

Paul Simon**"Stranded In A Limosine"**

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paul simon.

he was a mean individual,
he had a heart like a bone,
he was a naturally crazy man,
and better off left alone,
he stopped one nite, at a traffic lite,
and when that lite turned green,
he was a mean individual, stranded in a limousine.

hey, hey, hey, hey,
all the children on the street,
come running out their front doors,
running out their back doors,
flying on their feet,
they said mama oh, papa oh,
see what i have seen,
theres a mean individual,
stranded in a limousine.

then everybody come running,
everybody said, lordy lord,
everybody was gunning,
gonna divvy up the re-ward,
then wah wah wah wah wah wah wah,
a siren,
a flashing lite,
but the mean individual, had vanished in the black of
nite.

hey hey hey
they wondered where to begin,
cos he left that neighborhood,
just like a rattlesnake, sheds its skin,
then they searched the roofs, and checked out the
groups,
and they photographed the scene,
of the mean individual,
stranded in a limousine.

