

# 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