

Paul Simon, Outrageous

It's outrageous to line your pockets off the misery of the poor.
Outrageous the crime some human beings must endure.
It's a blessing to wash your face in summer souls just rained??
It's outrageous that a man like me stand here and complain.

But I'm tired, 900 sit-ups a day.
I'm painting my hair the colour of mud, mud, OK?
I'm tired, tired, anybody care what I say? NO!
Painting my hair the colour of mud.

Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Ah, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?

It's outrageous the food they try to serve in the public school.
Outrageous the way they talk to you like some kind of clinical fool
It's a blessing to rest my head in the circle of your love.
It's outrageous, I can't stop thinking about the things I'm thinking of.

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I'm painting my hair the colour of mud, mud, OK?
I'm tired, tired, anybody care what I say? NO!
Painting my hair the colour of mud.

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Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Ah, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
Tell me, who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?

God will, like he waters the flowers on the window sill.
Take me, I'm an ordinary player in the key of C,
And my will was broken by my pride and my vanity

Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?
God will, like he waters the flowers on the window sill.
Who's gonna love you when your looks are gone?

It's a blessing to wash your face in what?