **Am** job
But I get no **G** offers |
Just a **G7** come-on from the | whores on Seventh **C** Avenue | |
I do de **Am** clare there were **G** times when I was **F** so lonesome
I | took some comfort **C** there **G7** | **C** | |

C | | **Am** **G** | | | **C** | | **Am** **G** **F** | **C** **G7** **C** | |

Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**Em** lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**G7**-lie la la la | la lie la la la la **C** lie | |

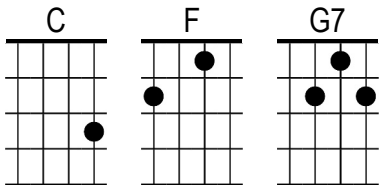
C Then I'm | laying out my | winter clothes and | wishing I was **Am** gone
Going **G** home | where the **G7** New York City | winters aren't
C Bleeding me | **Em** bleeding | me **Am** | going **G** home | **C** | | |

C In the | clearing stands a | boxer and a | fighter by his **Am** trade
And he **G** carries the re | minders of **G7** ev'ry glove that | laid him down
Or **C** cut him till he | cried out in his | anger and his **Am** shame
I am **G** leaving I am **F** leaving but the | fighter still re**C**mains, hmm **G7** mmmm
F **C** |

Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**Em** lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**G7**-lie la la la | la lie la la la la **C** lie |
Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**Em** lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-**Am** lie | lie-la-**G7**-lie la la la | la lie la la la la **C**↓ lie

Cecilia

Simon & Garfunkel



C Ce|lia, you're **F** breakin' my **C** heart
You're **F** shakin' my **C** confidence **G7** daily |
Oh, Ce**F**ci**C**lia, I'm **F** down on my **C** knees
I'm **F** beggin' you **C** please to come **G7** home |

C Ce|lia, you're **F** breakin' my **C** heart
You're **F** shakin' my **C** confidence **G7** daily |
Oh, Ce**F**ci**C**lia, I'm **F** down on my **C** knees
I'm **F** beggin' you **C** please to come **G7** home |
Come on **C** home |

C Makin' | love in the **F** after**C**noon with Ce|cilia
F Up in **G7** my bed**C**room (*makin' | love*)
I got | up to **F** wash my **C** face
When I **F** come back to **C** bed
Someone's **G7** taken my **C** place

C Ce|lia, you're **F** breakin' my **C** heart
You're **F** shakin' my **C** confidence **G7** daily |
Oh, Ce**F**ci**C**lia, I'm **F** down on my **C** knees
I'm **F** beggin' you **C** please to come **G7** home |
Come on **C** home |

Whoa-oh, **F** oh, oh, **C** oh, whoa oh, **F** oh, oh, **C** oh, oh, **G7** oh, oh |

C | F C F C G7 |
F C F C F C G7 |

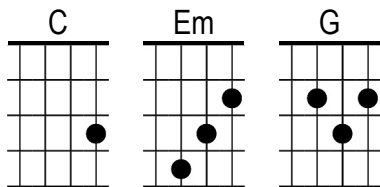
Jubi F lat C ion, she F loves me a C gain
I F fall on the C floor and I G7 laughing |
Jubi F lati C on, she F loves me a C gain
I F fall on the C floor and I G7 laughing |

Whoa-oh, F oh, oh, C oh, whoa oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh,
G7 oh, oh |
Whoa-oh, F oh, oh, C oh, whoa oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh,
G7 oh, oh |
Whoa-oh, F oh, oh, C oh, whoa oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh, F oh, oh, C oh, oh,
G7 oh, oh | C↓

Sat Dec 14 2019 05:52:26 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

El Condor Pasa (If I Could)

Simon & Garfunkel



Intro

A | -7---5--2--0---0-2- | -7---5-7-5-2--0---0-2---7---10---7- |
 E | -----3----- | -----3----- |

C tremelo **Em tremelo**

nc I'd rather be a sparrow than a **G** snail
 Yes, I | would, if I | could, I surely **Em** would, mmm- | mmm
 I'd | rather be a hammer than a **G** nail
 Yes, I | would, if I | only could, I surely **Em** would, mmm- | mmm

