

Paul Simon, A Most Peculiar Man

He was a most peculiar man
That's what Mrs. Reardon says
and she should know
She lived upstairs from him
She said he was a most peculiar man

He was a most peculiar man
He lived all alone within a house
Within a room, within himself
A most peculiar man

He had no friends, he seldom spoke
And no one in turn ever spoke to him
'Cause he wasn't friendly and he didn't
care
And he wasn't like them
O, no-o-o!
He was a most peculiar man

He died last Sat-ur-day...
He turned on the gas! and he went to sleep!
With the windows closed!
So he'd never wake up!
To his silent world!
and his tiny room!
And Mrs Reardon says he has a brother somewhere!

Who should be notified so-oo-oon...

And all the people said,
What a shame that he's dead,
But wasn't he a most peculiar man?

--Paul Simon