

## Harper Simon

### "Bonnie Brae"

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Closed my account with reality the day we met  
When I saw you on the courthouse steps  
I thought our golden moment was pre-arranged  
I tried to call you but your number had changed

You came over with a jacket over your shoulder  
Made you look like Patti Smith  
I heard you say your Christian name was Bonnie Brae  
And I never thought to ask ya who you were with

And then you were gone  
And then you were gone  
Gone with the elevator  
Gone with the morning paper  
Gone  
Gone like a D train  
I will see ya around, I will see ya later  
Gone  
Into the arms of the summer  
The arms of the summertime

I've got some reasons to care about where you are  
I've got the numbers right here  
I hear you call and I falter like a falling star  
I get disheartened when you disappear

Now that you're gone  
And now that you're gone  
Gone with the elevator  
Gone with the morning paper  
Gone  
Gone like a D train  
I will see ya around, I will see ya later  
Gone  
Into the arms of the summer  
The arms of the summertime

But life's a gas  
And I'm sure that we can stay friends  
It's just another morning  
And if I ever see you again

We'll pretend this never happened

Closed my account with reality the day we met  
When I saw you on the courthouse steps  
I thought our golden moment was pre-arranged  
I tried to call you but your number had changed

And then you were gone  
And then you were gone

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