A **C** way, I'd rather sail a | way
 Like a **G** swan that's here and | gone
 A **C** man gets tied up to the | ground
 He gives the **G** world its saddest | sound
 It's saddest **Em** sound, mmm- | mmm |

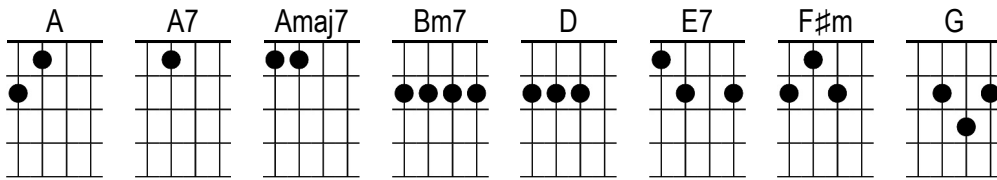
I'd **Em** rather be a forest than a **G** street
 Yes, I | would, if I | could, I surely **Em** would
 I'd | rather feel the earth beneath my **G** feet
 Yes, I | would, if I | only could, I surely **Em** would

Instrumental

A **C** way, I'd rather sail a | way
 Like a **G** swan that's here and | gone
 A **C** man gets tied up to the | ground
 He gives the **G** world its saddest | sound
 It's saddest **Em** sound | **Em**↓

Homeward Bound

Simon & Garfunkel



I'm **A** sittin' in the railway station
Got a **Amaj7** ticket for my destina**A7**tion, mm **F#m**mm
Bm7 On a tour of one-night stands my **G** suitcase and guitar in hand
And **A** ev'ry stop is neatly planned for a **E7** poet and one-man band **A**

Chorus

Homeward **D** bound, I wish I **A** was, homeward **D** bound
1/2A Home where my **1/2D** thought's escapin'
1/2A Home where my **1/2D** music's playin'
1/2A Home where my **1/2D** love lays waitin', **1/2E7** silently **A** for me

A Ev'ry day's an endless stream
Of **Amaj7** cigarettes and maga**A7**zines, mm **F#m**mm
And **Bm7** each town looks the same to me, the **G** movies and the factories
And **A** ev'ry stranger's face I see re**E7**minds me that I long to be **A**

Repeat Chorus

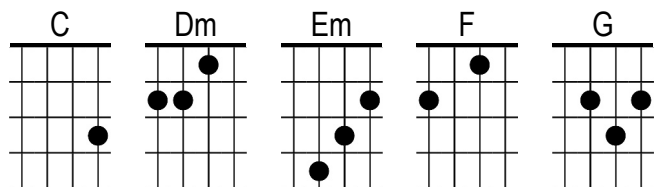
To **A** night I'll sing my songs again
I'll **Amaj7** play the game and pre**A7**tend, mm **F#m**mm
But **Bm7** all my words come back to me in **G** shades of mediocrity
Like **A** emptiness in harmony I **E7** need someone to comfort me **A**

Repeat Chorus

Amaj7 Silently **A7** for me **A↓**

I Am A Rock

Simon & Garfunkel



Intro

c|-0--0-0--| x2

c|-0--0-0--| A winter's **C** day |

In a **F** deep and dark De**C**ember |

1/2Dm I **1/2G** am **1/2F** a **C**lone

1/2Dm Gazing from my **1/2G** window **1/2Dm** to the streets be **1/2G**low

On a **1/2Dm** freshly fallen **1/2F** silent shroud of **G** snow

I am a **C** rock, I am an **G** is **C**land |||

I've built **C** walls |

A **F** fortress deep and **C** mighty |

That **1/2Dm** none **1/2G** may **1/2F** pene**C**trate

I **1/2Dm** have no need of **1/2G** friendship, **1/2Dm** friendship causes **1/2G** pain

