

Rosemary Clooney, Still Crazy After All These Years

(Paul Simon)

I met my old lover on the street last night
He seemed so glad to see me I just smiled
And we talked about some old times
And we drank ourselves some beers
Still crazy after all these years
Still crazy after all these years

He's not the kind of man who tends to socialize
He seems to lean on old familiar ways
And I'm sure no fool for love songs that whisper in my ear
We're still crazy after all these years
Still crazy after all these years

Four in the morning
Crapped out, yawning
Longing my life away
I'll never worry
Why should I?
It's all gonna fade

Now I sit by my window and I watch the cars
I fear I'll do some damage one fine day
But I would not be convicted by a jury of my peers
Still crazy after all these years

Still crazy
Still crazy
Still crazy after all these years