It's **1/2Dm** laughter and it's **1/2F** loving I dis**G**dain

I am a **C** rock, I am an **G** is **C**land |||

Don't talk of **C** love |

Well, I've **F** heard the words be **C**fore |

It's **1/2Dm** sleep **1/2G**ing in my **1/2F** memo**C**ry

I **1/2Dm** won't disturb the **1/2G** slumber of **1/2Dm** feelings that have **1/2G** died

Yes, I **1/2Dm** never loved I **1/2F** never would have **G** cried

I am a **C** rock, I am an **G** is **C**land |||

I have my **C** books |
And my **F** poetry to pro**C**tect me |
I am **1/2Dm** shield **1/2G**ed in my **1/2F** ar**C**mor
1/2Dm Hiding in my **1/2G** room, **1/2Dm** safe within my **1/2G** womb
I **1/2Dm** touch no one and **1/2F** no one touches **G** me

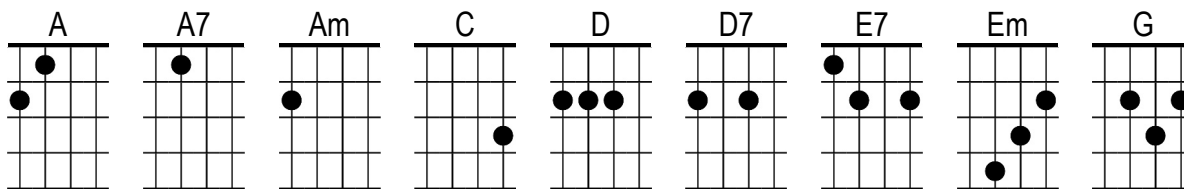
I am a **C** rock, I am an **G** is**C**land |

And a **F** rock **Em** feels no **C** pain
And an **F** island **Em** never **C** cries

Tue Dec 17 2019 07:12:06 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Mrs. Robinson

Simon & Garfunkel



E7 | | | x2

E7 De de de de | de de de de | de de de de | de |
A7 Do do do do | do do do do | do |
D De de de de **G** de de de de **C** de de de de **Am** de |

E7 | **D** |

Chorus

And here's to **G** you, Mrs. **Em** Robinson
G Jesus loves you **Em** more than you will **C** know, | whoa whoa **D** whoa |
God bless you **G** please, Mrs. **Em** Robinson
G Heaven holds a **Em** place for those who **C** pray |
Hey hey **Am** hey, | hey hey **E7** hey | | |

We'd **E7** like to know a | little bit a | bout you for our | files |
We'd **A7** like to help you | learn to help your | self |
D7 Look around you **G** all you see are **C** sympathetic **Am** eyes |
E7 Stroll a | round the grounds un | til you feel at **D** home

Repeat Chorus

E7 Hide it in a | hiding place where | no one ever | goes |
A Put in your | pantry with your | cupcakes |
D7 It's a little **G** secret just the **C** Robinson's af **Am** fair |
E7 Most of | all you've got to | hide it from the **D** kids

Koo koo ka-**G**choo, Mrs. **Em** Robinson
G Jesus loves you **Em** more than you will **C** know, | whoa whoa **D** whoa |
God bless you **G** please, Mrs. **Em** Robinson
G Heaven holds a **Em** place for those who **C** pray |
Hey hey **Am** hey, | hey hey **E7** hey | | |

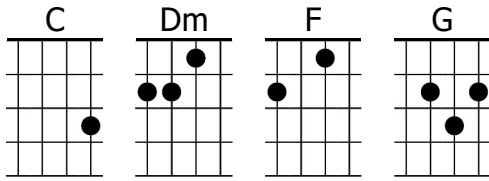
E7 Sitting on a | sofa on a | Sunday after | noon |
A7 Going to a | candidates de | bate |
D7 Laugh about it **G** shout about it **C** when you've got to **Am** choose |
E7 Every way you | look at it you'll **D** lose |

Where have you **G** gone Joe Di **Em** Maggio
Our **G** nation turns its **Em** lonely eyes to **C** you, | woo woo **D** woo |
What's that you **G** say Mrs. **Em** Robinson
G Joltin' Joe has **Em** left and gone a **C** way |
Hey hey **Am** hey, | hey hey **E7** hey | | |

E7 | | **E7**↓

Scarborough Fair

Simon & Garfunkel



Dm | | |

Dm Are you | going to **C** Scarborough **Dm** Fair? |
F Parsley, **Dm** sage, rose **G**mary and **Dm** thyme | | |
Re | member **F** me to | one who lives **C** there |
Dm She once **C** was a | true love of **Dm** mine | | |

Dm Tell her to | make me a **C** cambric **Dm** shirt |
F Parsley, **Dm** sage, rose **G**mary and **Dm** thyme | | |
With | out no **F** seams nor | needle **C**work |
Dm Then she'll **C** be a | true love of **Dm** mine | | |

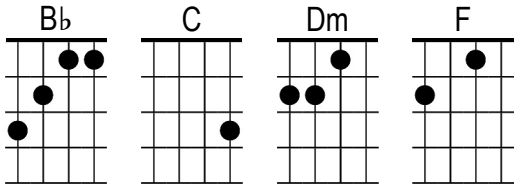
Dm Tell her to | find me an **C** acre of **Dm** land |
F Parsley, **Dm** sage, rose **G**mary and **Dm** thyme | | |
Be | tween the salt **F** water | and the sea **C** strand |
Dm Then she'll **C** be a | true love of **Dm** mine | | |

Dm Tell her to | reap it in a **C** sickle of **Dm** leather |
F Parsley, **Dm** sage, rose **G**mary and **Dm** thyme | | |
And to | gather it **F** all in a | bunch of **C** heather |
Dm Then she'll **C** be a | true love of **Dm** mine | | |

Dm Are you | going to **C** Scarborough **Dm** Fair? |
F Parsley, **Dm** sage, rose **G**mary and **Dm** thyme | | |
Re | member **F** me to | one who lives **C** there |
Dm She once **C** was a | true love of **Dm** mine | | | **Dm**↓

The Sound Of Silence

Simon & Garfunkel



Dm Hello darkness, my old **C** friend, |
I've come to talk with you a **Dm** gain |
Because a vision soft $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb**ly creep $\frac{1}{2}$ **F**ing
F Left its seeds while I $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb** was sleep **F**ing
And the **Bb** vision that was | planted in my **F** brain
Still re **Dm** mains $\frac{1}{2}$ **Dm** within the **C** sound of **Dm** silence **Dm**↓

In restless dreams I walked a **C** lone |
Narrow streets of cobble **Dm** stone |
'Neath the halo of $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb** a street $\frac{1}{2}$ **F** lamp
F I turned my collar to the $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb** cold and **F** damp
When my **Bb** eyes were stabbed by the | flash of a neon **F** light
That split the **Dm** night $\frac{1}{2}$ **Dm** and touched the **C** sound of **Dm** silence |

And in the naked light I **C** saw |
Ten thousand people, maybe **Dm** more |
People talking with $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb**out speak $\frac{1}{2}$ **F**ing
F People hearing with $\frac{1}{2}$ **Bb**out lis' **F**ning
People writing **Bb** songs that | voices never **F** share
And no one **Dm** dared $\frac{1}{2}$ **Dm** disturb the **C** sound of **Dm** silence |

Fools said I, you do not **C** know, |
Silence like a cancer **Dm** grows |
Hear my words that I **1/2 B_b** might teach **1/2 F** you
F Take my arms that I **1/2 B_b** might reach **F** you
But my **B_b** words like | silent raindrops **F** fell |
And **Dm** echoed in the **C** wells of **Dm** silence |

And the people bowed and **C** prayed |
To the neon God they **Dm** made |
And the sign flashed out **1/2 B_b** it's warn **1/2 F**ing
F In the words that it **1/2 B_b** was form **F**ing
And the **B_b** sign said, the words of the | Prophets are written on the **1/2 B_b**
subway **F** walls
And tenement **Dm** halls | whispered in the **C↓** sounds of **Dm↓** silence

Sun Dec 22 2019 07:24:00 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.